LADIES' JOURNAL

May, 1900.

FEATURES FOR THIS ISSUE.

Nelly and Nelly; Mr. Oddie's Courtship; Women Who Have Been Warriors; The Boer Girl; In the Matter of Marrying; Entertaining a Burglar; Review of Fashion, Departments, Etc.

MAY, 1900.

O Angel of the Spring arise—
Thyself a sleeper in some place
Of magic green, of flowing streams;
Draw thence with visionary grace
Clad in the vesture of thy dreams;
Soul of the year, bend there to hear,
These sleepers wake with tender sighs.

Ella J Lawrock
Dec 1900
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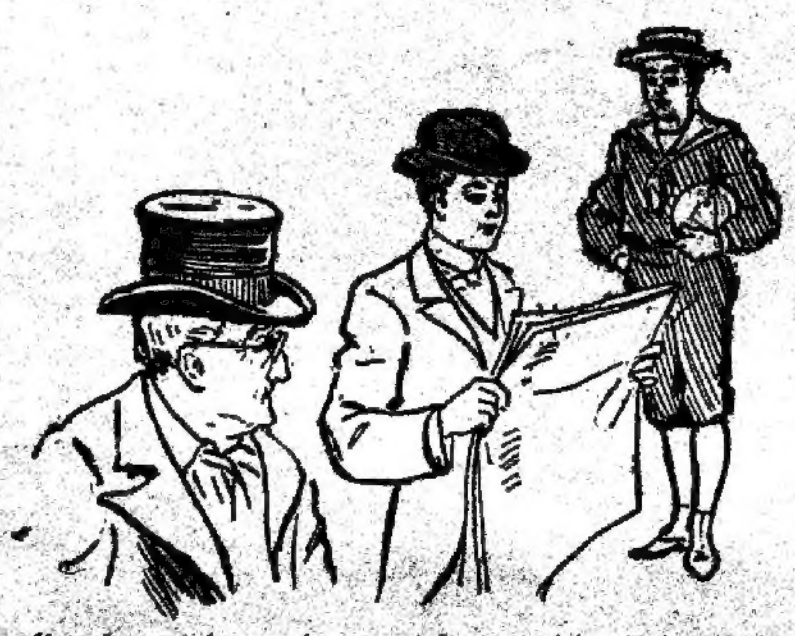

The Second Quarter Century.

Twenty-five is a distinguished and significant age. Old men say, "When I was twenty-five," and boys say, "When I am twenty-five." It is a desirable age. For we are beginning the second of the three laps, and the most telling of the race. The first quarter century is past—we are on the threshold of the second. We have left off seeking education, directly, and are hunting for wealth and other things. The real battle of life starts at this age. Youth is full of hope, illusions; manhood is full of struggle, disillusionment. On your fitness to withstand that struggle depends the success of your life. Neglect of health will ruin your prospects. Only the healthful win success.

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will give you health—will keep you healthful. Eminent physicians recommend it to their patients. Prominent persons certify to its efficacy. Its daily use keeps the system in good order. Abbey's Effervescent Salt has proven its efficacy as a cure and preventive in cases of La Grippe, Sleeplessness, Loss of Appetite, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Spleen Affections, Nervous Depression, Indigestion, Sea Sickness, Flatulency, Gout, Fever, Skin and Kidney Complaints. Its use purifies the blood in a natural manner and clears the complexion.

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THE LADIES' JOURNAL

VOL. XXII. No. 5. TORONTO, MAY, 1900. $1.00 PER YEAR.

A SACRIFICE.

—For the Ladies Journal.

His little shop was only a few doors from my home, but on the narrow side street—our house was on the corner—and often when I took baby out for an airing myself, I stopped to talk to him as he sat bending over his work. Mother nature had given him an intelligent rather handsome face, in compensation for the cruel hump which she had placed between his shoulders, and as he told me stories of his loved Fatherland in his quaint Swede accent, I remembered the lady who was so impressed by the eloquence of the French President, M. Thiers, that she described him as being very tall and handsome. But Andrew Oleson was only the hunchback shoemaker, and his little shop was located in a big, shabby terrace, which seemed always to be so full of occupants that they overflowed into the street, for a gesticulating, chattering crowd was always lounging around the doors. His trade was fairly lucrative; those North country people like to deal with one of their own race, so he mended and often made, shoes for all the Swedes, Germans and Icelanders in the West end.

Though always busy, he was yet always ready to tell the most wonderful fairy stories to the children, and every one of them—foreign and Canadian—loved Andrew Oleson.

I had known him two years when one day he told me of a contemplated change.

"I have saved some money, Meesis," he said, with a sparkle in his blue eyes and his pale face flushed. "At last I have got enough. I hate this place," with a wave of his hand, which took in the close, sultry workshop, and the stuffy little living room back of it, and for a background the dirty yard where the numerous olive branches of the families in the terrace alternatively played amiably together, or fell into dispute and pelted each other with mud and decaying cabbage leaves.

"This is not like what I left—the dear old home—but the rent was low so I staid. But now, I can soon leave it. There is a little cottage down this street one long way, so pretty, with three rooms and a garden, where the vegetables may grow, so like the old home, and I buy it Meesis. I have waited some long while to get the money, but now soon I pay them two hundred dollars. Then I pay them some each month and soon all is paid and it is mine."

There was such pride and happiness shining in his face that I felt deeply interested in the proposed investment.

"I am very glad," I said cordially, "it will be so much better for you than these small rooms, and the garden will be a great pleasure to you."

His delight at the anticipated change was almost pathetic.

"Don't speak of it," he said at last, "as the deal is not completed yet and someone else may get it."

I could see how the possibility of this catastrophe troubled him, and I devoutly hoped that the cottage would not tempt any other aspiring householder.

Some time before this I had learned another secret of Andrew's, though he had not told it to me. He loved Inga Johannsson, my fair haired Swede servant girl.

Well, he was deformed but what of that? Had he not the kindest heart! did not all the children love him? did any one ever hear him utter a rough or unkind work? Surely he would make pretty Inga a good husband. But fate and August Pjeturrsson, had decreed otherwise. Inga, with that feminine instinct which never errs in such matters, was perfectly well aware of Andrew's devotion, but she only tossed her head, was not August Pjeturrsson the best looking Swede in the west end, and did not all the girls envy her?

There came a day when Andrew spoke; played his last card—and lost.

Inga told me the next morning, "The idea of marrying him!"

"You might do much worse," I said, "Andrew would make you a good husband."

"But he is such an ugly looking fellow," she pouted.

"Oh, Inga! His back is deformed it true, but he has a very pleasant face, and you know how good natured he is. Then, he has saved money and would have a comfortable home for you."

But visions of August's stalwart form obscured all of poor Andrew's perfections.

All this had happened during the winter, and now for some time, Inga had gone about her work with a preoccupied air and a downcast fact.

"What is the matter with Inga, ma'am?" asked Andrew one evening when I had employed him to make up some flower beds, "has she quarreled with August?"

"No, I think not;" I answered, absently, intent on my task of arranging, the geraniums which Andrew was setting out, "that is,—yes I do know what is the matter, and I suppose it would not be a breach of trust to tell you as she would not likely object to your knowing. August has had letters from his father, the eldest brother is dead and the old people are left alone. They urge him to come home to live with them, and assure him that he will be able to secure a situation, as workmen are not so numerous there now since so many have emigrated. He is anxious to go, but he has never been able to save any money. I think he sent money to his father occasionally; anyway, he has very little now. He might work his way home but he cannot take Inga."

"And she would go?"

"Yes; you see her mother is there. She had thought that in time she might save money enough to pay her mother's passage out, but of course she would like to go with August."

Andrew leaned thoughtfully on his spade. "I don't think August Pjeturrsson is much of a worker; it would take him a long time to save enough to take "Inga home."

"Yes, I am afraid so. Of course August should go at once; his parents need him, and as he will have to support them there will likely be years of waiting before Inga can go to him."

"Do you really, think she cares so much for him, ma'am?"

"I am afraid so, Andrew," I said reluctantly, for I thought it kinder not to deceive him; "you know how I wish she would care for someone else."

His face flushed and the hand that held the spade trembled. "She has a right to make her choice; I hope she will always be happy."

* * * * Matters had reached a crisis and Inga was in despair.

August had had another letter from home; he must come at once or he would lose a good situation.

Inga's blue eyes were often dim with tears. It is so hard for the young to wait for their happiness.

But one morning she came to me in great excitement.

"Oh ma'am, what do you think has happened? Some good friend has given August the money to take us home. He don't know who it was but the money was left with our minister; and the letter said it was for to buy two tickets to Sweden and we go now, right away."

Before Inga had finished I was sure of one thing, and I wished that I was sure of another—that August Pjeturrsson was worthy of the sacrifice that had been made for him.

Well, they were married, and went and Andrew wished Inga happiness and bade her good bye in a steady voice.

"When are you going to move, Andrew?" I asked one day as he passed down the side street, near where I sat on the lawn. He looked away before he answered.

"I have changed my mind. I am going to stay here."

"Mr. Oleson," I said leaning forward to pick a pansy from the flower bed, "it would cost just about two hundred dollars to buy two tickets for Sweden, would it not?"

"I think so, yes," he was looking at something down the street.

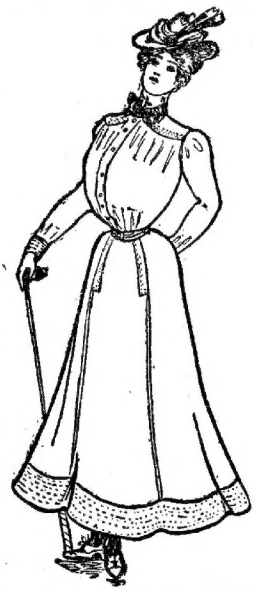
"'Greater love hath no man than this,'" I said softly.

(A. L. D. G.

Long, loose coats of Chantilly lace, unlined, and reaching to the feet, where they flare, are a fetching new mode.

An Outing Costume.

Outing skirts are more in favor than ever and have proved a blessing to womankind, as they are invaluable for rainy days or long walking expeditions. Those most in favor reach nearly to the ankles, and are made of firm, double-faced material. The plain, tight-fitting skirt backs are no longer considered good form and all the new models have two small box pleats instead. Shirt waists still follow the same lines as those



worn for the past few seasons, with a few exceptions. Yokes are no longer in favor for the back and are regarded as quite out of date. The back should be laid in pleats from shoulder seams to belt line. The sleeves, of course, continue to grow smaller each season, and there is very little fullness seen in the new shirt waist sleeve. The accompanying design was drawn expressly for our readers; pattern cannot be furnished.

Paillettes, except of jet or mother of pearl, have fallen into disuse in Paris.

Nearly all of the beautiful gowns worn in one of the late plays are made without collars, with simply a cord about the neck.

Entertaining a Burglar.

I have two pecularities—and a wife with a will of her own,.

My wife's name is Maria.

I have not named the peculiarities yet, though I expect to some day.

They have generic names, however. One of them is timidity. I am not reckless and I do not want to be. I have seen too many reckless men hustled into untimely graves to be anxious to emulate them. I saw Bill Jenkins kicked into eternity by a mulé. That settled my mind so far as violent death is concerned.

My other pecularity is an aversion to church socials. I can't see why it is necessary to go to one of these and pay 25c for a 15c meal in order to contribute 2c to the missionary fund. Nor can I, or any one else, explain where the other 8c goes.

Just here, however, my wife comes in. She always does when I don't want her to. She thinks church "socials" the essence of life, and declares she couldn't get along without them. So she goes to the socials and I stay at home.

The village is eight miles away, and when she goes she stays all night with one of the "sisters" and takes our boy with her. That is where my timidity comes in to bother me. I have to stay all night alone in a big house, and I don't like it. From the time that Maria goes till she comes back I worry constantly about burglars, tramps, footpads and highwaymen, I never feel secure until I hear her dear familiar voice singing out from the front gate:

"Well, Bill, haven't you got the wood chopped yet?"

After that I brighten up a good deal.

Well, the incident I am about to relate has to do with both my peculariries and my wife. There was a church social, Maria insisted on going, as usual; and when Maria insists, I, as a natural consequence, have nothing to say. I let her go, therefore. But I was unusually nervous at being left all alone in the dark house at night. I had quite a sum of money in the house, the proceeds of our hay crop, so I loaded the shotgun with a double load of buckshot and placed it at the head of my bed. I hoped to be able to fire this shotgun, or rather its contents, into any burglar who might chance my way. I had never fired it, however, in my life, and I was as much afraid of the hind end of it as any burglar would be of the other.

Night fell and I retired to my chamber. I did not undress and go to bed, for I knew very well I would be unable to sleep. So I sat down at the open window and looked out at the yellow moonlight of the autumn night. Though wide-awake all the time. I must have been exceedingly quiet, perhaps more so than I would have been in actual repose; for it was to a spot near the window on the first floor, directly under my own, that my attention was attracted about midnight.

As the clock struck that lonely hour I heard a dull, rasping sound directly beneath me, and guessed correctly that my long-expected burglar had arrived. I peered over the window sill. There he was beyond a doubt. The rasping sound was caused by a ladder brushing against the side of the house. He was placing it in position so that he could climb into the very window at which I sat. No doubt he had noticed that it was open and afforded an easy entrance to the house. Otherwise I suppose he would have picked the lock of one of the doors. I wish he had done that. I have always had a burning curiosity to see a lock picked. I have seen a tooth picked, but I never saw a lock picked.

In a few moments more he was climbing the ladder. He appeared to be a great, shaggy, unkempt rascal. The shotgun was within 5 feet of me, and I could undoubtedly have blown his brains out then and there had the thought occurred to me. But I must confess that the gentle arts of diplomacy are much more to my taste than the horrors of war, so I paused and considered. I have often paused and considered in my life without appreciable effect; but on this occasion a plan of action occurred to me so opportunely that I regard it as Napoleonic to this day. It was simply this: I, too, would be a burglar, and would join forces with the invader in robbing my own house. Such a plan would undoubtedly save my life, for they say that there is honor among thieves. It is well that there is, by the way. There is mighty little among honest men.

My idea grew in my mind. Perhaps I could do more than save my life. Knowing where all my valuables were, I could be of material use to my burglar, and perhaps he would give me something for my pains.

I slipped noiselessly down the back stairs and out through the kitchen door. Then I went to the corner of the house ad said "Hello!" in a sort of whispered shout. I never knew I could frighten anybody before, but my salutation certainly had that effect on my burglar. He dropped from about the seventeenth round on the ladder to the ground with what the newspapers call a "dull, sickening thud."

"What do yer want?'" he asked, after he had recovered his breath.

"I just want to be friendly,'" I answered, advancing toward him. "I'm a burglar myself, and I thought we might just as well join forces, you know. I had just effected an entrance when you came up. I heard you, and feared we might disarrange each other's plans."

"Humph!" said he. "You don't look much like a burglar. But you're no softy if you can get into a house sooner than I can. Have you ever done time?"

"Just been released from twenty years in penitentiary," I answered, But I was glad it was dark, for I am only 30 years old, and I might have looked too young to suit the story.

"Whew!" he remarked., "You must be a corker." I nodded a dignified assent to this.

"Come along," said I. "We will go in by the door."

"That's dangerous," he answered. "There are people in the house, aren't there?"

"There were lots of them," I replied "but I've scared them all away."

"How'd you do it?" he asked in an awed manner.

"Made believe I was a ghost," I answered.

"Say, pard, you're a Jim Dandy," said my burglar with enthusiasm. "Is there any stuff in the house?"

"I've located lots of it," I replied. "There's money, solid silver, jewelry, silk dresses, half a pie, an autograph album—everything you can imagine."

"Say, you're a chief," said my burglar. "I'll follow you anywhere and do anything you say."

I may make a long story short by saying that my bold demeanor and apparent professional skill completely captivated him. He was both astonished and delighted at the brave manner in which I entered rooms, tripped up and down stairs, lighted lamps and ransacked bureau drawers and closets. Moreover, he was amazed at my knowledge of the interior of the premises and the whereabouts of the valuables. He said he recognized in me an expert, compared with whom he was a veritable tyro. He hazarded many guesses as to my professional name, and admired me all the more for declining to "give myself away," as he termed it. In the end he followed me around like a dog and obeyey every instruction I gave him unquestioningly.

I had succeeded admirably so far in my plan, as you will observe, but how to complete the affair was a difficult matter. I knew that Maria would be home bright and early and I would have to get rid of my new-found friend before she arrived if I hoped for any peace and comfort for at least the ensuing year. My burglar had become so devoted to me that I was sure he would follow me wherever I went, so there was no use in trying to leave the house.

After proving to the satisfaction of my burglar that there was no one in the mansion I finally hit upon the plan of inviting him to spend the night and take an early breakfast with me before we departed. He was charmed with the idea, and declared that if I could risk it he could. So we went to sleep side by side in my own bed. I could have killed him a hundred times during the night if I had not been so afraid of the rear end of my gun. I had got that gun as "boot" in a horse trade and there is no telling how anything will kick that you get in a horse trade. So I let him sleep peacefully on, even after I had risen myself, chopped the day's wood and prepared the breakfast.

We were just sitting down to the meal when Maria appeared on the scene of action. It would grieve me even at this late day to describe the manner and language of my good wife on seeing me entertaining a visitor, as it were. Suffice it to say that she gave me a dressing down that scared my burglar into a hasty departure. He was influenced, I have no doubt, by my own change in demeanor. He saw his "chief," as he was pleased to call me, quail before the enemy and he was unnerved. So he took the first opportunity to slip out of the side door and make for the corn lot, and I have never seen him since.

I have done all I could to convince Maria that I acted for the best on this occasion, but whenever I mention it she simply remarks: "Liar."

A Langtry Incident.

About twenty years ago, while visiting in Jersey, I attended the annual regatta. The Jersey Lily, then in the first flush of her success, and in the prime of her beauty, was present, and the observed of all observers. During one of the tiresome pauses incidental to regattas, a poor, old, lame woman came hobbling around among the spectators, and vainly tried to sell some trinkets, principally made of the orner shells, so frequently seen in these islands. But the pleasure seekers wanted none of her little wares, and the poor old soul was dejectedly wending her way out again, when Mrs. Langtry sprang down from her seat, and, after a short colloquy in Jersey French with the owner of the basket, seized it and saucily went among the crowd—needless to say, with very different success from that of her old and crippled fellow countrywoman. The old woman poured forth voluble blessings in the Norman patois, as her basket was handed back to her by the smiling and radiant Lily—devoid, indeed, of shells, but well furnished with silver, gold, and crisp bank notes.

A Winning Crew.

That bluff, and wide-awake British sailor, Lord Charles Beresford, has seen many strange sights and interesting people in his varied career; but it is little wonder that he was particularly interested in Ann Glanville of Saltash, whom he knew well in her old age,.

Ann was herself a nautical character of distinction; she was stroke of the Saltash crew. To be sure, a woman who can row is nothing remarkable nowadays; and we have all heard of college crews composed of young women—and well-trained crews they are, too. But they seldom race, even against each other, and never against crews from outside the college, and no one doubts that should they race against men they would incur defeat.

The noted Saltash crew, however, of which Ann Glanville was stroke for many years, was a crew which often raced, and usually won, against crews of men as well as of women. They had to their credit races against male crews in the ports of Liverpool, Portsmouth and Hull. The premier of South Australia, a Saltash man, recalled in a recent speech his recollections of the women of his native place:

"It was a pretty sight to see half a dozen boats start in a regatta with all the women in show-white frilled caps and frilled jackets. One crew of which Ann Glanville was stroke, and which I have seen row, would beat a crew of men of the same number, and would not, I believe, have thought it anything very wonderful to beat a crew of men with a couple of men extra. I have often heard that she used to row round the captain's man-o'-war gigs in the Hamoaze, and chaff the bluejackets."

But the most famous feat of Ann's crew occurred in 1850, when Captain Russell of the Brunswick, bound to show what the women of his native island could do, took them to France, to race in the regatta at Havre. They were received there by the wondering Frenchmen with the honors of a band a military escort, and a welcome from the mayor and corporation.

The race duly came off; and Ann Glanville, with her faithful crew—Jane House, Emilia Lee and Hyatt Hocking—won gallantly, Captain Russell himself steering them to victory. So pleased were they that Mrs. House—winning oarsmen do wild things, even in our own colleges, so she may be forgiven—could only express her sense of elation on reaching the committee boat by leaping overboard, diving under it, and coming up triumphant on the other side! As the uniform worn by the Saltash rowers consisted of a black skirt, loose white overgown and ruffled cap, she must have been an odd-looking object when she scrambled back to her place.

Ann Glanville died in 1880 at the age of eightyfour. Since then the prowess of the Saltash women has decreased sadly.

What Our Stores are Showing

Homespuns, 52 inches wide, in soft tints of gray, green and tan. Henrietta cloth in a superb silky wave in the following shades: cornflower, blue, old rose, sky blue, ecru, pink, tan, cerise, pearl gray, castor, reseda, and navy blue. A new silk and wool mixed goods, very dressy in effect, called crepe de Paris.

In black goods there are new weaves, in black cheviot, camel's hair cheviot, brilliantine, mohair, striped nun's veiling and mohair novelties in floral and other designs.

The favorite weaves of silk, as : liberty silk and satin, taffetas, corded taffetas, crepe de chine, peau de soie, and poplin, come in the most delicate of pastel tints, as well as in black.

Pretty Japanese twill foulards are shown in 24-inch widths and with either scroll, stripe or geometrical effect. Printed liberty satin is another pretty material for summer dresses.

Special sales of crepe de chine and crepe meteore in soft evening shades comprising pink, green, blue, maize, lavendar, Nile, cream ,and white.

Fancy cushion tops with all kinds of quaint patterns, easily worked, and an added adornment to every porch.

Pearl buttons are readily bought, and all kinds of styles and sizes with two, three or four holes will be used on shirt waists

The jewelry counters display large varieties of jewelry, including rings set with different kinds of gems, brooches, sets of enamelled and jewelled brooches of different sizes, shirt waist sets, belt pins, scarf or stick pins, necklaces, cuff pins, and buttons, lorgnette chains, buckles, bracelets, including the heavily chased silver Nethersole bracelet, pompadour combs and the hundred and one pretty trifles of jewelry that go to make up a woman's toilette.

Mohair swisses that are guaranteed to stand the dampest of seashore weather without losing a particle of their crispness.

Printed wash goods, include lawns, colored piques, corded piques, percale dimity, Madras gingham, etc.

Special sales in hemstitched pillow slips which are sold so cheap that it does not pay to sit down and work the drawn hem.

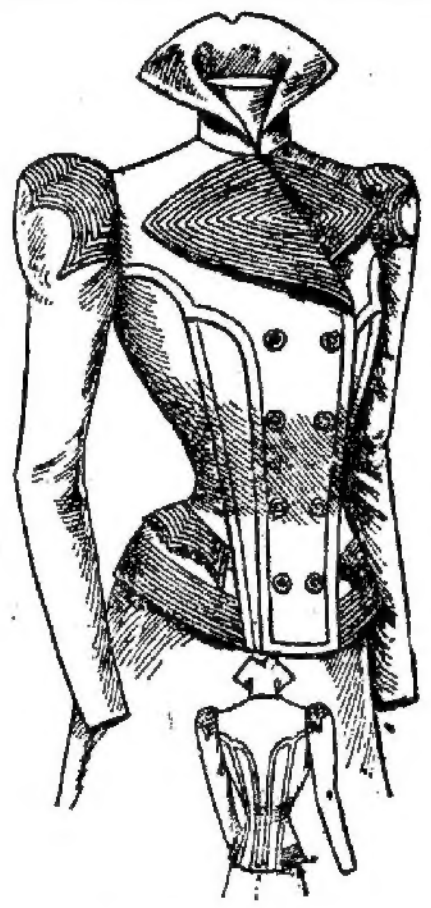
In infants' wear there are new styles of long bishop slips made of cambric or lawn and trimmed with either torchon or Valenciennes laces. Also long cloaks of Bedford cord, one style with waist effect, the other with ripple collar, and both trimmed with silk braid and fancy ribbon. Pretty little caps of embroidered china silk trimmed with laces ruches and box-plaited pompon, as well as baby ribbon.

Handsome parlor suits inlaid with French marqueterie and covered with selected colors of damask. In some of these suits the marqueterie is further enriched with inlaid pearl

In chinaware there are fine English jardinieres, handsomely tinted in raised rococo designs. Plates of Doulton porcelain decorated in enamelled colors, the pattern outlined with gold traceries. Cups and saucers suitable for souvenir gifts, also pretty oatmeal sets and salad bowls.

Many chic and exclusive styles in taffetas toques and turbans, chiffon toques, chiffon and straw combinations in street and evening shades. Pretty hair ornaments in ostrich feathers,and aigrette effects, also velvet and satin bowknots, etc.

Until the present golf capes were pretty much on the same order. Bright



Jacket of biscuit cloth, double-breasted, trimmed with bias folds. Numerous rows of stitching ornament the bottom, pockets, sleeves and revers. Storm collar with turner-over corner. Material required, cloth, 50 inches wide, 2 yards. Cut in 34, 36 and 38 inches, bust measure. Price, 10 cents.

plaids, dull plaids, two-color blends turned and twisted were all we knew. Now we see spots, cubes, blocks and figures, three and even four colors together. Added to these are oddities in fringing and new flouncings, so that the golf cape of 190 0is quite an interesting article of feminine wearing apparel.

In new dress goods there are color combinations in camel's hair floss, English shell tweeds, camel's hair plaids, pin checks, tailor suitings, hair-line cassimere, and dotted pin check suitings. Also plain rich weaves in broadcloth, cashmere, Henrietta, soleil, veiling, etc.

Among the novelties are checked sailcloths, silk-blistered Etamine, silk and wool voile, silk-embroidered tamise, silk warp, armure, silk panne crepons, satin cloth, tringeline, silk figured crepe de chine, silk grenadines, colored mistrals, corduroy stripes.

White goods were never more beautiful than this season. They include French organdie, Persian, Indian, silk and lace lawns, dimities, batiste de l'Opera, Swiss mull, French and English nainsook, mousseline de Swisse, India mull, handkerchief lawn, Victoria lawn, duck and Madras.

Mercerized cotton goods promise to gain great popularity during the summer. This new process gives the material a glossy finish like silk or soft foulard.

Handsome taffetas petticoats trimmed with knife plaitings, umbrella flounces, tucks and ruffles or simply ruffles. Other more elaborate petticoats have bias plaited ruffles finished with ruches and rosettes.

Beautiful novelties in spangled robes either all black, silver on white net or iridescent effects.

Special sales of cheviot skirts with box-plaited backs.

New spring and summer wrappers made of fine percale with yoke front and back, epaulette or cape effect on the shoulders, and the skirt finished with a deep flounce. White braid furnishes the pretty though simple decoration.

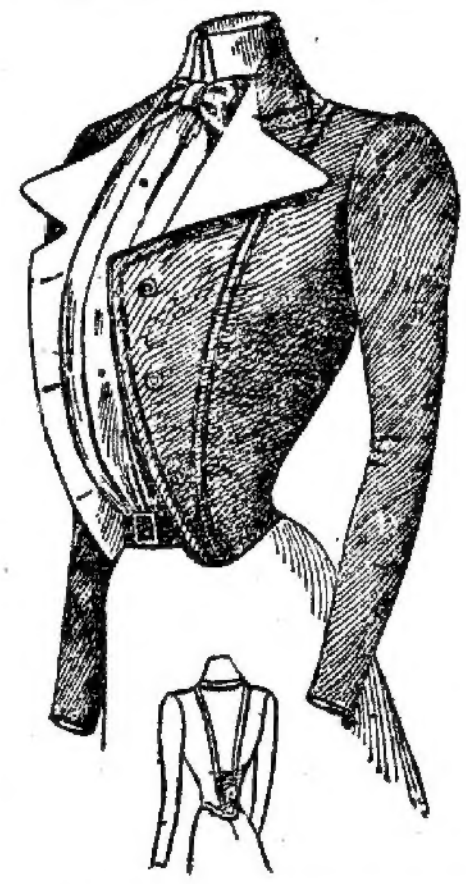
In laces, edgings and all-overs are point de Paris, Torchon, point de Venice, Renaissance and Cluny, but the handsomest and perhaps the costliest is the heavy Russian gipure. Cambric embroideries are also very handsome and of exclusive designs. Among these an all-over cotton net with striped Val effect is a novelty.

The colored embroidered chiffons are very pretty, and the new black drapery nets are sold at very reasonable prices.

Special sales in spachtel goods, including spachtel embroidered doilies tray covers in square and oval shapes, centre pieces, Renaissance doilies and tray covers, also pillow shams and scarfs.

Rich art goods, such as Sevres ware, bronzes, ivory statuary, miniatures, curio cabinets, marble statuary, etc.

In the new trimmings there are the latest French designs in taffetas, all-overs, some embroidered, others with lace insertion and embroidery in all the leading colors, also Persian effects and applique patterns. Spangled yokes and trimmings with a plain or bead edge or simple straight bands, in combinations of steel. and black, cerise and black, green and black, bronze and black, heliotrope and black, and silver and black; also all black.



Jacket of slate gray homespun, trimmed with bias folds of the same material. One side has buttons and the other buttonholes, which close the jacket. The revers are of white faille and the fronts are faced with the same material. Coat collar of homespun edged with a bias fold. Material required, 50 inches wide, 17-8 yards.

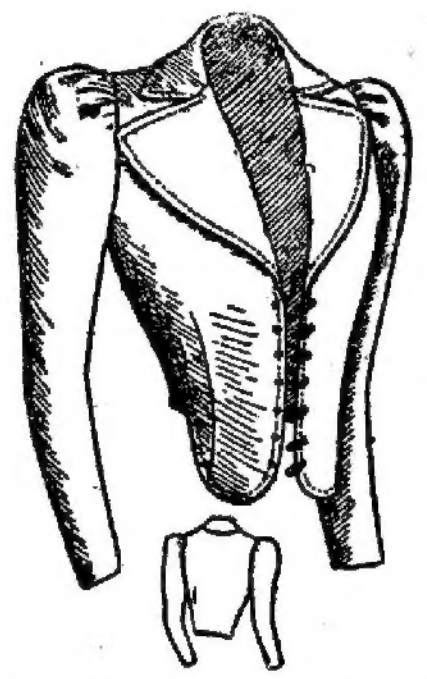
Novelties in sterling silver show silver-bandle tooth brushes, shoe horns, nail files, nail brushes, button hooks, mirrors, letter seals, curling irons, brush holders, soap boxes, etc.

Pretty imported Croton sets of fine Limoges china daintily decorated in hand painting with sprays and bunches of violets, lilies or lilacs.

New spring dress fabrics include nun's veiling, plain and figured barege, fancy grenadines, embroidered robes, printed challie, Scotch homespuns and English worsteds.

Advance importations in millinery novelties include hemstitched Lyons velvets, hemstitched taffetas and satins, panne ribbons, metallique taffetas, printed warp taffetas, cord, striped and plaid effects. Combination ribbons of satin and taffetas.

Duck suitings in stripe and polka dot effects, foulardine; also a cotton dress fabric, organdie, crepon nouveaute, one of the foremost attractions in stripes and plaids, and simili silk, a medium-weight silky stuff.



Eton jacket of scarlet ladies' cloth, cut with rounded tab fronts. Each side is adorned with small crystal buttons, and cord loops close the jacket. Revers and collar may be faced with pique, if desired. Material required, 54 inches wide, 13-8 yards. Cut in 34, 36 and 38 inches, bust measure. Price, 10 cents.

Women and Eating.

Women are notoriously careless about their own food. One could wish that those who neglect their duty of properly and efficiently nourishing their own bodies would study the statistics of insanity and its increase among us. The old Latin proverb tells us that our aim should be to keep a sound mind in a sound body.

"Drink and hurry and worry send most of the men to an asylum," says a doctor, "while love affairs, combined with lack of food, throw most of the women off their balance." The love affairs, would have but little influence over them if they were proprly fed; but among the illusions in which girls and women indulge is that, as they care little about their food, so the lack of it cannot have much effect upon them. They rather despise men for being careful to have regular meals, whether business presses or not, and are inclined to vaunt their own superiority in such respects. But if this disregard of the natural instincts of hunger leads us in the same path as "drink and hurry and worry" lead men, and if we are to be humiliated by hyper-sensitiveness in love affairs, how pre-eminently does male common sense stand out in the matter.

We so often exalt our weakness into something to be proud of! And if we go without lunch some day, an avenging headache swoops down and makes us irritable. Surely, that is nothing to be proud of! Or, if the men of the family are dining out, the women have tea and toast and scrambled eggs, and next morning wonder why they feel so limp and as if everything to be done were dreadfully troublesome and impossible.

Lightness and delicacy seem to be the most desired features of the newest millinery, and tulle and flowers are the materials paramount. True, the lace straws are prettier, lighter and more graceful than ever before, and are folded and crushed into forms, indescribable with the prettiest possible effects. The home-trimmed hat is ever a slippery problem of the most enigmatical success, yet this year it will come more nearly to being an assured possibility than for many seasons past. Anywhere from $2 to $4 a "shape" may be had, which requires very little decoration. There are folded forms of lace braid, satin straw or plaited gauze, bent into new and fetching forms, and all ready for the tulle rosettes, the flower clusters or the ribbon twists which may adorn them. They are delightfully light, and are to be had in every imaginable shape and colour. Ten minutes will trim them, and the beautiful economy of their condition is that their trimming may be changed or renewed, ad libitum, thus making the same hat answer admirably for several toilets.

Made entirely of foliage are some of the new toques, with the accompanying flowers for a finish and possibly a touch of black, so fashionable in all things this season. Ivory, white lace toques, with ostrich pompons, or down and york roses are another variety pretty enough for an extensive following. An exquisite hat, known by the name its designer gave it—and Virot is not to be gainsaid, although there is really nothing "empire" about it—has a wire frame, covered by an innumerable succession of tiny ruffles of finest black muslin. There are, it is claimed, more than 300 of these cleverly wrought folds of black, and the deep somberness which black muslin imparts is relieved with a spray of the most delicious pink roses with a small cluster of green leaves peeping from beneath it. In front the hat is lifted off the forehead by a bow of black velvet, and a stiff velvet band, and the front facing is thus slightly displayed, showing little frilled terraces of filmy pink chiffon which throws a tender, roseate light over the brow, and is becoming to whomsoever may wear it.

Turbans composed of three, four and even five shades of folded chiffon or tulle or liberty gauze present the most ephemeral and opalescent appearance. The shades are so delicate so carefully selected, and so artfully manipulated that the effect is as of one harmonious swirling of a tissue fabric where shades and gleams of colored light fall rather than of differently colored strips wound together This mixture of soft pastel shades is also noted in hats made entirely of or trimmed with taffeta silk, or if the wide, soft liberty satin ribbons which lend themselves beautifully to the present modes of oft-repeated folds in millinery. A soft white straw fine and satiny, is heaped with forget me-nots, and white ostrich pompons, and is destined for a toilet of the finest, sheerest, white muslin, trimmed only with ruffles of the same. The shoulders and sleeves are unlined, and the simple bodice is just gathered into the waist, where it is drawn snugly by a sash of blue silk, tied in a big bow at the back, with long ends sweeping to the edge of the long, trailing skirt.

These ribbon and silk sashes, taking the place of the gauze and chiffon for winter wear, will be quite a feature of next summer's muslin toilets, It seems light and bright blues will be most favored, although several dressmakers are having knotted fringes put to order upon some Japanese pink, sea green and vivid scarlet silk strips to fill orders with white gowns.

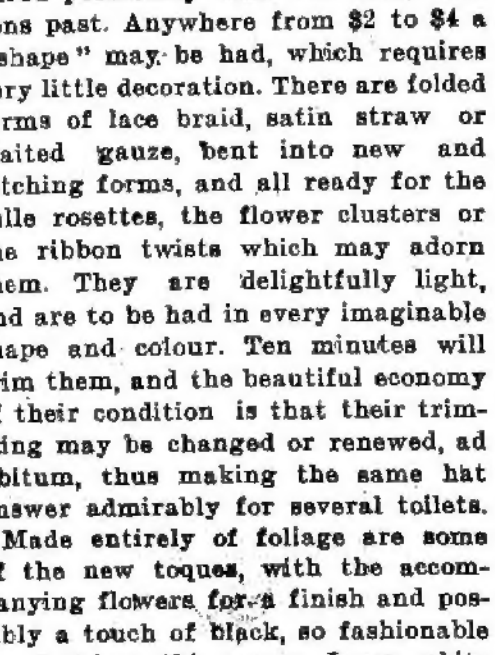
Buckles and buttons, jeweled and enameled, are largely used on the waists, and they add much to their beaty. Belts are, as a rule, in this season's designs, made to carry out the idea of the bodice in some way. A good example of this is a waist which has groups of tucks and a tucked belt, made on the bias of the goods that it may be fitted smoothly and give the necessary curve to the figure. Bands of lace or embroidery on the waist require the same decoration carried around the waistband, and a velvet bow on anotheri part of the bodice necessitates a velvet girdle.

Among other "little things" which go to make up a complete wardrobe novelties are noticed in the pretty fancy buttons used to fasten the cuffs and fronts of silk and lawn waists. There are sometimes silver and enameled fishes, pearl balls and pink coral buttons. Any antique piece of jewelry which can be used as a button is a valuable possession nowadays. Jeweled chains falling with an ornament of some kind, just above the line of the bust, are worn around the neck over the high-necked bodice.

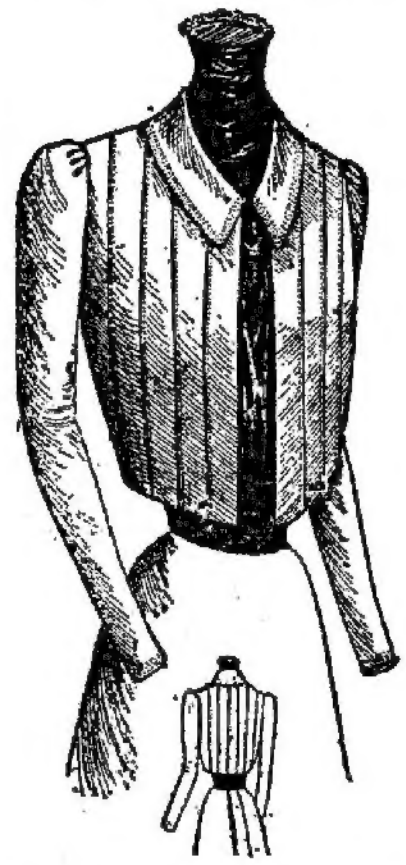
Buckles were never more used for trimming; they are invariably small. Buttons are also marshaled out in great numbers—also small in size are the ornamental little bits. Fancy braids and sets or single motifs of lace are still used for trimming cloth gowns, and ribbons, never so beautiful or so varied, are another means of spending money lavishly in the good cause of dressing prettily and becomingly. A special novelty among the

House dress of navy blue serge and flannel. The seven-gored skirt is made of serge and is sheathed to the knees, flaring out from there in full folds. The flannel blouse has a chemisette and collar of blue and white striped taffetas and the sailor collar is trimmed with stitching. Shirt waist sleeves finished with flannel cuffs. Material required, serge, 45 inches wide, 5 yards; flannel, 30 inches wide, 2 1-2 yards.

Blouse No. 503 cut in 34, 36 and 38 inches, bust measure. Skirt No. 504 cut in 24, 26 and 28 inches, waist measure. Price, 10 cents each.



Child's coat of biscuit ladies' cloth, or white pique, double-breasted, with a pocket on each side. The cape has scolloped edge and is ornamented with etitching, and the tiny storm collar also has a scolloped top and is trimmed with stitching. Coat sleeves with turned-back cuffs. Material required, for girl of 4 years, cloth, 48 inches wide, 2 yards. Cut in 4, 6 and 8 years. Price, 10 cents.



Eton jacket of tan ladies' cloth laid in narrow tucks, which are stitched down with brown silk. The shawl collar is edged with three rows of brown silk stitching, also the coat sleeves. Material required ladies' cloth, 48 inches wide, 2 yards. Cut in 34, 36 and 38 inches, bust measure. Price, 10 cents.

Costume with circular skirt of tan ladies' cloth, trimmed with a band of embroidered cream cloth, forming a point in front and rising in back. Eton jacket of taffetas has slightly pointed fronts, and is trimmed with revers and collar of embroidered ladies' cloth. Material required, 48 inches wide, 5 yards; taffetas, 22 inches wide, 4 yards.

new ribbons has a white gauze edge a little more than half an inch in width. Joining this is a flowered border of roses, perhaps with a delicately spotted centre, all of which has the appearance of gauze, giving it a beautiful sheen. The trick of this is in the weaving, as it is hand-printed on the warp, with all the colors in the design, and the white silk is woven in on this with most charming results. Another very artistic sash ribbon is in pale tints, with here and there a large poppy or an orchid in shadowy exquisite coloring, and long, graceful stem woven in. Still another charming variety is the pannette ribbons, a sort of cross between satin and panne velvets. These come in exquisite pastel colors and will figure conspicuously in the summer get up of a good dresser. Nothing, however, is so lovely as the ribbon of fine, soft white satin, with a velvet flower or bouquet thrown up from its shining surface. These velvet devices are colored beautifully in the most tenderly blending shades, and such ribbons are used as yokes, vests, fronts and even for sashes. Velvet ribbon is simply bought by the bolt, yards count not at all, some of the new cloth gowns showing a trimming of five rows at all open edges. The bodice is striped with vertical all-over. A lattice-work design of velvet, crossing lace and chiffon vests is another use of velvet, and sleeves are encircled for their entire length with velvet bands, all of which can be applied to an old gown as a very successful means of freshening it. Narrow black velvet ribbon is much seen upon thin organdie, where it appears along the edges of narrow ruffles. The effect is very pretty when several rows are sewn around an accordion-plaited flounce. A gray organdie tastefully demonstrated the beauty of velvet as a trimming; the

Frock of pale gray and scarlet plaid. Circular skirt. Blouse opens over yoke of tucked and embroidered cream taffetas and is trimmed with a round collar of embroidered taffetas edged with a narrow plaited frill. Belt of plain cream taffetas. Material required for girl of 14 years, plaid, 40 inches wide, 5 yards. Blouse No. 507 and Skirt No. 508 in 12, 14 and 16 years. Price, 10 cents each.

Corset cover of white lawn trimmed with embroidered lawn and narrow dotted bands. The fulness is gathered in front at the waist as well as the top. Material required, 36 inches wide, 2 yards. Cut in 34, 36 and 38 inches, bust measure. Price, 10 cents.

skirt was closely gored, having five narrow, velvet-edged ruffles, set on so as to lap slightly. Let into the skirt, just above these was a wave pattern piece of lace insertion, narrow velvet following its undulations on both sides. The waist was simple and so pretty; there was a deep, round yoke, unlined, of finely tucked white swiss, a band of the skirt insertion outlining it and running across the sleeves to add to the breadth of the shoulder, a little tucked cap of white swiss set in the top of each to give the required long-shouldered effect. The insertion is here also edged with velvet, a little velvet pulley belt completing the dress at the waist. The stock is of tucked, unlined swiss, with a little strap of velvet secured by a tiny pearl buckle

We thought that surely we had no more worlds to conquer, so far as boleros were concerned, but every new batch of handsome new gowns shows us new tricks in their construction. Narrow stripes of swiss insertion alternating with velvet-run lace beading in one form which is very pretty over an accordion-pleated waist of fine sheer lawn, drawn in at the waist with a belt of lace beading run with velvet and secured by a jet buckle. Guipure applique, is the finish on one, and a stitched yoke of cloth, extending to the belt, is the feature of another where the bolero ends are drawn up and apparently tied in a knot over this, at their bust line. Heavy as well as the fine qualities of real lace appear in bolero form, and as they are complete in themselves, they may be adjusted to several bodices.

New cotton materials are legion; they offer a fine opportunity to dress exquisitely for a small sum if the dresses are carefully made, for while the most modish models this year are apparently simple, they require infinite pains in their construction or the desired effect is entirely lost. Flat surfaces are to be desired, although this may be composed entirely of rows of insertion and delicate handwork; tucks are much in evidence, and are set at such counter directions that, in many cases, no one would be foolish enough to hope to have them washed and ironed. Fortunately dry cleaning is now an art, and with two such treatments a cotton gown should be able to keep well in the field all summer. Printed mulls, fine and filmy are shown this year for the first time. The prettiest of these are bordered, having the effect of hand-painting. A delicate border of maiden-hair fern is particularly pretty. Printed mulls also show Persian borders with fine effect. Cotton foulard is indeed a triumph for inexpensiveness. It is quite as pretty as satin foulard. It has a cotton warp with a silk filling and comes in all the new colors. A new cousin to the organdies comes introduced as Escenical organdies which has the appearance of being appliqued with lace designs, like flower knots, lovers' knots, fleur de lis and the like. This lace is not really appliqued, only printed, and the material launders as well as if it were ordinary muslin. Cotton Rayee has the glossy appearance of a sheer madras; it is inexpensive and quite chic. Cotton mousseline vies with organdie, and although it closely resembles silk, launders beautifully. Batiste now comes in cobweb fineness and was never so lovely as at present, and the long list of wash crepes, figures, mercerized cottons of all sorts, and those with the silk weft ginghams, silk warp madras cloths, Scotch oxfords, the silk striped challies in their myriad designs all go to complete an assortment of wonderful range as to variety and price.

In wool and silk and wool materials but mention of a few of the many names will give one an idea of their quantity. Popular for the next two seasons will be the exquisite French broadcloths, Venetians, zibilines, camel's-hair, cheviots, whipcords, panne crepes—oh, how deliciously soft and fine are these—silk and wool fringed bereges, silk and wool tufted grenadines, ribbon plaid grenadines, figured silk and wool crepes, silk and wool poplins, queen's cloth, Japanese crepes, embroidered silk and wool bereges, poplins, crepe de chines, and the exquisite liberty crepes.

Black materials have great prestige now, and are shown in all weaves, crepons, perhaps taking the lead. There are crepons, mattalasse, crepe meteors, silk-figured crepons, mohair and silk and wool mixtures of all classes. Black silk lansdown, a favored material for plaited waists or skirts, can be had as low as $1.25 a yard, and are the graceful substitutes for the erstwhile brilliantine knockabout.

The perspiration-proof Japanese silks, which are 27 inches wide, guaranteed not to spot with water, are a boon for real good, general service, as well as being delightfully light and cool, and will figure in every complete wardrobe, especially for seaside wear.

The lace world is busy showing its wonderful productions, and contributions to fashion's bouquet. This includes chiffon, tulle, gauze, ,ousseline de soie, spangled net, applique embroideries, Chantilly laces and insertions, silk grenadines, taffeta applique on net, all-overs, Mechlin embroideries, Valenciennes, silk ruchings, fancy frou-frou fichus, in all the fetching shades; the foulard trimmings and insertions in odd and artistic designs in black, ivory and champagne tints rich effect in point Arabe, Cluny, Venise, guipure, Renaissance and cut-out trimmings of cloth and silk—thousands, one might say, from which to select, and yet there are those who prate of old Byzantine glories in fabric. What would the greatest merchant of old Mediterranean do could he wake some morning this month in a fashionable store. Indeed, there would he revel in the immortality of his soul and the hope of once more plying his trade, since it had made such inconceivable strides toward perfection.

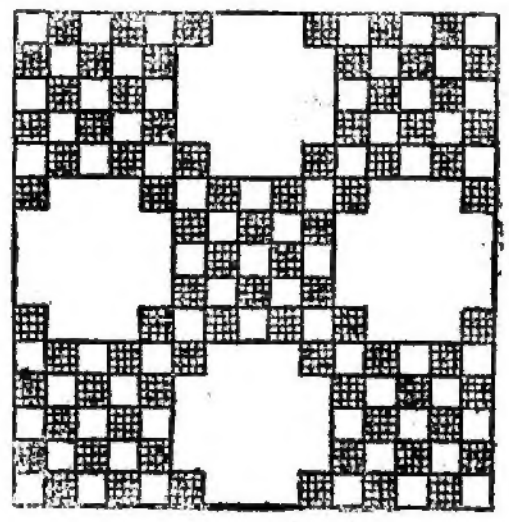
The question of skirts seems, for the present settled in favor of plaits of some form,—that is, plaits whether wide or merely tucks—and, as for sleeves, they are made either conspicuously long, reaching quite to the knuckles, or they come only to the elbows, where often they are finished with a quaint little puff. Unlined lace sleeves will be seen everywhere as soon as it is possible to lay wraps aside.

The new square handkerchief, made of the Persian silk squares, is a fad of the home, but it can scarcely hope to retain favor with so many more tasteful rivals in the field. However, they are bright and can be carried with a number of toilets, and will add a welcome touch of brilliancy to a matinee of parasols for beach or veranda this summer. A plain white silk, embroidered in black or colored polka dots, is perhaps as pretty and tasteful as any one could wish.

Costume of pale tan Henrietta cloth. Five-gored flare skirt. The overskirt is cut with two points in front and is completed with a shaped flounce simulating a second overskirt. The corsage is laid in plaits in front and is mounted on a small yoke with collar of cream guipure lace. The cape collar has two points in back and front, and, like the skirt, is trimmed with narrow passementerie. Material required, Henrietta, 40 inches wide, 9 3-4 yards. Illustrated on cover.

Double Irish Chain.

The sample shown, which is sent by Mrs. W. R. Wilkins, is pieced of turkey red and white. The blocks are about 12 1-2 inches square, the pieces are 2 1-2 inches square and 25 in number, and in setting the blocks to-



gether, a white block 12 1-2 inches square with a red block 2 1-2 inches square sewed on at each corner makes the chain complete both ways across the quilt. It could be pieced of light calico and dark, or light and polka-dot-blue calico makes a very pretty quilt.

Concerning Hats.

All hats fit close. Fruit is to be much used for the trimming of hats. Grapes are especially modiste, cherries are also popular. Morning hats for summer are to be trimmed with foulard scarfs to match the gowns, a quill or wings being added to set them off. Hats made entirely of leaves of different shades, with a bunching of roses at the left side, are a new and fetching fashion.

The New Stocks.

Colored and white pique stocks cut higher on the sides than back or front are shown; with these are worn colored chevoit ties in batwing style.

ORIENTAL MARRIAGE CUSTOMS

The Chinese marry their children when very young, sometimes as soon as they are born. The marriage, which is a mere civil contract, is arranged by some go-between or matchmaker on behalf of both parties, independent of the consent of the young couple, and they never see each other until the wedding day. Persons bearing the same family name, although not related, are strictly interdicted from marrying each other, says a recent writer. The negotiations for a marriage is generally begun by the family to which the intended bridegroom belongs. The go-between is furnished with a card stating the ancestral name, and the eight characters which denote the hour, day, month and year of the birth of the candidate for matrimony. This card he takes to the family indicated, and tenders a proposal of marriage. If the parents of the girl, after instituting inquiries about the family making it, are willing to entertain the proposal, they consult a fortune-teller, who decides whether the betrothal would be auspicious. If a favorable decision is made, the go-between is furnished with a similar card, and the same consultation of a fortune-teller follows. If this fortune-teller pronounces favorably and the two families agree on the details of the marriage, a formal assent is given to the betrothal. If for the space of three days, while the betrothal is under consideration in each of the families, anything reckoned unlucky, such as the breaking of a bowl or the losing of any article, should occur, the negotiation would be broken off at once.

In modern Egypt a woman can never be seen by her future husband until after she has been married, and she is always veiled. The choice of a wife is sometimes entrusted to a professional woman, who conducts the negotiations for a price. Generally a man inclined to be a husband, applies to some person who is reported to have daughters and desires to know if any are to be disposed of. If the father replies affirmatively, the aspirant sends one of his female relatives who has been already married, to see the girl and report the result. Should the representation be favorable, the intended husband pays the father a stipulated sum, and on an appointed day all parties interested in the event assist at the solemnization of the marriage. On the day before the wedding the bride goes in state to a bath, walking under a canopy of silk which is carried by four men. She is covered from head to foot in an ample shawl, which in size much resembles the Hebrew veil. On her head is a small cap or crown. Following the bath, the bride and bridegroom and their friends have a supper. On the following day the bride goes in procession to the bridegroom's house, where another repast is given, At night the bridegroom goes to prayers at the mosque, after which he returns home and is introduced to and left alone with his bride. Then he lifts the shawl from her face and sees her for the first time.

A woman who lived many years in Japan, in speaking of courtship and marriage among the "little brown people," says that both are very curious ceremonies, and that they still savor somewhat of barbarism. "When a young man," she informs us, "has fixed his affections upon a maiden of suitable standing, he declares his love by fastening a branch of a certain shrub to the house of the damsel's parents. If the branch be neglected the suit is rejected; if it be accepted, so is the suitor. At the time of the marriage, the bridegroom sends presents to his bride as costly as his means will allow, which she immediately offers to her parents in acknowledgment of their kindness in infancy and of the pains bestowed upon her education, The wedding takes place in the evening. The bride is dressed in a long white silk kimono and white veil, and she and her future husband sit facing each other on the floor. Two tables are placed close by; on the one is a kettle with two spouts, a bottle of sake and cups; on the other table a miniature fir tree—signifying the strength of the bridegroom; a plum tree signifying the beauty of the bride, and lastly a stork standing on the tortoise, representing long life and happiness, desired by them both.

At the marriage feast each guest in turn drinks three cups of the sake and the two-spouted kettle, also containing sake, is put to the mouths of the bride and bridegroom alternately by two attendants, signifying that they are to share together joys and sorrows. The bride keeps her veil all her life and after death it is buried with her as her shroud. The chief duty of a Japanese woman all her life is obedience—whilst unmarried to her parents; when married, to her husband and his parents; when widowed to her son."

Until the day of her marriage the East Indian girl has been the spoiled pet of her mother, but the hour that sees her put into a palanquin, shut up tight and carried to her husband's house changes all that was happiness into misery. She becomes from that moment the little slave of her mother-in-law, upon whom she has to wait hand and foot, whose lightest wish is law, and who teaches her what dishes her husband likes best, and how she is to prepare them. A kind-mother-in-law, is a thing seldom, if ever, met with and rarely does she give the little bride leave to go home and visit her mother.

Of her husband the girl sees little or nothing. She cannot complain to him of the cruelty of his mother, for he would never by any chance take her part. He sends in to her the portion of the food he wishes cooked for himself, her and the children, and when it is ready she places it upon a large platter and it is sent into his room. He eats all he fancies of it, and then it is sent back to her, and she and the children sit upon the floor and eat whatever is left.

The girls are married as young as three years of age, and should a little boy, to whom such a baby is married, die, she is called a widow, and can never marry again. Married life is hard, but far harder and more sad is the lot of a widow, for she is considered disgraced and degraded. She must eat only the coarest kind of food and one day in two weeks she must fast for twenty-four hours. Her food must always be eaten away from other women, and she must never dress her hair, never sleep upon a bed and never wear any jewelry.

In Turkey, by authority of the Koran, the sultan is allowed seven wives and every other Mussulman four, and as many female slaves as they please; but in the present day few men have more than one wife each. Polygamy is almost confined to the very wealthy, and is by no means general even among them, probably because a plurality of wives produces a pluality of expenses. All their priests may marry except the dervishes. The Turks can divorce their wives very easily, and are allowed to marry near relations, on the principle that a double tie makes the friendship stronger.

THE WINNERS

— IN OUR —

Canadian Cities and Ontario Counties

Competition Which Closed 31st March, 1900.

As there were many correct answers received, we divide the first cash reward of one hundred dollars into five portions as promised. The following five persons are, therefore, entitled to twenty dollars each. All winners must apply for their gifts by letter in the same hand-writing in which the original letters were sent for comparison, so we may be sure that the gifts are getting into the right hands.

1. Miss Leila T. Saunders, 53 Brunswick Ave., Toronto; 2. Mrs. J. M. Conroy, P.O. Department, Ottawa; 3. Alfred E. Gibson, 122 Victoria Ave., N. Hamilton; 4. C. Breadon, 23 Essex Ave., Montreal; 5, Annie Weir, B.A., Port Hope.

TEN LADIES' GOLD WATCHES.—1, Miss Agnes O'Connor, Lindsay; 2, Jessie K. Laing, Bowmanville; 3, Mrs. A. A. Jordan, Prescott; 4, Miss L. McLean, care J. H. Taylor, Todmorden; 5, Mrs. T. Webb, Box 82. St. Catharines; 6, Miss Edna Richardson, Aurora; 7, Mrs. Robt. H. Millard, Newmarket; 8, Stella Loucks, Flesherton; 9, Mrs. S. S. Moote, Dunnville; 10, Miss Mary Tennant, Paris.

One hundred other prizes, as follows:—Thirty-two half-dozen each dessertspoons, thirty-eight half-dozen each table spoons, twenty napkin rings, ten individual salt and pepper cellars, with spoons. All these articles are of the best quadruple plate and warranted to wear well.

1, Mrs. R. Chambers, Lindsay; 2, Mrs. Jno. Hiltz, Streetsville; 3, Chas. Brighton, Aylmer; 4, Winnie Harvey, 227 Herkimer St., Hamilton; 5, Mrs. A. M. Shields, box 285 Campbellford, 6, Mrs. P. Meyer, box 56, Huronville; 7, Marcella Macintyre, 559 St. Lawrence St., Montreal; 8, Miss E. N. H. Mercer, 750 O'Connor St., Ottawa; 9, Mrs. McRae, 83 Yarmouth Rd., Toronto; 10, Frank Purves, Teeswater; 11, Mrs. Robt. Walker, Jr., Warkworth; 12, Mrs. Isaiah Lifler, Waterford; 13, Bessie Pilling, Humberstone; 14, Mrs. Wm. Duncan, 220 Crawford St., Toronto; 15, Lulee May Percy, Mt. Forest; 16, Mercia Leese, Coldwater; 17, Miss Etta Davis, Hensall; 18, Miss Louise SShaw, Drayton; 19, Miss Blanche Dalglish, 143 Stanley St., Montreal, Que.; 20, Mrs. W. J. Holwell, box 162, Cornwall; 21, Miss M. Mallably, Carleton W.; 22, Miss Constance Gordon, 219 St. Catherine St. N. Hamilton; 23, Miss E. Rogers, 119 Lewis Ave., Westmont, Montreal, Que.; 24, Mrs. McDonald. 111 Lewis Ave., Montreal, Que.; 25, Miss Austin, Highgate; 26, Miss Kitty Hurley, Peterboro; 27, Mrs. J. W. Britton, Iona; 28, Mrs. C. M. Gaffney, Athens; 29, Nellie Stone, Smith's Falls; 30, Elizabeth B. Eby, Berlin; 31, Mrs. J. A. Kamarbin, Shelburne; 32, Miss Bertha Hall, Brampton; 33, Stanislano Payette, 251 Church Ave., Cote, St. Paul, P. Q.; 34, Mrs. H. J. Colwell, Arthur; 35, Mrs. Thos. Read, Victoria Square; 36, Mrs. W. E. Pollard, Burgessville; 37, Anne R. Jones, Forest; 38, Miss Annie Austin, 312 Pacific Ave., Turonto Junction; 39, Mrs. R Hurst, 256 West Mill St., Brantford; 40, Mrs. C. I. King, Pickering; 41, Mrs. N. Silver, Merrickville; 42, Mrs. J. F. Givens, Beaverton; 43, W. D. Detlor, Napanee; 44, Ella Young, Alton; 45, Mrs. J. W. McNeilly, Stoney Creek; 46, Mrs. Wm. Dorrington, Alton; 47, Jessie E. Gordon, box 592, Strathroy; 48, Mrs. William Brown, Kirktown; 49, Mrs. James Walker, Fergus; 50, R. E. Thurston, 61 Berthelet St., Montreal; 51, Miss C. H. McKay, box 343, Woodstock; 52, Major Wm. Jamieson, Palmerston; 53, Jean F. Macpherson, Clinton; 54, Ada Vandelip, St. Catharines; 55, Mrs. J. T. Smith, 1403 King St. West, Toronto; 56, Garrett O'Connor, box 46, Bridgeburg; 57, Mrs. Robt. W. Surtzer, Thamesville, box 290; 58, J. McCaw, Welland; 59, Gertie Dunn, Frelighsburg, Que.; 60, Mrs. H. Shaw, Glammis; 61, Jennie Britton, Port Perry; 62, Albertina Brownlee, Hespeler; 63; Dora Brigden, Mount Dennis; 64, Mrs. Philip Eaton, Owen Sound; 65, Lena Thompson, box 235, Orangeville; 66, Mrs. Robinson, 318 Euclid Ave., Toronto; 67, Mrs. G. H. Holland, 205 Bleury St., Montreal; Que.; 68, Mrs. Arch Hill, Stayner; 69, Mrs. W. McFarlane, box 72, Stratford; 70, Mrs. W. V. Overn, box 99, Gravenhurst; 71, Miss Edith Trevethick, box 336, Ingersoll; 72, Mrs. J. H. Murray, box 336, Ingersoll; 73, Edna Richardson, Ingersoll; 74, Mrs. Alex. F. McKenzie, Morden; 75, Willie Brownlee, Hemmingford, Que.; 76, E. W. Smith, Almonte, 77, Mabel Bray, Bronte; 78, Mr. Ed. Smith, Shallow Lake; 79, J. R. Baker, 10 Windsor Ave., Westmount, Que.; 80, Whitte Curle, Mildmay; 81, Stanley Naylor, Lindsay; 82, Ida Barclay, 20 McKenzie Cres. Toronto; 83, Miss Grace G. Fraser, 280 Elgin St. Ottawa; 84, Mrs. Chas. Plank, Uxbridge; 85, Miss Hattie Hubbard, 405 Dundas St., London; 86, Miss Mary Simmons, Collingwood; 87, Gordon H. Pickel, Sweetsburg, Que.; 88. Miss Bertha J. Wheadon, Wyevale; 89 Pearle Corner, Box 18, St. Lambert, Que.; 90, Ethel Hawley, Napanee; 91, Mrs. Geo. J. Hodgson, Conro, Que; 92, Mrs. M. E. Grigg, Box 31, Renfrew; 93, Miss Minnie Sager, Cornwall; 94, Ina Wardell, 550 Spadina Ave, Toronto; 95, Miss L. Wood, 97 Avenue Rd., Toronto; 96 Mrs. C. Ulley, 80 Charron St. Montreal; 97, Effie Wilson, Harriston; 98, Mrs. William Cook, Carrville; 99, Gertrude Dunn, Franklin; Que; 100, May Kellinber, Campbellford.

Wherever the province is not given after the name and address Ontario is intended. Anyone not applying for their gift on or before the 30th May next, it will be forfeited.

The Consolation list will appear in our next issue.

Montreal, March 29, 1900.
79 Bleury St.

Dear Sir,—I received the watch and holder and I am very much pleased with it, and very much obliged in your punctuality in sending it.

Yours, etc. C. McMillan.

Goderich, April 2, 1900.

The Ladies' Journal, Toronto:

Dear Publishers—I received my watch by return of mail and find it is just as you represented it to be. I think it is just lovely. I set it going on Friday noon with the clock and it has kept perfect time since. I don't know how to thank you enough. Wishing you every success in your business, I remain your friend,

Mrs. H. Tufford.

The Forum for April, among its thirteen noteworthy articles contains the following: The New Financial Law, by Frank A. Vanderlip, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury; The Puerto Rican Relief bill, by Congressman, Albert J. Hopkins; The Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, by James G. Whiteley; Immediate Naval Needs, by Capt. William H. Jaques; A Tuberculosis Quarantine not Practicable, by Dr. William P. Munn; Canals from the Great Lakes to the Sea, by Maj. T. W. Symons of the Special Canal Committee appointed by Gov. Roosevelt; The Truth about Zionism, by M. Gaster, Founder of the English Zionist Federation; and Literature as a Profession, by Prof. Brander Matthews.

The Boer Girl.

While the attention of the world is turned in the direction of South Africa, naturally all that pertains to the home life of the men who have made such a brave fight is of interest, and the women of the Boer household come in for their share. The young women especially are always sure to awaken one's warmest sympathy, and one is filled with curiosity to know whether the sweethearts of the brave young fellows who are marching with Joubert are of the "airy, fairy Lilian type," or "a daughter of the gods, divinely tall," or some other Tennysonian ideal, but the truth compels one to admit, that, however her lover may regard her, the daughter of the farmer of South Africa would scarcely excite the admiration, much less the adoration, of the young English lover. The daughter of the wealthiest class of Boers is not a beauty by any means, although it may be said of her that she is

Beyond expression fair
With her floating flaxen hair,

for she is usually a blonde, with pink cheeks, a fair skin, blue eyes and pretty dimples, but that is all that can be said of her personal charms, for she has no form, or, rather, she has altogether too much form, and gives in her youth every evidence of the fact that she will attain to the dimensions of her mother when she has reached maturity. She seldom can be persuaded to adopt the corset, for the Boer girl is by nature indolent, and the exertion of overcoming the tendency to superfluous adipose tissue is entirely beyond her powers.

The daughter of the rich Boer has governesses at home when she is a child, and in due time is sent to school at Cape Town or in Europe, as her parents may decide. She is not at all stupid, but learns languages especially very readily. During her school life her environment is, of course, not at all natural, and it is in her own home that one is best able to observe the young lady and decide whether she is lovable or even likeable, and what influence she may be able to exert in her little sphere.

Instead of envying the less corpulent woman of other countries who are living among them, the Boer girls positively pity them, and it is not unusual to hear them make remarks in their harsh language concerning their English neighbors which would be considered decidedly coarse and unfeeling if uttered by any one else, but, coming from them, one feels certain that no such meaning was intended.

The girls, like their mothers, are, as a general thing, untidy in their habits—even the well-to-do, for whom there is no excuse. The poorer people suffer from a scarcity of water, which might account for their negligence of personal cleanliness. Each young lady in the family has a "best dress," which is made of the loudest colored material she can obtain in the stores of Bloemfontein or Pretoria, or possibly the neighboring town or village, if she can not afford to shop in the capital. There is always a hat to match, and one can not conceive any greater atrocities than those the milliners of South Africa are pleased to perpetrate for the country trade. This "suit" of the daughter of the house usually costs between £9 or £10. It is not the custom to bathe, and if it were suggested the answer would be that such a proceeding would undoubtedly produce sickness and probably result in death. Some of the Boer girls have, however, inherited the love of cleanliness from the Dutch ancestress.

The better class of people, those in the cities, who are, of course, good church members, do not permit dancing of any sort, and when the young men come to the house games are played, but in the country districts it is often indulged in. A lady who attended one of these dances described very graphically her experiences. The guests were invited to come at 7.30 o'clock, and when she arrived an accordion and a banjo were making merry music. The hostess wore a wonderful garment of pale green nun's veiling, with gold bead trimmings, and there were about ten bouncing couples of Dutch girls and Boer boy present. At the end of about twenty minutes a dance was completed, and so violently had the young people danced that it was necessary for the panting performers to sit down, completely exhausted. The men were in the Sunday black broadcloth, while the girls wore satin bodices in bright colors and cashmere skirts of a different shade, the contrast being generally vivid enough to set one's teeth on edge. "None of them could have been called pretty," said the lady, "dull heavy features and clumsy, badly-formed figures being characteristic of all."

The stout maiden of 18 seems to be at least 25, and is usually married at this age. A wedding in the country is a time of great rejoicing, and the courting is at least unique. A young man asks permission of his father to court a neighboring damsel, and one's neighbor in South Africa lives anywhere within a radius of fifty miles. He then invests in a saddle cloth of the loudest color and most pronounced decoration possible. When one sees a young Boer with one of these gorgeous saddle cloths there is no mistaking the seriousness of his intentions. Now, one would suppose that when the gentleman on the gayly caparisoned steed approaches the house of his lady love, he would seek her out; but this he does not do, but, instead, avoids her and seeks her father. He reverentially asks the old gentleman to permit him to court his daughter, but the father returns no answer, and while he goes to consult his vrou, the youth joins the young folks. He is not noticed again during the day, but when it is time for the old folks to retire, the mother solemnly approaches the young man and maiden with a tallow candle in her hand. She places this on the table and bids the boy and girl ah affectionate good night. By this sign the lover knows that his suit is successful, and he sits up in the kitchen with the young lady as long as the candle lasts.

And then comes, rather more quickly than in our country, the wedding day. Sometimes the parents can not afford to buy a wedding dress, so one is rented for the occasion. In one town there are two rival stores, and each has a wedding dress for rent, and one of the items of interest at the commencement of the ceremony is to find out which store has succeeded in renting its dress. The young man may also hire his suit. The girls of the better class, however, dress in the regulation wedding costume, white satin, veil and wreath complete. The husband wears the ordinary Sunday suit of black broadcloth, and his large hands are encased in much larger white cotton gloves. The ceremony is performed in the church, and afterwards a reception is held at the home of the bride. She and her new husband sit on a bench in a room from which all the other furniture has been removed, and the guests are expected to come in singly and march up to the bench, from which the bride and groom, with a nervous motion, jump up and receive the congratulations with loose handshakings.

The industry of the Boer's daughter consists chiefly in fashioning the most inartistic bead and woolen mats one can imagine, with which the parlor tables are ornamented. Once a year a bazaar is held for the benefit of the church, at which the married women are most in evidence, but the hideous paper flowers and crotchet work is done by the daughters generally.

The younger girls of the family are quite fond of romping games with the clumsy boys. They are quite brimming over with animal spirits, in contrast with the apathy of the elder women, who have accumulated flesh at the expense of energy.

The daughter of the Boer is, above all things, sensible of the fact that she is a member of her father's house, and implicit obedience is rendered without any question of right. In the morning she arises at daybreak and joins the family in the main room. The father reads reverently a chapter from the Bible, generally from the Old Testament, and then he offers his simple manly prayer, which is followed by the observance of an old Bible custom. A colored handmaid, with a towel and a basin of water, enters the room and invites first the guest to wash his hands and face, and then the members of the family, beginning with the father. This is all the ablution probably that is indulged in during the day. After grace everybody eats, and each one helps himself, taking the piece of meat or other food that he may desire, and sometimes desires conflict. The fact that there are slaves in the family makes it unnecessary for the girls to exert themselves in doing manual labor, and the inertness thus engendered is augmented by the climatic conditions, so it is no wonder that the girls of the family are fat and fair long before they are 40, and as they grow older grow uglier.

Whatever may be their limitations, however, in the way of personal beauty, they are virtuous, kind and hospitable and as brave when it comes to using the gun or defending their homes as their fathers and brothers.

Those Foreign Fees.

Talking of fees for house servants, in Germany the servants expect tips from dinner and ball guests—"Trinkgeld," the same as the French "pourboire." There is a servant question in Germany, and the servants are taking largely to the factories because, as people who know say, the house-frau is given by law too much authority over her maids to please them

A Woman in It.

They talk about a woman's sphere
As though it had a limit;
There's not a place on earth or heaven
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whisper, yes or no,
There's not a life, or death, or birth
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it.

A Rain of Potatoes.

I often wonder we had not more accidents in our cooking school, considering the ignorance of our ladies, says Lady Broome, in the Cornhill Magazine. Oddly enough, the only alarming episode came to us from a girl of the people, one of the four who had begged to be allowed to act as kitchen maids. Their idea was a good one, for of course they got their food all day, and were at least in the way of picking up a good deal of useful knowledge. These girls also cleaned up after the class was over, so saving the poor weary cooks, who early in the undertaking remarked, with a sigh, "The young ladies do make such a mess, to be sure!" Well, this girl, who was very steady and hard working, but abnormally stupid, saw fit one morning to turn on the gas in certain stoves some little time beforehand. The sheds were so airy—to say the least of it—that there was not sufficient smell to attract attention, and the gas accumulated comfortably in the stoves until the class started work.

It chanced to be a lesson in cooking vegetables, and potatoes were the "object." About twenty-five small saucepans had been filled with water and potatoes, and the next step was to put them on to boil. I was not in that kitchen at that moment, or I hope I should have perceived the escape, and have had the common sense to forbid a match being struck to light the gas in certain stoves. But I was near enough to hear a loud "pouf," followed by cries of alarm and dismay, and I rushed in while the potatoes were still in the air, for they went up as high as ever they could get. Happily no one was hurt, though a good deal of damage was done to some of the stoves; but it was a very narrow escape, owing doubtless to the space and involuntary ventilation of these same sheds. In the midst of my alarm I well remember the ridiculous effect of that rain of potatoes. Every one had forgotten all about them, and their reappearance created as much surprise as though such things had never existed.

A Thousand Teapots.

Anyone in want of teapots should go to Japan. An Englishwoman, an artist, during a sojourn in that country made a collection of more than a thousand specimens, no two of them alike. According to the Northwest Magazine the collection is valued at five thousand dollars.

Some of the teapots are real curiosities. One huge, caldron-like affair holds three gallons, while at least a dozen specimens are so small that a thimbleful would cause them to overflow.

There are pots in the shape of birds, beasts and fowls. Fishes and frogs have lent their forms to some, and there is a beetle to be seen in the collection, as well as a fat, squirming eel. Buddha himself has been pressed into service as a model. Swans, correct to the last curl of neck and feathers, form teapots so small that they can be hidden in the palm of the hand. There are lotus-bud pots, and others in the form of a tea-house.

All materials are included in the collection. Inlaid silver, hammered copper, iron exquisitely wrought, and all the different kinds of Japanese pottery have been used in the manufacture of teapots. Several specimens cost one hundred dollars each, but so cheap is artistic handiwork in the far East that many of the others were bought for a few cents.

THE LADIES' JOURNAL.

The only Paper in Canada devoted definitely to the interests of Canadian Women in all branches of their Home and Public Work.

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TORONTO, MAY, 1900.

HUMAN FORGIVENESS.

"God must be a woman," said a famous poetess, "He is expected to forgive so much," daintily intimating thereby that her brothers are the especial adepts in the gracious art of being "willin' to be forgiven." And certainly no one who has a close acquaintance with them can honestly deny that it is the only act or part in the pardon act that they can exactly adorn. The preliminary process of convincing them that they have done anything to need forgiveness sets them in such a whirling ferment of excitement and rebellion that you might as well try to catch forked lightning and resolve it to a "sweet sunbeam" as reduce their minds to any sane action in the matter Sometimes, left to themselves, they do indeed come round and submit to your most tender and overflowing lavishness of pardon. But woe to all your chances if you attempt to run a word of blame or admonition into the nice work. And that is the funny part of this forgiveness business with sinners of all descriptions. They want to be forgiven like glorious saints, who really haven't done anything worth speaking of, instead of poor, miserable sinners who are hardly worth forgiveness at the best. And more than that, they seem to expect that the people they have sinned against must always be standing around more than willing to forgive, as soon as they shall reach the stage of gracious willingness to be forgiven. And that is where they make a mistake, and show a total misapprehension of the whole nature of forgiveness.

It takes a great being to forgive—as great as God—and there is no evidence on record that any human being has ever attained to the height and depth of it. "Who can forgive sin but Christ alone" means more than the theologians have read into it, for it measures the whole distance between the human and the divine, not only in the power to forgive, but in the way of forgiving, so that the sinner's sins shall be "remembered no more" against him. This last is the thing which humanity can never compass, and for lack of which its specious pretensions to forgiveness become as neat an irony as fallible human beings can perpetrate upon each other. The brother forgives the brother who has wronged him, but guards well the chances for any repetition of that wrong. The teacher pardons a young culprit, but treats him like a possible horse-thief forever after. A business house condones an offense, but cuts off the offenders chance with the firm to the end of his services, and even the representative of justice on the bench clips the poor criminal's chance for fair hearing with the significant greeting, "Here again, Pat!"

There is really no farce on the face of the earth like this farce of human forgiveness. The very friend of your bosom makes lavish protestations of being reconciled to you after some offense and then tells the next party that you can never be the same to her. Outside of Scripture there was never a father heard of who pardoned a prodigal son without drawing his pursestrings a little tighter thereafter, and if any rash Christian ever did forgive his brother until seventy times seven he got him down to such a low notch in his estimation that he might quite as well have left him to face his sins.

All this grows out of a law of nature and physchology in the case, which man himself has no power to help or hinder, and that is that forgiveness is an act which has its direct effect upon the soul forgiving and not upon the soul forgiven, so that the fact of that forgiveness can in no way alter the character of a man's deed or his friends' estimate of it. Herein, of course, lies the weakness of the whole effort, as well as the pathetic mockery of it. "Even the gods can not undo the thing that is done," said the ancient sage, and it is not that you do or do not forgive the friend who has failed you, but that in that failure he has done what must stamp his character forever and change the whole attitude of your mind and feeling toward him. From being one whom you respect and admire, he has become one whom you must pity and condemn, and what can forgiveness do for that? It is the old story of Romola and ito Melema, and the weary hopelessness of it repeats itself in every phase of human life and affection.

Much harsh criticism has been poured out upon the Lady Byrons of history who refused to forgive the recreant lords who outraged their best feelings in private and wrote tender appeals to them in printed verse; but after all there may be something more saving and exalted in the love that recognizes the worthlessness of its object at once and cuts the gordian knot at a blow than in the one that wears itself out in a daily farce of bearing, forgiving, and more or less despairing all the way. The power to forgive without the power to lift up the one forgiven is a hollow mockery, and that perhaps is the crowning reason why helpless humanity makes such a poor out with it. "Only heaven means forgotten when it says forgiven," writes one of our prophets, and far more than that only heaven means exalted when it whispers "pardoned." Human forgiveness everywhere is largely united with human contempt and added severity of judgment, and the most daring prayer man ever utters is for give as we forgive." Only the supreme pardoner declares "though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow."

"The pity of love is that it is given to small creatures," says Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Perhaps the pity of forgiveness is that petty-minded man should be permitted to make a feint at it. In every highest sense it is a prerogative of Deity. Only a God can forgive. Perhaps only a God should be asked to. Perhaps he who made man as he is alone, can fairly be asked to pardon him that he is not as he should be. In a sense Omar Khayyam's famous cry to heaven, "For all the sins wherewith the face of man is blackened, man's forgiveness give and take," is not so irreverent as it might seem, for it but repeats in a pagan form the burden of the Psalmist plea, "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity." That "He knoweth our frame," that "He remembreth that we are dust," at any rate is the ground which the Scripture itself gives for bespeaking his mercy and pardon. How man who does not know, who never remembers, should be expected to try his brother's acts and pronounce his pardon, is another of the nice problems which the senselessness of society has forced upon us. That he should acknowforced upon us. That he should acknowledge his ignorance, that he should admit that he can not know and keep still, is perhaps the best part of forgiveness for man to undertake. And certainly if he could bring himself to fulfill that part of it faithfully, this world would be a better place to live in.

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A True Fairy Tale.

Do you know of the house.
  Where ginger-snaps grow?
Where tarts for us children
  March out in a row?
Where wishing is having,
  Where—isn't it grand!
Just up in the garret
  Is real Fairy Land!
Where youngsters can caper
  And romp and baloo,
For they always do right,
  Whatever they do?
You don't know the house?
  Then oh deary me,
I'm sorry for you!
  Why, it's Grandma's, you see,

A Real Lesson.

"Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling!" said the bell at the front door, and Bessie jumped from the breakfast table and went out to see who was calling there so early in the morning.

"It's a telegram, mamma," she cried excitedly, as she came back to the dining room, "and the man wants you to sign the book, and—Oh, my, I wonder who could have sent it!"

Mrs. Royse looked anxious. We always do I think, when telegrams come to us.

"It's from John," she said to her husband when she had read it. "Sister Mary is very ill and wants to see me."

"Then you had better go at once," returned Mr. Royse.

"I suppose so. But I wonder if things will be all right here."

"Of course. Why shouldn't they be? The girl is able to take care of the house, and as for Bessie, she isn't a baby any longer—are you dear?"

"Indeed I am not," Bessie declared emphatically. "I am 9 years old this very month."

"Then you think you can take care of yourself for two whole days?" asked her mother. "I may be gone as long as that."

"Why, yes, mamma, I mostly take care of myself when you are here," was the confident reply.

Mrs. Royse smiled as she thought of the many demands her little daughter made on her time and attention, but she thought it would be well for her to be entirely dependent on herself for a while.

"Don't bother Kate, dear, for she will have enough to do," was her injunction as she began hurriedly to make preparations for her departure.

"Oh, no! I wouldn't do that," Bessie assured her; and afterward, when she was kissing her mother good-by, she said: "Don't worry about me one bit, mamma; I'll be all right."

Then, when her mother was really off, and her father had gone to business, the little girl started to get ready for school.

"There!" she said to herself, the minute she entered the room, "I forgot all about my braids. I never can fix them decently myself. I wish—mamma had done it before she went away."

But mamma had not, and it still had to be done, so Bessie began to struggle with her hair. It may seem easier than it really is for a little girl to braid her own hair. The strands would get mixed and the partings crooked. She combed it all out three or four times and started the braids again, and finally told herself that it would have to do. She knew it didn't look nice, but it was getting late, and she could not afford to bother any more over it. Then she changed her dress, and a new difficulty presented itself. She could not hook it up in the back.

"Mamma, always does that," she thought, "and what am I going to do?"

She tugged and pulled, fastening up one hook only to unfasten it in the attempt, to do the next. At last she had to do down into the kitchen to get Kate to hook her dress

"I couldn't help that, of course," she excused herself with, when she thought of her mother's words about not bothering Kate.

"I wonder what mamma did with my hat yesterday," was her next thought. And she began to look hurriedly around the sitting room.

"Oh, dear! It isn't so easy to get along without mamma as I imagined it would be. She had that hat right here because she was going to sew the ribbon where it was ripped off. I don't believe she did it, though, for Mrs. Leonard came in and talked ever so long and that hat ought to be here yet. Where—where can it be? My books are in the closet, anyhow, for I put them there." And Bessie opened the closet door, and there was her hat, too, right where it belonged. It was fixed, after all, as Bessie saw when she took it down, but she wondered when her mother had found time to do it. At noontime she rushed into the house, saying:

"Mamma, can you go—Oh!" she added, seeing no one in the dining room but her father, "I forgot that mamma wasn't here. I wish she would come home!"

"Already?" Mr. Royse said in surprise. "Why, I thought you were the little lady who could get along so nicely alone?"

"For some things I can. But then, papa, there are things that I need mamma for. Now you see there's an entertainment down on Washington street—a ventriloquist and such things and we school children have tickets that will let us in for ten cents, but I don't want to go so far without mamma."

"No; and you ought not to, either. I'd take you if I could, but I'm too busy. Never mind; there will be more entertainments when your mother is here." And Bessie had to be consoled with that thought.

At 3 o'clock there was a lesson that she wanted her mother to help her with, there was a rip in her sleeve, and a great hungry feeling inside of her.

"Mamma always gives me something nice when I come home," she said to herself, "but I'm not going to bother Kate about it. Oh, dear! What a lot of things mothers do for us, and we never know it till they're away somewhere! They must get so tired working for us all the time!"

At supper Bessie's hunger was satisfied. She had struggled along with the lesson, too, and, as for her dress, she had decided to wear another until her mother came home and could mend that sleeve. So far she had managed, "after a fashion," as she told herself, but when it came bedtime she begun to wonder what she would do without her mother's good-night kiss. The very idea of going to bed and not having it brought tears to her eyes.

"What's the matter, little daughter?" asked papa.

"Why—I think I want—my mother," sobbed Bessie

Just then the bell rang, and when the door was opened in walked Mrs. Royse.

"Oh, mamma!" cried Bessie, rushing into her arms, "I am so glad that you didn't stay two days!"

"Well, Aunt Mary was improving, so I hurried home. But what's the matter? Weren't you getting along all right, dear?"

"Why, you see, mamma," said Bessie, smiling through her tears. "I didn't really know how much mothers did until you weren't here to do it."

Rules for Girls Who Long to Be Popular.

First—Remember that a good voice is as essential to self-possession as good ideas are essential to fluent language. The voice should be carefully trained and developed. A full, clear, flexible voice is one of the surest indications of good breeding

Second—Remember that one may be witty without being popular, voluble without being agreeable, a great talker and yet a great bore.

Third—Be sincere. One who habitually sneers at everything not only renders herself disagreeable to others, but will soon cease to find pleasure in life.

Fourth—Be frank. A frank, open countenance and a clear, cheery laugh are worth far more even socially than "pendantry in a stiff cravat."

Fifth—Be amiable. You may hide a vindictive nature under a polite exterior for a time, as a cat masks its sharp claws in velvet fur, but the least provocation brings out one as quickly as the other, and ill-natured people are always disliked.

Sixth—Be sensible. Society never lacks for fools, and what you may consider very enterprising nonsense may soon be looked upon as very tiresome folly.

Seventh—Be cheerful. If you have no great trouble on your mind you have no right to render other people miserable by your long face and dolorous tones. If you do you will be generally avoided.

Eighth—Above all, be cordial and sympathetic. True cordiality and sympathy unite all the other qualities enumerated and are certain to secure the popularity so dear to everyone.

The girl who not only keeps in mind but conscientiously practices in her everyday life these eight rules will have no occasion to question her popularity. Wherever she goes she will find herself a general favorite, no matter if she cannot boast beauty of face or form nor any special accomplishments. She will forget herself in her interest in others when these rules are carried out, and it is this self-forgetfulness and sympathetic interest in others which will give the unconscious charm important both in the social and home life.

How They Dressed.

"How nicely the little girls of today are dressed," said a mamma who was a little girl in the long ago days. "How sharp is the contrast between these girls and those of 26 or 30 years ago In winter we wore calico dresses for best as well as for school wear. If we had a woolen dress it was made of red and blue checked flannel, of the kind that long since fell into disuse, even for petticoats, and with it we wore brown-checked calico sleeve aprons, to keep it clean.

"How well I remember the joy with which we hailed some new dresses that were bought for us one October day. Our new school gowns were sprinkled with green clover leaves; Millie's Sunday dress, of shining 'oil' calico, had strawberries scattered over a dark green ground, while mine had sprays of red roses over a black ground. We had each an inch-wide piece of flowered ribbon, the calico ruffle standing above it, about our necks.

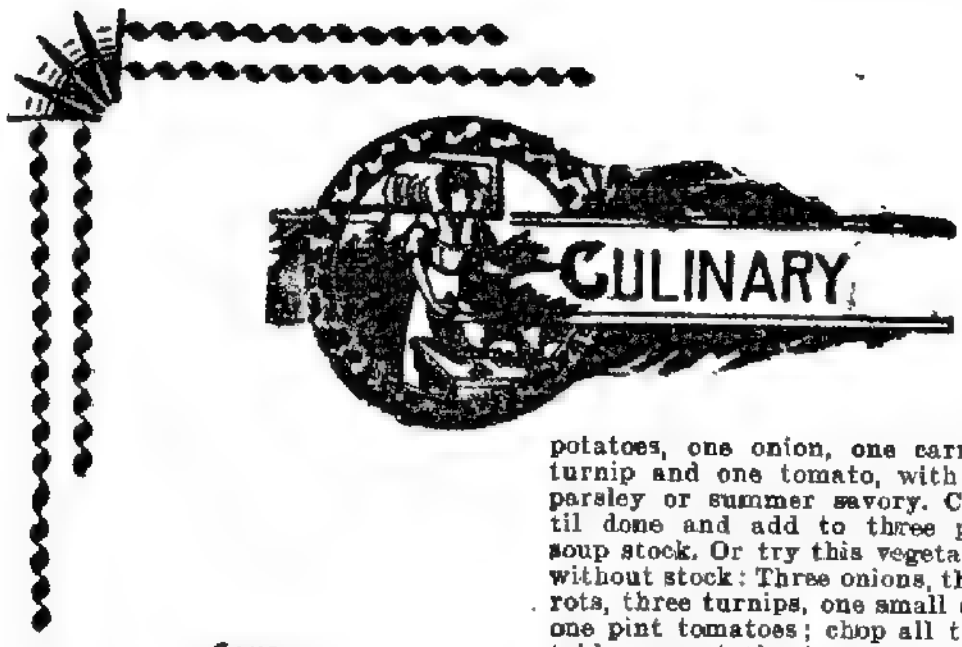
"Our wraps were plaid shawls, and mother knit our winter stockings of yarn warm as a mouse's nest.

"Our winter everyday shoes were of leather, laced and with copper toes; our best boots were heavy kid, also laced. Our head-gear was checked gingham and checked calico sun-bonnets for school in warm weather—sometimes "slat" bonnets, with strips of pasteboard inserted in the crown—honest bonnets, with long capes.

"In winter we wore hoods. Millie and I thought we were indeed 'fixed,' when we donned our Sunday hoods hers of red zephyr, shading to palest pink, and mine of dark blue shading to pale. They had even shaded ribbon for drawstrings, and were too sacredly precious for school. For that ordinary wear we had home-made worsted bonnets, quilted, or home-knit yarn hoods.

The Girls Men Admire.

They admire the girl who is her mother's right hand in household matters ,and who is not above taking an interest in the most trivial things in connection with home duties. They admire the girl who is a bright, entertaining companion, and who has ever a kind word and pleasant smile for those around. They admire the girl who is always neatly gowned, no matter if in inexpensive materials, and who never dresses loudly or in questionable taste. They admire the girl who can adapt herself to any society, who never puts on affected airs, and who would scorn to do an action of which all the world might not know. They admire the girl who, in an emergency, can turn her hand to anything, from cooking the family dinner to retrimming an old hat. They admire the girl who is unselfish enough to give up some pleasure of her own to benefit another, and does not consider herself aggrieved at having to do so. They admire the girl who can talk of more important things than dress or the last new play, and who can listen intelligently when deeper subjects are introduced.



Soups.

Now is the time when "hot soup" is a very welcome dish, and a little forethought and care in making and serving makes it a valuable addition to the mid-day or evening meal.

Soup is not only very nourishing, but when served before the heartier meal acts as a warmer of and gentle stimulant to the digestive apparatus. Some housekeepers think it a great trouble to make and serve soups; but this is a mistake. A little time, a soup kettle, something to put in it, and considerable judgment is all that is necessary. If it is your busy day, and you haven't time to prepare "much of a meal" then make a delicious, nourishing soup, which will be a "dinner in itself." Being a housekeeper who "plans ahead" you already have a quart or more of good soup stock in the house, made possibly after this receipt:

Soup Stock.—To four pounds of lean beef, the inferior parts are quite as good for this purpose, put four quarts of cold water, soft is best, wash the meat and put it in the water without salt; let it come slowly to boiling point, skim well before the agitation of the water has broken the scum, add a little salt and a dash of cold water, to assist the scum to rise, skim again, set back and let it boil gently on one side or in one place, and not all over, "the pot should smile, not laugh," for six or eight hours, until the meat is in rags, rapid boiling hardens the fiber of the meat and the savory flavor escapes with the steam, add a little pepper, strain into a stone jar, let it cool, and remove all the grease. This stock will keep for several days in cold weather, and from it can be made many kinds of soup.

While the above makes a good stock an excellent soup is the result of cooking scraps of left-over meats, bones, etc., from beef, veal, mutton, game, fowl of all kinds, all the uncooked bones and scraps otherwise unused. everything being available save only mutton fat. To such savings add a beef or veal bone, or both, one or two ox-tails, a piece of beef or mutton from the neck, the juiacest part of the animal, a bit of lean ham, the tougher parts of a fowl; any one or more or all in combination give their distinctive results in varying degrees of strength and excellence. See to it that all are thoroughly cleaned, before using, for butchers' blocks, hands, etc., are open to criticism.

Bean and Split-Pea Soup.—For your hearty soup soak a pint of beans or split peas over night, and cook to a mush in the morning; rub through a strainer, or put through a potato ricer, and thin to proper consistency with stock. If it seems thin thicken with a little flour, season with pepper and salt and a little thyme, if it is liked.

Vegetable Soup.—Or, chop fine three potatoes, one onion, one carrot, bne turnip and one tomato, with a little parsley or summer savory. Cook until done and add to three pints of soup stock. Or try this vegetable soup without stock: Three onions, three carrots, three turnips, one small cabbage, one pint tomatoes; chop all the vegetables except the tomatoes very fine have ready in a porcelain kettle three quarts boiling water, put in all except cabbage and tomatoes, and simmer for half an hour, then add the chopped cabbage and tomatoes, the tomatoes previously stewed, also a bunch of sweet herbs. Let soup boil for twenty minutes, strain through sieve, rubbing all the vegetables through. Take two tablespoons of best butter and one of flour and beat to a cream. Now pepper and salt soup to taste, and add a teaspoon of white sugar, a half cup of sweet cream if you have it and last stir in the butter and flour; let it boil up and it is ready for the table.

If soup is to be the "first course" only, then make it clear and light and serve only a small portion, and in soup cups if you have them, if not coffee cups will answer very well.

The following soups are easily made and are delicious:

Cream of Celery Soup.—Boil twelve stalks of celery cut in small pieces, in three pints of water for half an hour. Add half an onion and two blades of mace, and pass through a sieve. Mix one tablespoonful of flour and a heaping tablespoonful of butter; add to the soup, with a pint of milk, and salt and pepper to taste. A cupful of cream added just before serving makes a great improvement.

Cream of Corn Soup.—To each quart of corn, cut from the cob, or canned corn, add three pints of water. Boil until tender, and then add two ounces of butter that has been well mixed with one tablespoonful of flour. Boil for fifteen minutes nore; season to taste, and just before serving, add a heaping cupful of whipped cream.

Cream of Tomato Soup.—Add to a pint of water ten medium-sized or one quart of canned tomatoes, a teaspoonful of sugar, three or four whole cloves, a slice of onion and a little parsley, and boil fifteen or twenty minutes. Add a small teaspoonful of soda, and in a few moments strain. Thicken one quart of milk with a large tablespoonful of cornstarch, stirring and boiling for ten minutes. Add to this a little salt, a sprinkling of cayenne pepper, a heaping tablespoonful of butter and the mixture of tomatoes, allowing the whole to become thoroughly heated through, but not to boil.

Potato Soup.—Boil and mash in two quarts of water four large potatoes, a small onion, two stalks of celery, and a sprig of parsley. When done pass through a sieve. Return to the fire, season with salt, pepper and two generous tablespoonfuls of butter, rubbed into a dessertspoonful of flour.

Keep in mind these things if you would strengthen your reputation as a soup maker: Never serve a greasy soup. Strain your soup and let it stand over night, when all the fat may be easily removed. If you are in a hurry for your soup, skim it well and then pass a blotting or wrapping paper over it to take up remaining particles.

If you want good seasonings, raise your own thyme, summer savory, marjoram, sage, chervil and tarragon. These will grow in the garden through the summer, and many of them, with care, can be raised in the house through the winter.

Be sure your crackers are crisp that you serve with the soup.

Always use cold water in making all soups.

Have a good soup kettle with a tight cover.

Serve all soups hot.

Many add croutons or noodles to their soup.

For Sunday's Roast.

There is nothing which will more quickly dispel the family appetite than the re-appearance of Sunday's roast in its original form. Thinly sliced cold meat is not to be despised for supper, but do not let it be seen too often at breakfast. There are so many savory dishes to be devised from a roast that it is quite as great a source of enjoyment as in its first state. Hash has fallen into disrepute, but when properly made it is very good indeed.

Try this way: Remove fat and gristle, chop medium fine, and put in a saucepan with water enough to come up through it. Let it simmer for a few minutes, then season with salt, pepper and a little chopped parsley. Rub a tablespoonful of butter smooth with one and one half teaspoonfuls of flour, pour some of the gravy over this till it is like thick paste, then stir into the meat. Have ready two hard-boiled eggs for each quart of meat, chop fine, and add just before serving. This is like the famous dish of the nursery rhyme, "fit to set before the king."

Casserole or Rice and Meat.—Boil one cupful of rice in two quarts of boiling water until tender, drain, and line a mold. Fill with a large pint of cold chopped meat well seasoned and moistened with one cupful of tomato sauce or with one cupful of milk in which is a beaten egg. Cover with the rice, and bake about twenty minutes. Serve with tomato sauce or some of the gravy left from the day before.

Fricassee.—Chop the scraps of meat and place in a stew-pan with a little water, salt, pepper, and a little lump of butter. Add one half cupful of milk in which is some thickening. Serve on slices of toasted bread, and be sure that the dish is hot when sent to the table.

Meat Cheese.—Boil the meat scraps which you have on hand—the more kinds the better—in a very little water until soft enough to mash to a pulp. Add salt, pepper and a little sage, put in a dish with a plate and heavy weight on top. The next day turn out carefully, and serve cold. Cut the slices with a sharp knife. It is very nice for supper.

Celery.

Stewed Celery.—Cut the celery into inch pieces, cover with boiling water, and cook in a covered stewpan until tender. It should simmer slowly until done. When cooked, add a pint of rich milk or cream, season to taste, and when boiling, thicken with a tablespoon of flour, rubbed smooth in a little milk. Boil up once, stirring constantly, and serve.

Stewed Celery No. 2.—Cook the celery as directed above and drain. Heat one and a half cups milk to boiling in a stewpan, then stir into it the beaten yolks of two eggs and half cup cream. Cook until it thickens, pour it over the celery and serve. A little nutmeg is nice to add to the seasoning.

Celery Fritters—Mix one cupful finely chopped celery, with one cup batter, drop the mixture, a tablespoon at a time, in boiling fat; when well browned drain, sprinkle with finely chopped parsley and serve at once.

Celery with Tomato Sauce.—Cut the celery into inch pieces and cook in boiling water until tender. Drain in a colander, For three cups stewed celery make a sauce with a pint of stewed or canned tomatoes, heated to boiling and thickened with a tablespoon of flour rubbed smooth in a little cold water. Add half cup hot cream or milk, season to taste, pour over the celery and serve.

Celery Vinegar.—Cut a bunch of celery very fine, and pour over it one quart, hot, seasoned vinegar. Cover and let it stand two weeks. This is very nice with oyster stew or with cold meats.

Minced Celery with Egg Dressing.—Scrape, wash and cut the celery in small bits. Rub the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs to a paste with one tablespoon salad oil, add salt and a little vinegar or lemon juice to mix. Pour over the celery and serve at once.

Celery and Potato Hash.—Chop fine 3 cups cold boiled potatoes and add one cup cooked celery, finely cut. Put in a saucepan with one small cup cream or rich milk, season to taste, cook until thoroughly heated, add a lump of butter and serve.

Stewed Celery on Toast.—Stew the celery as directed in preceding recipes, drain, season to taste, and mash to a pulp. Put a spoonful on a square of buttered toast, and pour over it a little cream sauce. This is a nice breakfast dish.

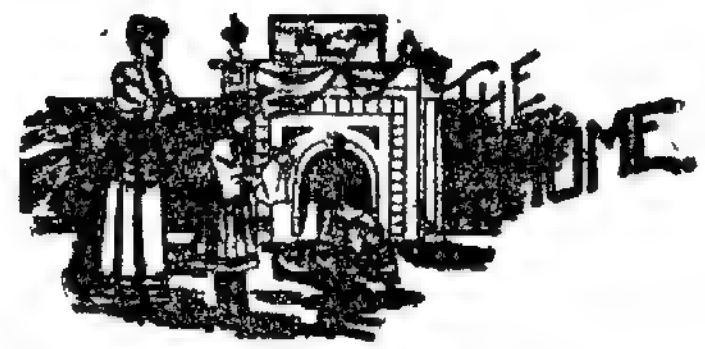
Celery Ramequins.—Boil two ounces bread in one gill of milk. When smooth add four tablespoons grated celery and two tablespoons butter. When heated, remove from fire, add the beaten yolks of two eggs, season to taste and stir in gently the stiffly whipped whites. Bake in a hot oven for fifteen minutes.

Celery Salad.—Cut the celery in small pieces, season to taste, pour over olive oil and lemon juice, in the proportion of two tablespoons lemon juice to one of oil. They must be thoroughly beaten together before pouring on the salad. Only the most tender and crisp celery should be used in a salad.

Toothsome Sandwiches.

One of the newest and daintiest of sandwiches is made with tiny soda biscuits. These biscuits are specially ordered from the baker or confectionery dealer. They are three inches in diameter and when baked are not more than a half inch in thickness. These, as received from the baker, are split in two, with a sharp knife. Butter is spread over each—a suggestion of butter only. Two crisp leaves of lettuce are then patted down upon the buttered biscuit and the edges trimmed down to the size of the biscuit. A thin layer of mayonnaise dressing is then spread upon the lettuce and afterward upon one of the halves a thin dressing of minced ham; the two halves are pressed gently together and the sandwich is ready.

Slice black bread in pieces not more than one-tenth of an inch wide. Cut off the crust evenly all around. Butter the slices and spread thickly with Neufchatel cheese and place two slices together. A mere suggestion of cayenne sprinkled on the cheese adds piquancy to the sandwich.



Troubles That Do Not Come.

Of the hard and weary loads
'Neath which we bend and fall,
The troubles that do not come
Are the heaviest ones of all.

For grief that cuts like a knife
There's oil of comfort and cure,
And the Hand which binds the weight
Brings strength and grace to endure.

But to phantoms of pain and woe
The lips of Pity are dumb,
And there's never oil of wine
For troubles that do not come.

There's a song to lighten the toil,
And a staff for climbing the height,
But never an Alpine stock
For the hills that are out of sight.

There are bitter herbs enough
In the brimming cup of to-day,
Without the sprig of rue
From to-morrow's unknown way.

Then take the meal that is spread,
And go with a song on thy way,
And let not the morrow shade
The sunshine and joy of to-day.

—For the Ladies' Journal.

Pretty Rugs.

Very handsome rugs are made by drawing narrow strips of soft woollen goods through burlap with a steel crochet hook and trimming off the loops evenly on the top. Cut the burlap one inch larger all around than you wish the rug to be; turn the raw edge over one inch and hem it. Then sew it in a frame, just as you would a quilt for quilting. If you think you cannot afford to buy stamped patterns, get plain burlap and sketch the design on it. Geometrical designs are pretty and are not hard to draw. Floral patterns may be stamped with some of the large perforated stamping patterns or copied from pictures. Light grounds are prettiest for flowers.

Soft woollen underwear is excellent for filling the designs. A very pretty rug has a landscape with a deer in the foreground. It was made of old woollen underwear dyed the colors required with diamond dye, and looks very natural. Ivy leaves on a black background make a pretty border for a rug. Cut the pattern out of pasteboard and mark them on the burlap with a pointed stick dipped in bluing. An old castle with a river and bridge in front would be pretty for the centre of the rug.

Small square or brick-shaped pieces of Brussels carpeting, bound with cloth or dress braid, and sewed together in the proper shape makes pretty rugs. A plain border may be put around it, and a heavy crocheted fringe sewed across the ends if you like.

To make a matting rug, cut a piece of closely woven matting any length desired, and paint a spray of poppies, or other large flowers with green leaves in the centre. Edge it all around with rope, and finish the ends with tassels made of frayed rope.

Old cloth mats may be made of old Brussels carpet. Cut it the size you wish, tack it down loosely to an attic or other floor that is not used much, then paint it with brown house paint. The wrong side of the carpet should be uppermost. Let it dry in thoroughly, and add a good coat of varnish. Let it dry a week or two and it can be washed like other oilcloth. When the varnish and paint wear off renew them, and it will last four or five times as long as common oilcloth.

A soft rug to lay beside the bed may be made as follows:—For the foundation take a piece of burlap or old ingrain carpet the size you wish for the rug, and hem or bind it all around. Select some cast-off men's clothing of any color, cut the goods into strips three inches wide, and slash all along one edge two inches deep and one-fourth of an inch wide. Sew a strip of the darkest material all around the foundation, allowing the fringe to cover the hem. Proceed in this manner with all the other pieces, taking care to have each strip overlap the one before it at least an inch. The last strip, which will come in the middle, should be slashed on both edges, and made somewhat full.

Very pretty rugs are made from common burlap, worked in cross stitch with yarn. Select a smooth, firm piece of burlap and dye it black. Hem the edges and work a design in each corner and the centre in cross stitch, using bright colors. Place them in a rug frame to work them. Almost every housekeeper has odds and ends of colored wools that can be used, or one can usually buy remnants of yarn and zephyr for a trifle from the dry goods store. Line the rug with cloth.

E. J. C.

Washing Flannels.

So much has been said as to the proper method of washing flannels, that the subject may perhaps be considered slightly worn. There are, however, always inexperienced ones anxious to learn, and others who have failed in performing the task satisfactorily.

To begin with, disabuse your mind of the idea that there is any method of washing flannels which will prevent shrinkage altogether. Woolen goods must and will shrink, and the process is a purely mechanical one. It is neither helped nor hindered by the addition to the water of any chemical. If we call to mind the fact that woolen goods are fulled by being slightly wetted and pressed between two rollers, we have in a nutshell the whole principle of shrinkage. Properly washed, however, the shrinkage need be but trifling.

It is simply ruinous to wear flannels until much soiled. Such heroic measures are necessary to make them clean, that they can by no possibility be made soft and attractive again. Before the winter is over such garments will be badly shrunken and discolored, and so harsh as to be almost, if not entirely, unwearable.

Some housekeepers advise washing flannels in very hot water, whilst others affirm that tepid water only should be used. The inexperienced laundress is frequently at a loss to decide between the two. Hot water, not too hot to keep the hands in comfortably, is quite safe, and better than either extreme.

Flannels should always be washed by themselves, and not hurried through with the usual weekly washing. One should have plenty of time to treat them properly, and a warm, bright day should be chosen.

In cold weather it is better not to wash them until just in time to have them on the line during the warm hours of mid-day.

These goods should never be boiled, neither should they be soaked, nor needlessly left lying in the water. They should not be put in suds which have been used for other clothes, nor in dirty water of any kind. Clean soft water is indispensable.

If the water is hard it must be softened before washing is attempted. A tablespoonful of borax or ammonia to each two gallons of water, will accomplish this purpose very satisfactorily.

The suds should be prepared by dissolving some good soap in the water.

Soap must never be rubbed directly upon the flannels. If a little more is necessary rub it upon the hands, and then upon the goods. Do not use the washboard but wash the flannels with the hands.

Some good housekeepers affirm that flannels must never be put through the wringer, but this idea is a mistaken one. If folded smoothly, and run through the wringer with light pressure, the result is infinitely better than twisting the clothes with the hands.

Immerse only one article in the suds at a time, rub it gently between the hands, and stir it thoroughly about in the water, until it is quite clean and free from stains. Then wring lightly, and pass it through the rinse water until free from suds. The rinse water must be as nearly the temperature of the suds as possible. When rinsed, wring out gently, shake vigorously, and hang up to dry immediately.

Finish each piece before beginning another. There should be no cooling between the waters, and the entire process for each piece should be as brief as possible.

If this method is faithfully followed, the flannels will be soft, smooth and clear.

When there are bright colors apt to fade, the following plan will preserve the tints admirably. Boil two tablespoonfuls of flour in one quart of water for ten minutes, add it to the warm suds, and wash as directed above. Rinse in three waters, all warm, and dry quickly.

For Home Decoration.

Many pretty and useful articles are now made for home decoration. Such things should serve some purpose besides being ornamental, and should never be too fine to use. Covers for small tables may be made of common denim, either blue or brown, turning the light side out. Stamp a large scroll design in each corner, and work it with heavy rope silk in any color that looks well with the material. Figured denim, made for decorative purposes, can be purchased in any color you wish, and needs no embroidery. Heavy linen, cretonne, and momie cloth are used also, and either of them can be washed without injury to color or fabric. Finish the edges with cotton fringe of the color that will suit the material best.

Centre-pieces and doilies for the dinner table are made of linen and

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yellow, green, lavender, pink or violet, and will furnish the touch of brightness that is needed. Choose the colors that will harmonize best with the dark pieces that you have. Many portieres are made with a wide stripe of some plain dark color at the bottom, and the remainder in hit or miss style. Or if the curtain is of dull colors, the border may be brighter, but avoid sharp contrasts, or anything that will give it a glaring effect. Any kind of silk material may be used. As the weavers' charges are moderate, the portieres are not expensive and they do not have a "homemade" look, but resemble rich Oriental fabrics.

Chemicals for the Household.

Ammonia is a cheap and harmless chemical that should be always kept in the house. A few drops may be added to the water and used for washing woodwork, paints and carpets, also for washing dishes and glass. It is excellent for cleaning children's hair, and is a disinfectant. Borax is another chemical that should be in every household. This softens the water, cleanses the teeth and sweetens the breath. Salicylic acid is a powerful disinfectant, and is perfectly harmless and cheap. Permanganate of potash is another excellent disinfectant. Dissolve two ounces in a gallon of water and place some in saucers in the sick room. It is also excellent for flushing sinks and drains.

Perfume for Linen.

Take one ounce each of cloves, nutmeg, cinnamon and Tonquin beans, with four ounces of orris root. It should all be ground or crushed into powder, put into muslin bags and laid in the linen closet.

Ink on Furniture.

To remove ink spots from furniture wipe them with oxalic acid, let it stand for a few minutes, then rub well with a cloth wet with warm water.

Removing Old Putty.

Old putty on window frames may be removed by passing a red-hot poker slowly over it.

For the Boys

Bobby and the Bugaboo Man.

Bobby met the Bugaboo-man right around the corner, where he had often been told he would find him some night when he ran away, and the Bugaboo-man swelled up till he almost got black in the face. At first Bobby was going to run, but the Bugaboo-man looked so funny that Bobby had to laugh, and the 'fraid all went away.

"Why don't you get scared?' asked the Bugaboo-man when he couldn't swell up any more.

"I can't," said Bobby. "I'm getting too big now, and I don't believe in you, anyhow."

"Phe-w-w-w!" the Bugaboo-man whistled, like the air brakes on a passenger train, and as he whistled he emptied till he wasn't much bigger than Bobby. "You're a funny boy, I must say."

"Why don't you laugh then?" asked Bobby. "I do when anything's funny."

"If you don't watch out I will laugh, and then you'll be scared 'most into fits. I make awful faces when I laugh."

"Oh, do it!" said Bobby. "Please do it. I want to see you."

So the Bugaboo-man began to laugh, and he made the most awful faces you ever saw, and he writhed and twisted swung his arms so that Bobby almost did open his mouth at first to call for his mother, but he only gripped his hand harder around the lucky potato in his pocket, and then, all at once, the Bugaboo-man's antics seemed funny, and Bobby, too, began to laugh again.

That made the Bugaboo-man mad.

"Come on with me," he said, taking hold of Bobby's other hand, the one without the lucky potato in it. "I bet I'll make you afraid."

"Maw! Maw! Oh, Maw!" cried Bobby, but the Bugaboo-man only laughed, for Bobby's voice had shrunk down so it wasn't much bigger than a pin head and couldn't be heard at all, hardly. Bobby struggled and fought with all his might, but it was no use, the Bugaboo-man dragged him along faster down a dark hole in the ground, till at last they went almost as fast as a streak of lightning and landed plump in the middle of the Dreadful Cave.

It might have been an awful place in there, I guess, if you could only see it, but you couldn't, because it was just dark. The dark was bad enough, the very blackest kind of dark, and a handful of it was pretty nearly as heavy as lead.

"Now will you be scared!" said the voice of the Bugaboo-man close to his ear.

Before Bobby had time to answer he felt a tingling in the hand that held the lucky potato and a whispery voice ran up his arm and said in his other ear, the one on the other side from the Bugaboo-man:

"All you've got to do is just laugh and nothing will hurt you."

So Bobby laughed. Not a real, hearty laugh, understand, because he didn't quite feel that way. Still it was a laugh, and it made the Bugaboo-man hopping mad with both feet.

"You want to get ready to shiver now," said the Bugaboo-man, "because I'm going to groan horribly."

So the Bugaboo-man turned in and groaned and groaned and groaned, but all the time the lucky potato kept whispering Bobby that he mustn't be afraid, and he wasn't, but pretty soon the groaning stopped and a whimper came from over in the corner. Bobby could hardly believe his ears. It was the voice of the Bugaboo-man.

"What's the matter?" asked Bobby.

"I-I-m s-c-a-ared myself!" whimpered the Bugaboo-man.

"Goody!" cried Bobby. "Now I'm going to groan, too."

So Bobby groaned just as scary as he could, and he kept it up till he could hear the Bugaboo-man's teeth chatter.

"Will you say 'nuff?" asked Bobby, when he thought the Bugaboo-man was scared enough.

So the Bugaboo-man said "'nuff!" in a shaky voice.

"And will you ever try to scare little boys again?" asked Bobby.

"No-o-o!" answered the Bugaboo-man.

"And will you turn on the light?"

"Ye-e-s," answered the Bugaboo-man, and he did it.

When the light was turned on Bobby looked around him, and there, all around the walls, on stools like the one upon which he sat, were little boys with tear-stained faces, who had been scared stiff, while the Bugaboo-man leaned up in the corner as limp as a burst toy balloon, and looking so doleful Bobby would have felt sorry for him if it hadn't been for the other little boys.

Bobby took the lucky potato out of his pocket and cut it up and put a piece of it into the hand of each little boy, and as their fingers closed around the piece of lucky potato each one of them began to get unscared and was able to get up, and make faces at the Bugaboo-man.

The Bugaboo-man made one last attempt to be himself and began to swell up, but all the boys gripped their piece of lucky potato harder and only laughed at him.

The Bugaboo-man swelled up more and more, but he ought not to have done it, for he wasn't as strong as he was before he was scared, and by and by he burst into hundreds of pieces, or maybe two or three more.

Then Bobby led the way home. I don't know how they found the way back, but they did. Maybe the lucky potato helped them. At any rate a lucky potato is a very handy thing to have if you can get some one who knows all about them to pick one out for you. If you have one in your pocket you can be brave like Bobby was, but if you haven't you can try to be brave, which is almost as good.

But the main thing is that there is no Bugaboo-man any more. He's burst, and if anybody tries to scare you with him don't you pay any attention. Besides you're so old you don't believe in him now, anyhow, and if you don't believe in him he isn't.

Tricks With Eggs.

Rather a pretty experiment with a blown egg is to suspend it by means of a piece of cotton attached to it with sealing wax, and then cause it to swing, without being touched, by means of an electric attraction. The later is supplied by a doubled sheet of brown paper, warmed and made electrical by being held tightly against the body with the upper arm, while it is drawn smartly out with the other hand.

The brown paper, which will give a bright electric spark to the knuckles, will make the egg swing briskly by its attraction, drawing the egg to itself as a very powerful magnet will attract a piece of iron, but in a much more striking manner.

An egg—that is, a complete egg, not the empty shell, such as we have just been using—will sink in water. But it will float in strong brine, made by adding to cold water as much salt as will dissolve in it. Cold water will dissolve a little more salt than hot.

If we mix a solution of salt with some pure water, trying the egg in it from time to time, we can obtain a mixture having the same specific gravity as the egg; and in this water we can make the egg float, by a little care, at any particular spot.

Thus if we take a tall jar full of the fluid mixed as above, and by means of a bent piece of tin carefully release the egg half-way down, we shall have the curious phenomenon of an egg suspended, as though by magic, in the middle of the jar, as Mohammed's coffin hung in air between earth and heaven.

But if we had not wholly filled the jar there is yet a more curious trick greatly surprising to the unwarned onlooker. By means of a long funnel add some more brine to the water and the egg will gradually rise to the surface. Now add fresh water in sufficient quantity and it will as slowly sink.

Take an empty eggshell and choose one in which the hole has not been made too large. If you now put the empty shell into the oven, so as to make it very hot, and then plunge it in a bowl of water for a few minutes, the shell will suck in some of the water, owing to the contraction of the contained air in cooling.

Do this once or twice until you have in the eggshell just sufficient water for this experiment, which requires that the shell shall just be able to float on water and no more—that, is, that a very slight touch will send it down, to bob up again directly forward.

Put it in a large, narrow-mouthed pickle jar, nearly full of water. Put the palm of the hand over the mouth of the jar and bear heavily upon it. The egg will sink to the bottom. Lift the hand and the egg will rise quickly to the surface. The compression of the air destroys the buoyancy of the eggshell. If you don't mind making rather a mess in the fireplace you can utilize this shell with the water in it for another striking trick.

Cover the hole with a piece of paper well gummed on and gummed over and put the shell in the fire. In a few minutes the shell will be blown violently to pieces by the steam from the water. Stand well back from the grate or you may be scalded.

In the next trick it is not necessary to allow the onlookers either to witness the preparations or to be aware of the fact that it is an empty egg that is being used. Take a little piece of good muslin and soak it in strong brine. Let it dry and repeat the process three or four times. Then, by attaching a piece of wire to each corner of the muslin, make a little cradle to hold the shell. Do not do this until the muslin is thoroughly dry.

If you now set fire to the muslin so that it may burn, the eggshell will not, as the bystanders expect, fall. The trick is a very surprising one and its explanation simple. The salting of the muslin causes it to leave an ash sufficiently strong to support a light object like the eggshell.

Jim.

He was the most intelligent crow I ever know. He did not belong to us, but often came around for a visit. Whenever I heard a lusty "caw, caw," I knew that Jim had come for his treat of ginger cookies. They were the old fashioned hard cookies, and Jim often found trouble in managing them. There was a break in our garden hoes, through which the water ran in a tiny jet. Jim was a genius; he would hold his cookie over the little stream until it was soft, and then it went down his throat without trouble. If he had more cookies than he could dispose of at once, he would hop away to a pile of leaves and cover them up carefully until time for another lunch.

Our little pug dog, Tasso, had a very curly tail, and it was Jim's delight to slip quietly up behind Tasso and give said tail a pull—when there would be a very angry dog and a much-amused crow.

Jim was a sad thief! One day a workman, about the yard, laid down his pipe, and Jim, evidently not approving of the use of tobacco carried the pipe to the top of the house and safely disposed of it down the chimney.

Jim was severely reprimanded by his friends for his bad habit of thieving, and was told that he must be good. His invariable reply was, for Jim could talk: "Don't have to; don't have to."

One day they put a large washing out at Jim's house, and then went away for the day. When they returned a sad sight met their eyes. It had rained the night before, and the eaves, which were not very clean, were full of water. Jim had busied himself, while he was alone, in taking all the clothes pins from the line and putting them in the eaves, leaving the prints of his wet feet wherever he stepped on the clothes! Jim wisely kept out of the way till the wrath of the family cooled.

Jim disappeared one day and never more came back. Whether it was because several chickens in the neighborhood had disappeared, with numerous other things, or whether Jim had tired of civilized life and people, and had gone to the woods, to be with his own, we never knew.

He Meant to Be Polite.

During the visit of the Princess of Wales to the London Hospital, a little blind boy in one of the wards was sitting on a chair and the princess spoke to him. The chairman of the hospital, thinking it would be nice for the lad to know who had been speaking to him, said: "That lady who has been speaking to you is the Princess of Wales. Would you like to come up and make your bow to her and speak to her?"

The boy was delighted, and jumped off his chair. He was led up to the princess, and she was told of his wish, to which she very readily acceded.

The bow was duly made, and then came the speech: "How are you miss?"—a speech which was hardly expected, but which was answered by five minutes' conversation, and the boy returned to his chair proud and happy.

HYGIENE.

Nerves and Nervousness.

Margaret Sangster in a talk to nervous women speaks some pertinent truths. She tells us:

"Half our worries spring from some occult occasion, which we may overcome, and much of our so-called nervousness, it is acknowledged, is born in worry. Some of it comes from subtle springs which are located deep in the fountain of our being, and these are often so uncomprehensible to our friends that they never survey our weakness with little patience.

"Generations of us, from Mother Eve down, have shrieked in every note of the gamut at such of our pet aversions as have crossed our pathway, and the woman of the twentieth century has in her brain the wayworn tracks made for her by her forebears.

"From knowing that a course of action is unwise and inconsiderate to seeing what may be done to rectify it is often the step that costs most and counts for most. Every time when we remain silent, though the desire to speak beats insistently at the door of our lips, every time when, though ready to rush or fly or exclaim with vehemence we are simply quiet, holding ourselves in with bit and rein, we make a real gain in self-restraint. And self-restraint in women marks the line of divergence between the untrained person and the thoroughbred, between the gentlewoman and her of low estate. Voluble self-pity, emphasized dislike, exaggerated statements of emotion, unreasoning terror, all help to demoralize the nerves and make the woman a sort of nervous degenerate, and her power to control herself—her power to shut off steam, to sidetrack an annoyance or conquer a fright—grows as she practices it. By every act of calmness she gains in the essentials which keep her spirit calm and free from agitation.

"To sum up, if we are at the head of a household is it not wise to set its machinery in operation as smoothly and as judiciously and as early as possible every day and then to let it alone? Is it not wise to allow others to carry their own burden and not force upon them, with even gentle despotism, submission to our will in matters involving no principle? And is not self-control, after all, the most winsome and beautiful accomplishment which can ever be attained by a human being?"

Exercise and Beauty.

The greatest impediment to beauty and the one most constantly met with is a tendency to embonpoint.

The luxury and ease of the lives they lead, the small amount of exercise, either physical or mental, which they take, the quantity of rich, indigestible food which they habitually consume, all these things and many more, gradually tend to spoil the figure and features of women by burying them in layers of superfluous flesh. Yet it is comparatively easy for a woman of correct and wholesome proportions to retain them. But she must not be lazy. She must sacrifice some trifles to the preservation of her good looks.

It is no easy thing to diet off some of this "too, too solid flesh" when once it gets a headway in one's system. However, it can be done. Embonpoint can be treated successfully and healthfully in but one way, all vaunted "reducers" and patent medicines to the contrary notwithstanding.

That way is to adopt a correct system of diet and to take a reasonable and adequate amount of natural, wholesome exercise. Any drastic and sudden treatment should, however, be carefully avoided.

One of the greatest magnates for attracting health is diet. But here it must be admitted that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison." The fat woman and the lean woman, the rosy woman and the anaemic woman, the robust woman and the weak woman—each one must adopt a different regimen. The woman inclined to embonpoint must eschew such fattening food as breakfast cereals, wheat, corn and graham breads; meats, soups and gravies containing a superabundance of fat; fish preserved in oil, such as salmon, sardines, anchovies, &c.; vegetables containing starch or sugar, such as peas, beans, beets, oyster plant, egg plant, potatoes, turnips, and carrots; sweets, pies, puddings, candies and all farinaceous foods, such as barley, macaroni, spaghetti, noodles, vermicelli, &c. She should never drink liquors, wines, milk or malt beverages.

It is not necessary to enumerate here the things she may and ought to eat. They are suggested by the very things she must avoid, being their diametric opposites.

Now, the lean woman can and ought to revel in all these fat producing dishes, always remembering, however, that she must never indulge in anything that taxes her indigestion, no matter how flesh producing and tempting it may be.

The Arm and Hand.

Many men declare that nothing fascinates them so much in woman as a beautiful hand.

However, a well kept hand can scarcely be considered a merit in anybody, man or woman. It is a matter of course. There is no readier way to gauge the breeding of an individual than by a study of his hands and nails. Not every one has beautiful hands. But, no matter how badly shaped the hand may be, one can always have a well groomed finger nail, and soft, clean skin.

This may not constitute beauty, but it is a very good substitute.

Many women neglect their hands for six days of the week, and spend an hour on the seventh at their manicure's. They wonder why it is that their hands are never fit to be seen. It is with the hands as with the hair, and complexion, and everything else pertaining to beauty or health. The care must be constant. Every day must contribute its mite.

The requisites for the finger nails are few. A nail brush, an emery file, a nail scissors, a cuticle knife, a polisher and an orange stick, some hot water, a little paste and a pink nail powder comprises the outfit. The woman who does not know how to use these things could not spend fifty cents or a dollar more profitably than by going to a manicure and having her nails attended to.

She can thus learn from observation to perform the manicure's office for herself.

At first it may not be easy to manicure the fingers of the right hand, but with practice that difficulty can be overcome. A few minutes every morning devoted to the care of the hands will make and keep them soft, white and pretty. If the hands be red and rough the following preparation will improve them:—

White almonds, three ounces; cold cream, four ounces; honey, two ounces; orange flower water, five ounces. Pound the almonds in a mortar to a paste add the cold cream and mix with the other ingredients. Apply at night. Washing the hands and arms in oatmeal water is another means of whitening them and improving their texture. The oatmeal should be boiled in water, a cupful to the gallon, and the hands and arms bathed often in the strained water.

Young girls are often troubled with red hands and red arms. These defects are usually caused by poor circulation or by tight lacing. Then, of course, no amount of "local treatment" can have any beneficial result. Remove the cause. Others are annoyed by perspiring hands. The malady can be checked to a certain extent by washing the hands in hot water and powdering them with fuller's earth.

Care of the Hair.

No woman who has a scant, frowsy, ill groomed head of hair can possibly be beautiful. On the other hand, a woman, however homely her features, if possessed of a luxuriant growth of soft, glossy, beautifully dressed hair may be very good to look at.

There are women who think because their hair is thin and poor that it is not worth "fussing over." But it is the thin and poor hair that must be cared for. Otherwise its possessor will be bald long before middle life.

The scanter the hair the more liable the scalp to disease. Germs, microbes and dust find room in which to lodge and in which to accomplish their root destroying work. Hair should never be washed oftener than once in four or six weeks. Constant washing ruins the hair. It deprives it of its natural oil, makes it liable to fall out and break and hastens a tendency to greyness. Very hot water and strong soaps should never be used. The yolk of the egg makes the very best shampoo. Beat the yolk up, mix it with a little tepid water and rub it thoroughly into the roots all over the scalp. Then rinse the hair in two or three tepid waters. This method of washing the heir renders it beautifully soft and glossy and gives the pretty fluffy effect which most women think can only be obtained with soda, ammonia or strong kitchen soap, all of which are absolutey fatal to the hair.

One's method of dressing the hair has much to do with its general condition and wellbeing. Twisting and pulling the hair tightly from the scalp are most injurious. The hair should be arranged as loosely as fashion and beauty will permit.

Never, under any circumstances, use or permit any one else to use, hot irons to wave or curl your hair. Irons may beautify the appearance of the hair for a few hours, but they quickly ruin and destroy its beauty. They burn away all the natural oil which is the source of the soft sheen and glossy surface so alluring in the hair.

Toothache.

There are several kinds of toothache, due to very different causes, and as not all sorts are capable of relief by the same means, it is useful to be able to distinguish among them.

One form of toothache is due to disease of the tooth itself, another to disease of the parts about the tooth, and still another to neuralgia of the nerves, the teeth themselves being perhaps perfectly sound.

The most common toothache is caused by congestion or inflammation of the pulp of a tooth. The pulp is a soft material filling the centre of the tooth and serving as a bed for the nerve and the blood-vessels. When the blood-vessels are enlarged, as they are in case of congestion or inflammation, the pulp is compressed, since the hard walls of the tooth prevent expansion, and so the nerve is pressed upon and becomes painful.

The ache so caused is fierce and throbbing, a jumping toothache. It is worse when the sufferer stoops or lies down, and is increased by contact with cold or hot water or food, with sugar or salt, or with the air. The only difference between the pain of a congested tooth-pulp and that of an inflamed pulp is that the latter is worse.

If in a case of toothache of this kind there is a cavity resulting from decay of the tooth, the pain can usually be relieved by the insertion of a little pledget of cotton soaked in oil of cloves.

Severe toothache may be caused by inflammation of the socket of the tooth, which may go on to an abscess, with swelling of the face and great distress. In this case the tooth is sore when tapped or pressed upon. The pain is severe and continuous,—not intermittent, as in inflammation of the pulp,—and is usually relieved a little by cold, but aggravated by heat.

Sometimes relief is afforded by cold applications to the cheek; but of course a dentist should be consulted as early as possible in order that the inflammation may be controlled before it results in the formation of an abscess.

The worst form of toothache, or at least the most obstinate, is usually a neuralgia. In this case there is not apt to be swelling, the teeth are sound, and the pain is not increased by sweets or salt, or by moderately cool or warm food.

Hints for Improving the Carriage.

There are comparatively few women who are really graceful in movement, as one easily notes by observing the passers-by in any street, even where beauty and fashion are largely in evidence. Most people either "slouch" along, or they "travel" or "tramp," or perhaps even "prance," so that the few who have learned to walk are a real refreshment for the eye to rest upon.

Grace is not by any means most often seen among fashionable folk, for it consists in ease of motion, and fashionable people are often cramped by garments and conventions into most awkward stiffness. For gracefulness of carriage French peasant women, who are accustomed to carrying weights on their heads are deservedly noted. In the effort to keep the balance of the burden they are carrying these wo-

Add Hygiene

men train all the muscles of the body in order that they may walk smoothly and steadily, and the result is a queenly carriage which many a great lady might envy.

To attain a graceful carriage, much may be done by practising walking with some object on the head—a little cushion, a book, or even a light board would do—and certainly all young people should learn dancing, and, if possible, fencing. These exercises produce firmness and flexibility in the limbs, and the power of sustaining balance.

A Lullaby.

Sleep sweet, birdikin,
In the nest, mother's breast,
Silk-soft for birdikin,
With wind in the east.
Hush, Oh, birdikin,
Sleep away another day,
Much too cold for birdikin
Is east-wind day.

Sleep soft, leafikin,
Softly curl not unfurl,
Silk sheath for leafikin
Of pink and pearl,
Hush, Oh, leafikin
Nor unclose, baby rose
Much too harsh for leafikin,
East wind blows.

Creep close, lambikin;
Nestle, hide by mother's side
Till upspring, for lambikin
Daisies pied.
Hush, Oh, lambikin,
Safe in fold from the cold
Till south wind for lambikin
Her wings unfold.

Hush, Oh, babykin,
Mother's joy, father's boy,
Pearl of price is babykin
And winds are keen.
Dream, sweet babykin.
Golden head in rosy bed,
Over sleepy babykin,
Angels, lean!

A Diet Cure.

It is a deplorable fact that many children of the present day suffer as much as do their elders from stomach troubles. A weak stomach and indigestion are by no means confined to grown persons.

Sometimes the symptoms are such as to make it easy to locate the trouble, as in the case of sick headaches, nausea and the like, but often the symptoms are of such a nature as to leave a mother quite in doubt as to their origin. Sometimes there are severe pains in the back and limbs, weakness and pain in the eyes, and general listlessness and debility, all arising from this fruitful source of trouble.

In such cases, whether of occasional local distress, or of more chronic and serious disorder, a strict diet will work greater wonders than medicine. It is only reasonable to suppose that the stomach when out of order needs rest, just as we when sick or overworked, need rest.

A child of our acquaintance, who had occasional and slight disorders of the stomach, became, one winter, utterly listless and lifeless. She complained of pain in the back and limbs, her eyes were not as strong as they had been, then she began having intense pains in her head. The family physician was consulted again and different medicines were given, all without effect. The parents became worried and then alarmed.

At last a friend said to the mother that she believed the trouble all arose from the child's stomach, and advised a strict diet.

It was tried as a last resort, and the child soon began to improve. She kept on improving, and at the end of six weeks was well. She has had less trouble with her stomach since that time than ever before, and has been strong and hearty.

Her diet for the first two or three weeks was nothing but broths and fresh milk. There are some stomachs that milk does not agree with, but not many. During that time she took no solid food of any kind.

After the third week crackers and bread, not fresh bread, were crumbed into the broth and milk, and from that time on a greater variety of foods was gradually, very gradually, permitted. These were all of a nature to be easily digested, and not until the end of the six weeks was the ordinary diet fully returned to.

Of course it was hard for the child, for she did not like broths, and for the mother too. It takes time to make broths, and when they are the sole diet, there must be variety. So she made mutton, veal, beef, oyster and chicken in turn, seasoned them well with salt and pepper, but no butter, and tried to make the time of self denial as easy for the child as she could.

Of course in a less severe case than this it would not be necessary to continue the treatment for so long a time, but a day at a time, three or four days, or a week, as the case may be, will accomplish wonders, and certainly as experimenting with medicines.

Study Your Children.

Have you not often thought as you have seen other people's children misbehave at the table, or have seen them carried screaming from the room to be put to bed, that you would like to have the training of that child yourself for awhile, and see how different it would appear? says a writer.

Do not believe, as we are often told, that they are naturally bad tempered and cross. They come to us just as sweet tempered and gentle as they leave the hands of God, and all the evil tempers, and frowns and cross words are the reflections of ourselves. Have you ever thought of it? Think of it the next time that you see a mother dealing with her child, and if you know them both sufficiently well to be able to look back, you will find you can recall a time when those harsh words fell from the mother's lips within hearing of the little one.

Not many days ago two sisters, aged four and two, were playing together, and the elder called to the younger: "Come here!" in no pleasant tone of voice. The little one looked around, but failed to respond to the imperative command.

"Come here!" the elder repeated, louder than before, and this time the face was overshadowed by an ugly frown. The mouth was drawn into harsh lines, and the foot was stamped impatiently. The little one stole quietly up to the side of the other and looked wonderingly up into the distorted face, and the big blue eyes filled with tears. The mother sat by unheeding, and the uncontrolled little temper had gained another notch, and had fastened itself by another tendril.

I dislike above all things to see an elder child, allowed to tyrannize over a smaller, and to tease it; remembering my own experience and how my temper, over which I never had too good control, was tried by an elder brother being allowed to tease me, in a "harmless" way.

Mothers, study your children more, if the last fashions and the least fancy work must be neglected for this more common and every day study. You will not be the only one to profit thereby.

Nosebleed.

Nosebleed is so common in childhood that little account is ordinarily made of it. Where it occurs repeatedly without apparent provocation, however, effort should be made not only to check the immediate attack, but to ascertain the cause of the trouble. It is well known that heart-disease, congestion of the liver, and other conditions affected by, or affecting, the circulation of the blood, predispose to nosebleed, and considerable anxiety is frequently felt lest the nosebleed of childhood may be the result of serious constitutional causes. Most commonly the cause is local.

The best means of checking the immediate attack is pressure with the fingers on the upper lip just beneath the nostrils. A small pad of absorbent cotton or a piece of handkerchief may be placed inside the lip and tightly pressed against the gum from without, thus compressing the two small arteries of the upper lip that supply the nose. These can ordinarily be felt pulsating in this locality.

If the bleeding is profuse or prolonged, the child should be placed in a restful position, but with the head elevated, while ice may be held to the forehead or the back of the neck. To decrease still further the blood pressure within the vessels of the nose, a mustard foot-bath is of service.

In the meantime, blowing the nose must be avoided. Plugging the nostrils both in front and back is a last resort to keep the sufferer from actual peril.

The predisposing causes of nosebleed are, as has been said, commonly local. Careful examination of the nose by the physician is, therefore, always necessary in recurrent attacks. Diseased areas in the nose are usually found, in which the vessels are spongy and unnaturally turgid.

The depression of the child's health caused by repeated attacks of nosebleed not frequently requires attention. If the trouble is due to systemic weakness, attention is to be especially directed to an improvement of the general condition; while if the lungs are themselves weak, repeated attacks of nosebleed are sometimes indications of the need of a change of climate, or of proper physical exercises at home.

The formation of scabs or crusts, often attended in childhood with picking of the nose, must not be overlooked as a cause of nosebleed. Watchfulness may be required to prevent the formation of an unfortunate habit, but the affected spots must also be treated with ointments or other simple means of healing.

Sucking the Thumb.

The dangers associated with the habit of thumb-sucking have been so often made the topic of discussion, both written and oral, that it is mainly with the idea of reassuring persons who are particularly interested that we venture to refer to the subject.

There is nothing to recommend the habit. It should be discouraged, of course, and the steps to prevent it should be taken as early as possible.

Sometimes children suck the thumb only when ailing, or on going to sleep, or to quiet the nervousness natural to some children on retiring. It is then hardly worth while to notice the matter, except to remove the thumb from the mouth at night. As the child grows older the habit is quickly discontinued.

The case is different when the habit, begun in early infancy, becomes so firmly established that the thumb is sucked throughout the greater part of the day and night. In such cases the habit may even be continued almost to adult life.

Deformities of greater or less extent result from such a state of affairs, the most common one being the production of the "V-shaped jaw," in which the front upper teeth are pushed forward and outward, so that they meet at a more acute angel than is natural, while the upper teeth also overlap those of the under jaw, like the teeth of the rabbit.

The constant pressure of the thumb against the roof of the mouth and the nose may also affect the shape of the nose, so that it becomes "puggy" and deformed.

The nightgown sleeves are often best made long and closed at the ends, to keep the thumbs out of the mouth at night; or some other strategic means may be employed for the same purpose.

Disagreeable substances are often placed on the thumb in order that the child may be driven from the habit, but the expedient is rarely successful. The habit will overcome any repugnance of taste or smell after a little, and the child will simply become a source of discomfort to others. Really to cure the habit, persistent effort is often required for a long time.

"Don'ts" for the Nursery.

Don't hang heavy curtains around baby's bed. The most that can be endured are light swiss draperies, and these should be laundered every week. Children need fresh air, especially when sleeping, and curtains prevent free circulation, while they collect dust.

Don't place the baby's crib in a position where the light will fall upon his eyes, nor in a draught.

Don't make the baby's bed on the floor. The air near the floor is always draughty.

Don't load a child with heavy clothing. His garments should be warm, but light.

Don't neglect to air the bed-clothing every day, and remember that a half hour's airing in the open air is equal to a whole morning's in a room.

Don't allow a child to sleep with an elder person, even its own mother. Its rest will be less disturbed and more beneficial alone.

JET IS COMING IN AGAIN.

On the old principle that it is an ill wind which blows no one any good, this season, we are told, is likely to benefit the jet industry. The material had never quite gone out of wear, though for some time it has been out of fashion. Brightly tinted dresses are little in demand at present, so that the corresponding gems have been relegated to the jewel box. Indeed, a mourning garb will admit of hardly any ornament but jet. At one time, jet, or some imitation, had so far declined in popularity as to be a symbol of the faded respectability which has "known better days." Now it is to have its turn again. Though it takes a bright polish, it cannot be called beautiful; but that is not the aim of mourning—few things were uglier than the old-fashioned widow's cap, which among Australian natives is represented by a mass of plaster of paris molded on the head and left there till it drops off through lapse of time. Jet is no modern material.

The Romans were acquainted with it, as Pliny tells us that its name, gagates, was derived from the River Gagas, in Syria, where the material was found. That was shortened to gagat, as the Germans still call it, and finally to jet. But it was known in this country before ever the Romans landed in Kent; jet beads, rings, buttons, and other personal ornaments have been found in barrows of the Bronze Age, as may be seen in Yorkshire museums. In these instances the material probably was obtained from the coast near Whitby, this and the adjacent district being still the principal source for jet in Britain. It is occasionally washed up on the seashore like amber on the Cromber coast, but is only got in any quantity by mining. Some of the best, as Drayton wrote long ago, has been found on the Mulgrave estate. It occurs at two horizons, one in the Estuarine beds of the Lower Oolite, which, however, is generally too soft to be of any commercial value, and the other in the Lias, rather above the middle division. Here the best or "hard jet" is obtained, but the softer kind is also associated with it.

The excavations are opened sometimes in the cliffs, sometimes inland; and the material—which commonly occurs in bands of a more or less lenticular form—after being dug out, is cut or ground into shape, and polished on list-covered wheels. What may be the origin of jet is not so certain; probably it has more than one; but if so, all varieties are likely to have much in common. It is a bituminous substance, for it burns with a dense, strong-smelling smoke; while an inflammable gas and small drops of liquid bitumen occasionally show themselves in the mines. Thus it may sometimes be closely related to such substances as amber or Kauri gum; indeed, it sometimes passes by the name of black amber. The shale itself, when highly bituminous, may furnish some varieties of jet, because it is occasionally found to contain scales of fish and other fossils. That would, no doubt, be the case with many of the inferior varieties, and then it would have some relationship to cannel coal, which is the most inflammable of fuel, getting its name cannel or candle coal, from its easy ignition and bright flame.

This may be described as petrified vegetable pulp, and very likely some jet has had a rather similar origin. But a good deal, at any rate, of what has been examined under the microscope shows distinct traces of a structure characteristic of wood. Jet would therefore, take its place among the lignites, or "brown coals," which represent an intermediate stage in the conversion of vegetable matter into coal, retaining much more of the original oxygen than the latter. Lignite is common in more than one geological deposit, and often, in those later than the Lias, in Germany, and other countries, is worked for fuel, as, for example, at Bovey Tracey, in Devonshire. But the Yorkshire owners, if jet comes into fashion will hardly be able to make a "corner" in it, for a very good quality can be got in Spain from the Province of Asturias, and from France in the Department of the Aude, not to mention other places. Ebonite has sometimes served as a substitute for jet, Art having stepped in once more to supply the deficiencies of Nature.

A Kaffir "Smoker."

In South Africa the native woman smokes incessantly. Your native servant smokes as she cooks and as she washes. The tobacco she likes is rank. The dainty cigarette an English or Russian lady of fashion enjoys, smoked through a quill, so that no nicotine can stain either teeth or fingers, would be sneered at by a Kaffir. "Give me a pipe and something in it I can taste," is in effect what she says.

The men Kaffirs are beyond tobacco. They smoke something so vehement that it makes them cough and splutter, lose their breath, choke and sneeze to an alarming degree. They like snuff, too, and are fond of offering and taking pinches of it, "schniff" they call it, when they meet and visit one another.

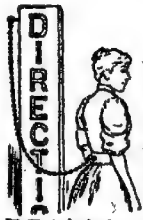
Regarding tobacco as too mild for their taste, the Kaffirs take another weed and smoke that. They proceed to arrange a smoking party, by squatting on the ground and getting ready their "pipe," now horn with a thin tube in it inserted halfway down at right angles to the horn. The end of the tube is in a basin, and it is from it that the smoker sucks the strong stuff that makes him incapable of anything but a series of coughs and chokes for some time after he has had his turn at the pipe, which is passed around from man to man, until a perfect chorus of coughs rends the air.

The tobacco the Boers smoke looks like poor tea, and is peculiar in flavor, yet Englishmen who have become used to it acquire such a taste for it that they never ask for any other kind.—

At a London Wedding.

At the recent marriage of the Earl of Chesterfield and Miss Enid Wilson in Lodnon, Eng., the bride wore a gown of white crepe de Chine, embroidered in silver, and trimmed with old point de'Alencon lace. The full train was of white satin, and was embroidered with a design of silver lilies and was edged with ermine.

The bridesmaids wore quaint costumes, consisting of old-fashioned riding-coats of red cloth, and skirts of white gauze. The coats had two capes on the shoulders, and were trimmed with fur and fastened with antique buttons. They also wore black three-cornered hats, adorned at the side with a cluster of white feathers, held in place by an old paste buckle. They did not carry the usual shower-bouquet, for to each the bridegroom had presented a sable muff.



Closer you keep

to the directions, the more Pearline will do for you—especially so in washing clothes.

Even the hit or miss way in which many use Pearline is better than soap-using. But soaking, boiling, and rinsing the clothes—according to directions—is best of all—better for clothes; better for you. Use no soap with it.

Pearline

Grown People Play With Dolls.

Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, in less engrossing periods when no bloody war is being fought, loves to play with the dolls that pleased her in childhood.

W. S. Gilbert, of opera fame, preserves not only miniature scenes of his various plays, but doll figures of the characters therein introduced.

A famous ventriloquist is never so happy as when playing with his dolls, not merely professionally, but in his own home. Their marvelous antics and conversation serve to dispel "the blues," proving a source of delight to his youngsters. Does he take a short holiday, his favorite figures journey with him, and it is reported that on occasions he has frightened one or more worthy landladies out of their senses by the magical flexibility of his voice and sudden production of his most hideous doll.

Equally affectionate is the proprietor of a travelling wax-work exhibition. Long after the doors have closed on the public he wanders through the dimly lit corridors, unveiling figure after figure, not to discover damages or deficiencies, but to talk to the silent beauties.

One fair lady especially pleases him; he modelled her with his own hands. Great care is exercised in packing and replacing her. She is unlabelled and uncatalogued, and knowledge-thirsty admirers receive an evasive reply when prompted to ask who and what she represents. It is a striking portrait of the proprietor's dead wife, worshipped by him even as he worshipped the living model.

The most extraordinary doll collection in the world, perhaps, is that belonging to Wilhelmina, Queen of Holland. Although these were presented to her when she was a little girl, she is still very fond of them.

They are dressed to represent the residents of every part of the vast Dutch colonial possessions, chiefly brown little men and women of Java and Sumatra, not dissimilar to America's new found men and brothers in the Philippines.

A lady of title possesses a family of dolls which form a perfect diary in themselves. Each figure is elegantly and expensively habited in a fac-simile of the gown worn by the owner at different periods of her life. The eldest doll wears a wedding dress of satin, lace and blossoms, the next a reproduction of her first ball dress, another a habit of mourning. Theatre gowns and so on are represented, and a fair dolly sports an outfit precisely similar to one which graced my lady on the occasion of a lucky bit at Monte Carlo.

As a panorama of fashion's foibles the tiny persons take one back to the time of hooped skirts and gigot sleeves; the dressing of hair being carried out in faithful imitation, while styles in jewelry have not been omitted. When it is stated that the costume of a rather plainly attired doll cost $10 one may judge that no expense has been spared to attain accuracy.

Owned By a Queen.

While it is considered the worst of form in court circles to discuss the private wealth of kings and queens, it is a well-known fact that their finances are gossiped about, and so loudly, too, that information regarding the pecuniary standing of Monarchs escapes to the curious world without. For instance, every one knows that Queen Victoria is the richest sovereign in Europe, if not in the world.

Here is an estimate of her private possessions:

Annual income from nation, $1,625,000.

Revenues from duchy of Lancaster, $800,000.

Estates in Ireland, Scotland, France, Italy and Wales.

The famous Koh-i-noor diamond, worth $3,500,000.

Money invested to the amount of $50,000,000.

Yet, in spite of these figures, there are those who claim that the sum of her majesty's fortunes when made known definitely will be comparatively small. They argue that Victoria is one of the most sympathetic and generous sovereigns in Europe, adding that her money is eaten up by pet charities, private salaries and pensions; and there is the mise en scene of royalty to be kept up, which requires an enormous amount of money.

Her majesty's wealth consists principally of jewels and cash; for, since she relinquished her claim to many of the land properties of the crown in return for the $180,000 civil list allowance, years ago, her riches are exceeded in real estate possessions by those of the Czar of Russia.

Lamps vs. Gas.

A significant hint in behalf of the use of lamps is found in the fact that in florists' greenhouses they are used exclusively. Gas is deadly to plant life, while burning kerosene is not. Where one is boarding and must sleep in the same room in which one sits during the evening, a lamp should invariably be used. The same rule holds good for the family sitting-room and for the rooms in which children are studying. An experiment involuntarily tried by a mother recently demonstrated the effect of the ordinary illuminating gas on the air of an apartment. In a hall bedroom a single jet was left burning unnoticed, for an hour or more, the door and window being shut. When the room was entered suddenly, the air, or want of it, was so overpowering that the person recoiled and could not cross the room, either to open the window or put the gas out, until the door had been left open for a minute or two.

Floriculture

Mourning the Seasons.

Blossoms, meet to mourn the dead,
On each season's grave are spread;
Lilies white and roses red
O'er dead spring are canopied;
Roses in their latest bloom
Blazen golden Summer's tomb;
Stealthy showers of petals fall
At still Autumn's funeral;
But the darlings of the year
Strew rude Winter's sepulchre.
Scarce a flower doth Winter own
Of four seasons he alone
Scarce a bud does to him take—
Barren for the future's sake,
Well content to none possess;
And sweet violets—faithfulness—
And white snowdrops—innocence—
Are in death his recompense;
And these darlings of the year
Strew, rude Winter's supulchre.

Things To Do In May.

First Week.—Put in cuttings of Chrysanthemums to grow to a single stem. They can either be planted out on the greenhouse bench or grown in pots. The lawns should now be in good shape. They will need mowing once a week. Plant out Daisies, Pansies, Canterbury Bells and everything that may be in the cold frames. Let the space gained be taken up with seedling annuals. They do far better in a cold frame now than they do in the greenhouse or hot bed. Dahlia roots, if not started, should be attended to at once. Cuttings of Coleus can still be rooted and attain a good size by the first of June. If the ground is dry sow such seeds as Alyssum, Magnonette, Nasturtiums, Portulaca, Zinnias, Marigolds, etc. Use light, open soil that will not bake. A little damp moss spread over the beds will help to keep the seed moist and save much watering. Put in a lot of Chrysanthemum cuttings to be used for planting on the benches.

Second Week.—Sow more seeds of annuals to keep up a succession of flowers. Leave a little air on the frames and greenhouses at nights, to better harden the bedding plants. Give them plenty of room. Thin out the annual Poppies that may be too thick. Two inches apart is close enough for them. Dahlias that have not been started can now be planted out, but if they have been started in a frame better wait till danger of frost is over. Sow seeds of Chinese Primroses for next Winter's flowering. Plant out Carnations for the same purpose. Sow more Sweet Peas. Keep the ground well stirred amongst growing plants. Top dress the hardy Roses with manure. This will do them much good and keep them from drying out. Tea Roses can be treated the same. Everything should now be trim and tidy. Keep walks clean and edged. Lawns should now be mowed once a week.

Third Week.—Planting out time is now upon us. Get well prepared for it by having all beds dug and nicely raked. Towards the end of the week the hardier of the bedding plants can be put out. In planting, do it firmly, and if in a ribbon line have it straight. Do not mix up plants too much, as nothing looks better than a mass of one color. Plant bulbs of Tuberoses and another planting of Gladiolus. All annuals can now be sown in the garden. Cover lightly and with sandy soil. Put in the last lot of Chrysanthemum cuttings, and attend to the ones that were rooted last month. Don't allow them to get pot bound. Earth up Sweet Peas and put brush to same, if a few inches tall. Keep the Winter-flowering stock in good shape. Azaleas, Genistas, etc., should now be plunged out for the Summer in some sheltered place.

Fourth Week.—We generally make this a bedding out week. Try to have everything out by Decoration Day. Let the Coleus and Alternathera be the last to be bedded out, as they are the tenderest. Have them well hardened off. We also advise a mulch of all beds of some well decayed manure. Plants do much better when treated thus and don't dry out so easily. Of Cannas this is especially true. In fact so well do we like this plan that every bed, flower and shrub is now given a mulch of mushroom manure, which is fine for this purpose. Look over the Roses and see that worms are not after them. A dusting of hellebore early in the morning will help to keep them away. Any bulbs that may be taken up should be kept in the ground until they are well ripened off. Hyacinths are not much good the second year, but Tulips are all right if they are well taken care of.

Water Lilies in Tubs.

Within the past few years the cultivation of Water Lilies has been greatly simplified, writes Mr. Geo. B. Moulder. The busy hand of the culturist has been toning up the wild varieties and propagating the new hybrids until their management is no longer difficult, and the treatment which a short time ago would mean failure now promises success. Hence those that have not gotten satisfaction from previous efforts should now try again.

Last season one of the most showy groups of flowers that came under my observation was a "mound" of Water Lilies—for, indeed, it resembled a mound, though in reality it was four tubs, the center one being elevated on the other three, which were arranged in a triangular group—and the spaces between them cunningly filled in with rough pieces of stone.

In the upper and central tub was a Lotus plant, and it sometimes had six or eight open blossoms on it at once. Around the edges of this and all the other tubs the Parrot's Feather had been planted in abundance, and had crept down the sides of the tubs into the rockwork in the most graceful manner imaginable—some of the stems growing two and a half feet long.

Of the bottom tubs one had Nymphaea Odorata roses, pink, as a central plant, another had Nymphaea Marliana chromatilla, yellow, and the other Nymphaea Zanzibarensis azurea, blue. Accompanying these, in the tub with the pink Lily were some Nymphaea pygmara, with the yellow one some Water Hyacinths, and with the other one water Poppies. Besides these there were several Patamrogelon and other aquatic plants put in to fill up vacant places. Around the tubs in the ground were arrow heads and spotted Callas.

These plants were two years old and were flowering as perfectly as if they had been growing in a natural pond. During the Winter the water was poured off and the tubs set in the cellar. The tubs were two-thirds full of rich heavy soil, and then kept full to the brim with fresh water. The location was in full sunshine. It required about as much water to supply these tubs as it would if they were filled with soil and Banana plants growing in them.

Sweet Vernal Grass.

This soft, velvety grass is of a bright shade of green, and so sweet scented that it is known as Vanilla Grass. The seeds may be sown on the borders of flower beds, margins of the walks, and always, with perfect propriety, in the cemetery, and it will relieve the glare of the sun during the longest Summer, and be always fragrant.

Vanilla Grass also is very good as an admixture with Poa Pretensis and Red Top, Agrostis Vulgaris, that constitute the lawn grass that is so soft and green and which is generally adopted.

Long Stemmed Flowers.

The Iris is nothing unless the cut stems are long; then it is incomparable.

Dahlias bear the buds bending gracefully on curving stems, the full-blown flowers and rich dark green leaves all on one long stem.

Lilies, Roses and Carnations are also long-stemmed flowers that have substance enough to fill a vase, each one alone. Clear crystal vases, tall and simple in design, filled with clear water, each with a queenly Rose, a stalk of stately Lilies or a limited number of spicy Carnations form a very pretty flower combination which, to the lover of the romantic, will lead the mind to the sentiment of the people of Eastern countries who make water their emblem of purity.

When the long-stemmed Rose has shattered, pull the sweet petals apart and set them adrift in a shallow basin of water. It is beautiful to see the conservation of perfect beauty there will be, in petals that on the calyx seemed faded and dull. Nearly all Rose leaves are colored gold at their bases, and some blend from richest tints to a creamy-white, that nowhere else is seen.

Flowers as a Source of Revenue.

Mrs. Helen Churchill Candee, in a bright little book entitled "How Women May Earn a Living," which is full of practical suggestions, gives a chapter to the cultivation of flowers as a source of revenue, not to the woman who has glass and a greenhouse at her command, but to those with merely garden beds. What she says sounds so helpful and may be so easily put into practice by any person so situated as to command a market that we glean a few of her paragraphs.

"Were you ever," she asks, "at a small summer resort, where flowers except the dusty wayside weeds, were unobtainable? And while at such a place have you had an event occur which positively demanded a gift of flowers? Perhaps, some one was trying to celebrate an anniversary, or perhaps illness or affliction had come to a dear friend, and nothing but the loveliest things God ever made and forgot to put a soul into, seemed like fitting messages of your affection.

"Many a time, and oft have I searched for flowers when none were to be had. In the mountains, the summer cottage residents are there so short a time that garden beds cannot be made to bear, and those who live all the year in the place seem to have no higher inspiration in the way of summer ministering than laundry work. . . . In these days flowers are a necessity of civilization and people will have them at all price. And does not that mean that a pretty penny can be made by raising them for sale in places where they are difficult to obtain? . . . To pursue the business in a modest way depending upon summer visitors for custom, may not mean to earn sufficient money for defraying all the expenses of living, but such a business is capable of expansion, and especially in a place of short sojourn where people are much crowded there is opportunity."

After suggesting some flowers, easily grown and always in demand, the author goes on:

"When flowers are ready to cut, then comes the matter of disposing of them. It may hurt the pride a little bit, if business methods have hitherto been foreign to the flower-grower, but the best way of letting the public know that the bright rows of flowers which they admire from the other side of the fence can be had for a few tinkling coins is to put up a sign to that effect. Cut the flowers after they are ordered and not before; the mere process of cutting is gratifying to the customer moving delightedly from row to row. If you love the flowers yourself you will know by instinct how to group them, how to mass them, and when to let them lie loosely and scantily in the way the Japanese love to cluster flowers.

"Flowers on the dining table are almost as much of a necessity—I might say more of a necessity—in hotels than at home. The progressive hotelkeeper realizes this, and in cities tables are supplied with fresh flowers daily. I have in mind a country hotel deep in the Adirondacks where each table is relieved of its unbeautiful hotel-like appearance by the vases of flowers which always stand upon the table. The flowers are brought about fifteen miles by someone with a little garden. They are of the simplest sort and so scant that sometimes only four or five blossoms can be accorded to each table, but their number is eked out by the addition of ferns from the woods near by, which are placed among the flowers and laid on the cloth near them. If the hotel in your vicinity has no flowers of its own, pay a visit to the proprietor taking with you some sample blossoms, and use all your persuasion to gain his custom and his consent to let you supply his table."

Among the blossoms which Mrs. Candee enumerates as specially suitable for this sort of trade are mignonettes—"the old-fashioned kind, modest and delicious, in preference to the modern 'giant' that loses its fragrance in the effort to grow big"—sweet peas, bluets or bachelor's buttons, nasturtiums, cosmos and poppies. Of the latter she says:

"There are the delicate varieties of single blossoms that burst into loveliness at sunrise. At evening the bed is only a mass of gray-green foliage and reticent buds; in the morning there are dozens of frail, beauteous blossoms nodding on long dew-wet stems, every shade of pink and red, every possible arrangement of color on the petals. A bunch of them set in asparagus green or maidenhair fern is a gift for a fairy or a queen. But, alas, they are exceedingly perishable, never lasting longer than a day, and are not as profitable as their less delicate relatives, the big double poppy. These are less prolific, but are favorable because of their lasting quality and when put with the wild Queen Anne's lace flower, the wild carrot, are softened almost into sentiment."

A Satin Slipper

Leon and his bride were seated in a compartment by themselves. They had given the conductor a fee and promised themselves solitude on their wedding journey.

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor.

Just as the train was about to move an elderly man sprang on the step and entered the compartment. The door slammed, the bell struck, and the train moved away. Although annoyed by the intrusion, the young couple continued their conversation in English, when they were interrupted by their fellow traveller in much better English than their own, "Monsieur," said he dryly, "if you have any secrets to relate I would advise you not to do so before me in English, as I am conversant with that language. I am sorry to intrude upon you, but this is the only compartment I could find place in. However, I will try to go to sleep."

And he faithfully tried to do so. But his efforts were in vain, and finally he drew a book from his valise and began to read. When he plunged into his sack, he drew therefrom a large roll of Bank of England notes, and showing them to Leon asked if he could change them at the next town. Leon replied that it was probable he could do so, as the road was much frequented by English travellers.

When they reached the next town, the Englishman descended first. After him came Leon, who endeavored to conceal his wife's ankles as she descended the steps. Such are young husbands. Suddenly there darted from the groupe of loungers on the platform a young man of peculiar appearance. He was sallow and unshaven, his eyes wear bleared and bloodshot, his clothing was shabby to the last degree. His once black coat was buttoned closely to the chin, probably to conceal the lack of a shirt. He advanced toward the elderly Englishman. "Uncle," said he humbly. "Is that you?" said the other angrily. "Be off! I don't want to have anything to do with you."

"Come, uncle," said the other, with a mixture of menace and humility, "don't be so hard on a man."

He seized the elder's arm and led him aside. After some moments' conversation the uncle seemed so soften and opening his valise gave the other some bank notes. The nephew devoured the remaining roll with his eyes, and after a curt word of thanks disappeared in the crowd.

Leon and his bride entered the hotel and were shown to the best room in it. Their status as a newly married couple procured them that honor. The walls were covered with paper representing scenes around Naples. Unfortunately certain idle travellers had added mustaches to all the female faces and pipes to all the male, so the effect was to a certain extent lost. The room was called the "blue room," the furniture having once been of that color.

Leon ordered dinner to be served in their room. The difficulty in procuring it excited his wonder, and on inquiring he found that officers of the Fifty-second hussars were giving a dinner to their comrades of the Sixty-first chasseurs that very evening; hence the confusion. To his horror he found that the banquet was spread in the room immediately adjoining the blue chamber. However, there was no help for it. The host swore that the officers were the quietest men he ever saw in his life; that, excepting the chasseurs, there were no more ramblike individuals in the service than the hussars, and, besides, they always rose from the table before midnight.

As Leon, somewhat troubled in mind, returned to the blue chamber he noticed that his English fellow traveller occupied the room on the other side. The door was open, and through it he saw the Briton seated before a bottle and glass and contemplating the ceiling.

"Well, it makes no difference, after all," said he to himself. "The Englishman will soon be tipsy and the officers will be gone by midnight." When he entered the blue chamber Leon looked to bolts and bars. On the officers' side there was no door, but a very thin partition.

The young couple had a mediocre dinner, which they would have enjoyed more had it not been for the talk of their military neighbors. The conversation of these gentlemen had nothing whatever to do with tactics, strategy or the art of war in any way. On the contrary, it consisted of highly seasoned stories. And such stories! They were followed by roars of laughter, and even our friends of the blue room found it difficult at times to preserve their gravity.

But the stories grew broader, the laughter grew louder. Although he was not prudish, Leon thought the situation rather embarrassing for his bride, and, sending for the landlord, he requested him to beg the gentlemen not to make so much noise, as there was an invalid lady in the next room. The host entered the banqueting room, and his request was followed by a roar of dissent. Finally one voice prevailed over the others and cried:

"What sort of a woman is she?"

"Well, gentlemen," replied the host, "I don't know for sure, but I think she's a bride and that they're on their wedding tour."

"A bride?" roared the revelers. "Bring her in. Fetch 'em both here. We want to drink to the bride and talk to the husband."

Our friends in the blue room trembled. They feared an assault would be made. But the same voice prevailed over the din, and it was evidently that of a superior officer. He lectured them on their lack of courtesy, and there was comparative quiet for awhile. But from the muffled laughter that broke out from time to time Leon and his bride had an idea that they were still the topic.

Suddenly there was a roar from the left hand room. "Garsong," shouted the Englishman, "gimme another bottle o' port."

The port was brought and the Englishman grew quiet. Finally the officers, having drunk all they could carry and some of them more, departed after having joined in a parting toast to the bride.

Quiet at last reigned over the hotel. The night was clear, the moon shining brightly. Leon and his bride looked out from the window and inhaled the fragrance borne from the flowers in the garden below. Suddenly Leon's gaze fell upon a man who was sauntering amid the shrubbery. He walked with his head bent down, a cigar in his mouth and his hands thrust into his pockets. As he turned the moonlight fell upon his face. It was the Englishman's dissolute nephew.

The night wore on. Leon and his bride had almost forgotten their English neighbor, when they heard a strange sound in his room. It was that of the fall of some heavy body. Mingled with this there was a peculiar crashing grating sound, followed by a stifled cry. Silence. Then there were two or three muttered oaths, and silence again.

The young couple shuddered. What could it mean? Leon tried to reassure his trembling companion, but he was interrupted by the cautious opening of the next door. It was softly closed again, and then slow and apparently careful footsteps were heard in the hall. They were lost in the distance. They ceased. Again all was still.

Soon the young bride was sleeping calmly. But not so Leon. In spite of himself the sinister face of the Englishman's nephew returned to his recollections. There was hatred, he thought, in the glance cast upon the uncle by the young man when he left him. And then that roll of bank notes in the valise, and that dull, heavy sound just now, like the fall of a body upon the floor—the cry — the curses. Such was the train of thought that ran through Leon's mind.

Mechanically he fixed his eyes upon the door which communicated with the Englishman's room. There was a little space between the bottom of the door and the flooring. But by the dim light falling from the partially turned down gas he could see something forcing its way under the door. It seemed at first like a knife blade, for the edge was thin and reflected back the light. It moved slowly toward a little blue satin slipper, which had been thrown carelessly near the door.

"What can it be?" thought Leon.

"What can it be?" thought Leon. "Is it a knife? No, for it has divided into two parts. And now it divides again, and yet again. What can it be? It is some liquid."

The thing slowly crawled toward the little blue slipper. It encircled its heel. It stained its front. It was a liquid of strange and unmistakable color—the color of blood.

For a long time Leon lay and gazed upon the stained slipper, and the reddish stream which encircled it. He pictured to himself the corpse lying in the next room; its discovery the following morning; the door opening into the room, of which the bolts were on his side; the blood stained slipper. These things passed through his mind, and a cold sweat started out upon him. He attempted to rise and hide the slipper. As he did so his wife awoke and started with affright as she felt his icy hand.

"What is the matter?" she cried.

Leon explained to her the terrible situation in which they were placed. He arose and attempted to remove the telltale stains from the slipper, but it was useless.

Day was breaking. Already the servants were moving round the hotel. In a few hours the crime would be discovered, and the officers of the law would be upon them.

Alas," said Leon, "our only hope is this. At 8 o'clock the train leaves for Paris. If the Englishman's body is not discovered before that time, we are safe. We will take the train and lose ourselves in the great city. There we shall be safe."

His weeping bride flung herself upon his bosom. She felt almost as though she had committed the deed.

But there yet remained two mortal hours before the train left. At each step in the corridor they trembled with affright. They made their preparations for departure. Leon's bride wished to burn the bloody slipper, but he restrained her and concealed it on his person.

Seven o'clock sounded. The hotel was alive again with bustling servants. Leon forced his wife to take a cup of coffee, although she declared that her parched throat refused to swallow. Then they descended to the waiting room, and Leon demanded his bill. The host presented it and begged his pardon for the noise of the previous evening. Leon assured him that they had passed a very quiet night.

"Well, I am glad of it," said the host. "However, your neighbor on the left didn't disturb you much, I'll be bound. He's sleeping like a dead man yet."

Leon shuddered. His wife grasped his arm convulsively.

"He's an English milord," continued the host. "We've got another English man here, too, who paid his bill and left this morning. He gave me an English bank note. I hope it's good. Look at it. What do you think?"

He showed Leon a bank note. On one corner of it there was a reddish stain.

"It seems to be a good one," said Leon, with forced calmness. "How long before the train goes?"

"Half an hour yet," replied the host.

At this moment a waiter entered. "Gimme some brandy and sode, quick, for the English milord," he remarked, "and send up a chambermaid with a mop. He dropped a bottle of port on the floor last night, and the room is flooded."

To the amazement of both landlord and waiter, Leon and his wife sat down and laughed until they cried.

"Order us a good breakfast," said he to the landlord. "We don't go until the two o'clock train."

PAINS IN THE BACK

FREQUENTLY DUE TO SLUGGISH LIVER OR KIDNEY TROUBLES.

Mr. Frank Walters, of Exeter, Tells of Suffering and How Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Him After Other Medicines Failed.

From the Advocate, Exeter.

Mr. Frank Walters is a young man personally known to most of the residents of Exeter, where he has lived nearly all his life. Talking with the editor of the Advocate recently Mr. Walters said—"In justice to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I think it my duty, in view of what they have done for me, to add my testimonial to the thousands of others that have been printed. For some months I suffered most severely from pains coursing up and down my back. It was thought that these pains were due to liver and kidney trouble, but whatever the cause they frequently left me in terrible agony. The pains were not always confined to the back, but would shift to other parts of the body. As a result I got little rest, my appetite became impaired, and I fell off greatly in weight. I tried different remedies suggested by friends, which having no effect almost disgusted me with medicine. Then a personal friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was not easily persuaded because I had about concluded that medicine would not relieve me but he insisted and finally I decided to try them. I purchased one box at first, and to my astonishment before it was finished I was greatly relieved. Then I got a couple more boxes and these restored me to my former good health. I do not hesitate recommending this medicine that others may profit by my experience, and not suffer tortures as I did."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. If your dealer does not keep them, they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Nolly and Nelly.

"My dear chap, what on earth is it that prevents you from going boldly up to the the girl, grabbing her hand, and singing out, 'Nelly, I love you; will you love me?'"

Nolly Collingham stared at his friend for some moments, then, taking out his handkerchief, wiped his forehead.

"What's to hinder you from doing that?" repeated Jack Anstey. "It would be as easy as——as——"

"As hanging; is that the word you're in search of?" suggested the other. "If it's not the word, it should be the word, for it exactly applies to my case. Everyone knows that the actual operation of hanging doesn't take very long, but the walk from the condemned cell to the ladder must seem half round the globe. I believe that I'm constitutionally incapable of facing that girl in cold blood and singing out point blank—well, what you say I should sing out. I should know! I've tried it every day during the past week. What opportunities I've had! Man alive! chaps have complained to me that they never had a chance of saying a dozen words to the girls whom they wanted to marry. Well, they weren't like me—that's all I've got to say. I can't complain of being without chances. Why, to-day alone I was with her long enough to discuss the most interminable question, and yet nothing came of it, worse luck!"

"Well, you can't blame her, at any rate," said Major Anstey. "She too gives you your chance. If you only muster up courage enough to call her 'Nelly' she'll jump at you."

"At me? on me, you mean."

"Not she. Men are too scarce. Chaps like you are the scarcest of all. The V. C.'s are the scarcest of the scarce. Have you ever told her how you got the V.C. by the way?"

"She never asked me; she's the only girl I ever met who didn't. I believe that's how I first came to think of her. Some of them ask me twice over. They forget, you know, that they did it before, and they think that I like bragging about it. They little know the agony—oh, I wish to goodness I'd let you lie among the wreck of your guns, Jack. What on earth possessed me to pull around the troop because you happened to be knocked down I can't imagine. Oh, here comes the general. We may give up all idea of having a moment to ourselves."

It was pretty plain to the majority of the people who were staying at Cranstoun Towers that Captain Collingham had only to tell Nelly Barwell that he was anxious to marry her to receive the hearty acquiescence of that young woman in his proposal. Everyone could see that he was in love with Nelly, and everyone could see, moreover, that Nelly saw it. She showed no reluctance to give him four or five dances of an evening, and she submitted without a word of protest to be taught all that he knew on the subject of horses.

People said that Nelly Barwell was a very lucky young woman, and she was not disposed to disagree with them. It was, however, only when she had met Oliver Collingham that she fully appreciated how lucky she had been in refusing to marry the three men who had given her a chance of doing so during the previous eighteen months.

Perhaps it was hearing how she had won a reputation for fastidiousness that attracted Oliver to her; and for the same cause his own natural shyness had been so increased as to make him shrink from telling her that he loved her. He was naturally of a retiring temperament, though his behavior during the interviews he had had with the Afghans was not of the exact type that tended to impress this characteristic of his upon them. He had undoubtedly his forward moments, as his friend Major Anstey had said.

However this may have been, he had certainly no forward moments when in the presence of Nelly Barwell; and some young woman began to exchange views on this very subject—the men never went farther than to exchange winks and nods when it was alluded to. The young women wondered how a man who could send his horse flying into the midst of an Afghan army and induce the men of his troop to follow him, could fail to muster up so small an amount of confidence as was necessary to catch a girl's hand and tell her that he loved her, and this fact shows how little they knew of men.

Nelly Barwell, however, knew something of men—had she not refused to marry three of them?—and it did not seem to trouble her greatly that, when her hostess, Lady Cranstoun, whispered to her after an evening spent by the side of Captain Collingham, "Am I to congratulate you, my dear?" she could only reply:

"Certainly I am to be congratulated on being the guest of the most delightful of women in the most delightful of houses."

Lady Cranstoun shook her head gravely. She was too good a hostess to be a matchmaker, but too good a woman to be able to refrain from matchmaking. She felt that Nelly was being badly treated; but she also knew that it was in her power to convince Captain Collingham that he had only to have five minutes—nay, three minutes—she had heard of a man's proposing to a girl in three minutes—of courage to make him the happiest of men. No, it was very provoking, to be sure, but to interfere with a view of precipitating a proposal would be indiscreet to the verge of madness.

The next day Collingham came across his friend Anstey on the way to the stables.

"I'm going to do it to-day," he said, in a resolute tone. "I've been thinking over what you said yesterday, Jack, and I've made up my mind that I've been a bowling fool. Why, man alive, she can't do more than send me about my business," and he laughed with great uneasiness.

Jack Anstey slapped him on the back.

"Keep up your heart, man," he cried. "Don't you fear that she'll send you about your business. I know girls, and when I see a certain look in their eyes when a particular man is near them I know that he's all right."

"And you're sure that she——I wish I could be sure, Jack," said Collingham, doubtfully—rather more than doubtfully. "How on earth have I a right to hope when three other chaps as good as I am—two of them a deal better—were flung by her?"

"My dear old Nolly, you're on a wrong track altogether," said Jack. "A girl like Miss Barwell will take a chap because she happens to love him, not because he has a title like Jimmy Ludbury"—Lord Ludbury was the name of one of the men refused by Nelly the previous year—"nor because he happens to have twenty thousand a year, like Algy Chorn"—the name of the second man in the list of Miss Barwell's refusals. "She'll jump at you because you happen to have caught her fancy, strange though it may appear."

"No, no; she'll not just jump at me," said Collingham. "The most that I can hope for is that she'll be so taken by surprise she may accept me before she knows what she is about."

"Well, you've disappointed her so often she may be a bit surprised at your coming to the point at last," remarked Major Anstey, with an affectation of the most cordial acquiescence.

"Anyhow I'm going to do it to-day; I've made up my mind to that," said his friend, straightening his collar with the air of a determined man.

"Let me take your temperature," suggested Anstey. "What's the order of the day?"

"Nelly is mad on fishing, and Winifred has asked me to drive both of them to the Purl after lunch. I'm to carry the landing net."

"Oh, that's all right; if Lady Cranstoun stands over you, I do believe that you will propose after all."

"I'm afraid that she'll go away and leave us." There was actually what singing-masters call a tremolo in his voice.

"Not she," cried Anstey, encouragingly, as he continued his walk to the stables. "Not she. She'll stand by her young proteges and see fair play. She'll take the edge off her young protegee's surprise."

But it so happened that Nolly Collingham's surmise was justified by the conduct of his cousin, Lady Cranstoun. For before she had been fishing by the side of Nelly Barwell for more than twenty minutes on the banks of the picturesque stream known as the Purl, she gave an exclamation that almost justified Oliver's belief that she had a bite.

"Good gracious!" she cried. "How could I have been so idiotic! The committee meeting of the Soup and Blanket Guild takes place at four o'clock, and here am I nearly a mile away at five minutes to four. I must drive back immediately."

"Oh! what a pity!" said Nelly. "Never mind. A committee meeting of the Guild will be a new experience for me. Captain Collingham may take both rods and we'll drive back for him."

"Nothing of the sort," said Lady Cranstoun; "I've no idea of spoiling your sport. Nelly won't mind taking charge of you for the hour or so that I'll be absent; he'll show you how to get to the best parts of the stream. Won't you, Nolly?"

"I'll do my best," said he.

"Oh, it would be so good of you, Captain Collingham," said the girl, with no foolish flutter in her voice. "You'll take Winifred's rod, will you not?"

"Here it is," said Lady Cranstoun, "I hope that when I return I shall hear that you have landed a prize, Nolly."

She got into the phaeton and drove off, leaving the pair very industriously whipping the stream.

During the next quarter of an hour they had varying success. Miss Barwell succeeded in landing two small trout, using a fly of her own, but her companion managed to get five with a grey fly.

"I think my fly is too bright for the Purl," said she, as he worked his way up to her.

"I've a spare grey. Let me tie it on for you," said he.

"I do think I'll let you as you've been kind enough to suggest it," said she. "I'm a bit tired, and it will be a rest for me."

She seated herself on the bank and he got beside her. But he fumbled so among the files of his book that he ran a hook into his thumb—fortunately not past the barb, but quite deep enough to produce a copious stream of blood.

She gave a cry of distress.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" she said. "Let me bind it up for you."

"It was my own clumsiness," said he, shaking off the ruby drops, and winding his handkerchief round the wounded thumb.

"You are binding it up most clumsily," said she. "Do let me bind it up properly. I've a bit of fine gut that will be the very thing."

He allowed himself to be persuaded, and he knelt before her while she deftly discharged the duties of a surgeon. Her little fingers crept round his larger ones with the tender touches of a tendril. Their heads were very close together, so that he could hear the faint [illegible] sound of her breathing.

He felt that his hour had come. After two or three false starts he managed to say:

"You said you were sorry, Miss Barwell."

"And do you doubt my sincerity?" she asked. "Of course I was sorry; you did it for me, you must remember."

"Did what for you?" he asked.

"Spilt your blood," she replied. "Don't wobble your hand about like that, please."

"Oh, I'd—I'd—I wouldn't mind—"

He knew what he meant to say. He meant to say that he wouldn't mind shedding every drop of his blood for her; and he believes to this day that he would have said it all right if she hadn't made the final tie on the gut at that instant and looked up. His eyes met hers, and he fancied that there was an indignant look in hers. He examined his bound-up thumb most critically. He wondered how she had managed to wind the thin gut so evenly round it.

"You were about to say that you wouldn't mind something—what was it you wouldn't mind?" she asked.

"I—I—well, I only meant—that I think it is so clever of you to be able to bind up a chap's thumb like a—well, it's like a rag doll that you'd find in a bran-pie at a bazaar."

He held it up, and she said, coldly, without looking at it:

"I daresay it is something like that. Anyhow I'll go on with my fishing."

She rose and walked away from him and made a cast with the utmost sangfroid. He had an uneasy feeling that she suspected what he had in his mind to say to her, and was slightly offended. Had she not refused three men inside of eighteen months?

He remained seated on the ground while she worked her way up the stream. He was nearly sure that if she had not looked at the critical moment he would have been able to tell her that it would please him to shed every drop of his blood for her. If she was a little put out, however, by her suspicion of what he was going to say, it was rather lucky, he thought that he had stopped short where he had; so that, on the whole, he had got himself very well out of a rather tight place.

In a short time Lady Cranstoun returned, and they all drove home together, Nelly Barwell laughing pleasantly and chatting briskly all the way.

When she was alone with her husband before dinner Lady Cranstoun

said some very bitter things about her cousin Nolly.

"I couldn't do it," said Nolly to his friend in the billiard-room that night. "I really couldn't bring myself up to the point of proposing to her. I felt that it would have been mean on my part to do so. It would have been like taking advantage of her isolated position to force my attentions upon her. We were left quite alone, you must remember, Jack."

"And how else would you propose to a girl?" cried Jack. "Would your delicate appreciation of what is chivalrous compel you to avoid telling her that you love her unless you were in a room full of people? The fact is, you're a duffer, Nolly, and you don't deserve so charming and patient a girl.

"I'll do it to-morrow come what may," said Collingham, after a pause.

"Not you—not you," said Major Anstey.

And he was right. Nolly did not propose to the girl the next day for the simple reason that she did not give him the chance. She seemed to have made up her mind to give another of her admirers an innings—a good-looking young chap, who was heir to a peerage, as well as being the best pool player at Cranstoun Towers. His name was Lord Edward Manington, and it was understood that he was a parti. Captain Collingham found him with Nelly in the billard room after breakfast—actually before lunch—and he was teaching her some pretty and tricky strokes.

After lunch there was some talk about the business of the afternoon, and in reply to a question of Lady Cranstoun's, Nelly said that Lord Edward had kindly promised to ride with her. And so far as Nolly could see Lord Edward kept his promise.

It appeared after dinner, when dancing was begun in the big hall, that Nelly had promised Lord Edward no fewer than four waltzes, so that she found it impossible to give Captain Collingham more than a single dance, and it so happened that this particular one was never danced, for a new arrival at Cranstoun Towers was a young man with a reputation for imitating all the well-known singers, and on being begged—he did not require a great deal of persuasion—to give an exhibition of his powers, he went through the greater part of his repertoire, keeping everyone—except, perhaps, Oliver Collingham—amused until bedtime.

"She's the most sensible young woman I have met for years," said Major Anstey to his friend, when they were smoking together in the billiard-room. "I see clearly that she has made up her mind not to bother herself with you any longer; she has given you every chance, and now she feels no self-reproach in coming to the conclusion to give Eddy Manington his chance. She's quite right; Eddy is the sort of chap who is likely to appreciate her kindness.

"I must keep friends with Eddy," continued Jack Anstey. "Yes, and even better friends with Miss Barwell, and then may be they'll ask me down to Manington Court for the pheasants. I suppose you'll clear off to-morrow or next day," he added, pleasantly, turning to Nolly.

"Why should I clear off?" asked Nolly, savagely.

"Oh, well, you know, there's nothing for you to stay for," replied his friend.

"Isn't there?' cried Nolly. "That's my look-out, I suppose. If you or anyone else thinks that I'm the sort of chap that runs away, you're a bit mistaken.

"Oh, well of course, if you're anxious to wait to see the end of the business, you may."

"So kind of you to allow me. I'm off to bed."

The next morning Oliver Collingham lay awake from an early hour devising how he could best regain the position which he had previously occupied in Miss Barwell's favor, and he made up his mind that he must be a man in future.

Lady Cranstoun had arranged to drive some of her party to a place of interest about six miles away. Ackerby Grange was its name. It was a fine old ruin, with a moat standing in the middle of a park of chestnuts, much resorted to by people who were fond of picnics. About a mile beyond the Grange the old tower of Ackerby stood, one of the most ancient structures in the country, which had been preserved from the influences of time and the excursionists by the nobleman on whose estate it stood.

"Why shouldn't we ride across instead of going on the coach?" Oliver ventured to enquire of Miss Barwell after lunch.

"If you had only asked me in the morning, I should have agreed," said she. "But I have promised to ride with Lord Edward."

"Oh," said she, "in that case——"

"Why shouldn't the three of us ride across?" she said, but in no very enthusiastic tone.

"I think I'll go on the coach after all," said he.

And he did go on the coach, watching Nelly—how exquisite she looked on horseback!—cantering across the turf by the side of Lord Edward.

"You have disappointed me, Nolly — greatly disappointed me, I must say," remarked Lady Cranstoun who sat beside her cousin on the coach. "You had every chance."

"I admit it," said Nolly. "But what can a chap like me do?"

"Oh, I can't understand that absurd shyness," said she. "You weren't particularly shy among the Afghans."

"Oh, Afghans! I wasn't asking an Afghan to marry me," said he.

She smiled plaintively. She saw there was no good talking to him, and so she refrained.

He did not even get near Nelly when they were going over the Grange, and when they came up from the moat, Nelly and Lord Edward were seen trotting off together.

He felt certain at that moment that he had lost her. Lord Edward would make the most of his opportunity, and all that would be left for the man who had neglected his more abundant opportunities would be to congratulate his successful rival.

He felt that it would be impossible for him to join the tea party at the Home Farm, so he waited at the Grange until they had filed off, and then he strolled moodily off in the direction of Ackerby Tower, through the woods

He was surprised to find the two horses with their bridles fastened to the branch of a tree outside the iron gate leading to the enclosure in the centre of which the tower stood. He perceived that Lord Edward and his companion were visiting the place—he could hear the sound of their voices—they were laughing together quite loudly. He turned away quickly. He had no idea of making himself the proverbial third person. But before he had taken a dozen steps away he heard himself hailed by Lord Edward, and turning, he saw that young man running across the grass from the tower to the gate.

"I say, Collingham," he shouted, "here's a pretty piece of business!"

"What do you mean?" said Oliver.

"Where's Miss Barwell?"

"You may well ask. What a piece of idiocy! She had gone into one of the rooms, and I thought it would be a lark to release the little hook that holds back the oak door. I did so and the beastly thing slammed to, the bolt shot and there's no key, so the door can't be opened. I'm off to the lodge to see if they've a key there—if not, a pick-axe. Was there ever such a ridiculous thing?"

"Did you not try to pick the lock?"

"You might as well talk of picking the lock of the strong room of the Bank of England. I say, do stay with Miss Barwell till I return to keep her company—on side the door—won't you, like a good chap?"

"I'll do my best."

He walked up to the tower, while the other galloped off.

"Have you got a key already, Lord Edward?" came the voice of Nellie from the room where she was imprisoned.

"It's not Lord Edward; it's only me," said Nolly.

"Oh, I'm so glad that some one has come," said she.

"Look here," he said.

"How can I look there?" she cried. "There's three inches of old oak between us."

"I only want to talk to you, Miss Barwell," he said. "I can't see your face, so that I can say to you all that I have wanted to say many a time, but couldn't, because you would always look at me, and one glance of your eyes was enough to make me dumb. Are you listening?"

"O. course I'm listening. But I'm not even looking at the door, for fear I should make you dumb at the other side,"

"Well, what I want to tell you is that I've never cared a scrap about any girl but you. I love you, my darling, I love you, I love you, I love you, and I want to ask you if you can love me a little—I don't care how little."

"Nolly," she cried, "you said it three times; I'll say it four. Oh, Nolly, I do love you, love you, love you, love you. I never loved anybody else. I never will love anybody else."

"Oh, my darling, my darling Nelly! Let me kiss you, my own dear Nelly!"

She laughed.

"Count the iron studs—the third from the middle hinge. I'll kiss my end of it if you kiss yours," she said.

"All right," he cried. "When I say three—one, two—stand clear of the door!" he shouted. "I'd like to see this door that would stand between us now. Stand clear!"

He took a few steps back, and charged the door as he had charged the Afghans. The oak groaned before the impact of his foot. Again he crashed at it, and the masonry trembled; once again, and the hasp of the lock burst from its socket, the door went back to the very wall, and in a cloud of mortar-dust he had his arms about her.

"The iron stud of the door! How could you ever have such an idea?" he said

"Well, for a constitutionally shy man, I must say that you managed to open that door with some degree of boldness," said she. "How strange that Lord Edward didn't think of that plan of yours."

"You had not invited him to kiss the off-side of an iron stud," said he.

Lord Edward arrived with a key in a short time. He was amazed to find them side by side.

"I always carry a latch key in view of such cases as this," said Nolly.

Lord Edward laughed, and asked Nelly if she had forgiven him for locking her in.

And Here is Chenille Again.

Chenille, which has had a struggling and unpopular existence these past few years, for even the chenille curtain has been tabooed for a long time, has once again sprung into marked favor. Chenille dots are in evidence on all manner of fabrics for spring, and are specially smart on lace. Chenille fringe will be more than popular. Modish hats are those with a show of chenille-edged chiffon, with long chenille fringe falling to the hem of one's gown, is the latest, the very latest touch a la mode.

THE STARVATION PLAN

OF TREATING DYSPEPSIA AND STOMACH TROUBLES IS USELESS AND UNSCIENTIFIC.

The almost certain failure of the starvation cure for dyspepsia has been proven time and again, but even now a course of dieting is generally the first thing recommended for a case of indigestion or any stomach trouble.

Many people with weak digestion as well as some physicians, consider the first step to take in attempting to cure indigestion is to restrict the diet, either by selecting certain foods and rejecting others or to cut down the amount of food eaten to barely enough to keep soul and body together, in other words the starvation plan is by many supposed to be the first essential

All this is radically wrong. It is foolish and unscientific, to recommend dieting to a man already suffering from starvation because indigestion itself starves every organ, nerve and fibre in the body.

What people with poor digestion most need is abundant nutrition, plenty of good, wholesome, properly cooked food, and something to assist the weak stomach to digest it.

This is exactly the purpose for which Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are adapted and the true reason why they cure the worst cases of stomach trouble.

Eat a sufficient amount of wholesome food and after each meal take one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets to promptly digest it.

In this way the system is nourished and the overworked stomach rested, because the tablets will digest the food whether the stomach works or not, one grain of the active digestive principle in Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets being sufficient to digest 3,000 grains of meat, eggs or other albuminous food.

Dr. Harlandson and Dr. Redwell recommend these tablets in all cases of defective digestion, because the pepsin and diastase in them are absolutely free from animal matter and other impurities and being pleasant to the taste are as safe and harmless for the child as for the adult.

All drug stores sell this excellent preparation and the daily use of them after meals will be of great benefit, not only as an immediate relief, but to permanently build up and invigorate the digestive organs.

Medals for Washerwomen.

To the institution of orders, medals and diplomas in France there is no limit. The latest is a diploma for washerwomen. The washerwomen, to be sure, occupy a conspicuous position on the Seine, and have played an important part in the life of Paris, especially in revolutionary periods. They are nearly as formidable as the market women. The Government has established this new order, and awarded 12 medals. The important duty of distributing the diplomas to the prize washerwomen is discharged by the Ministry of Commerce.

A Famous Diadem.

The son of the King of Abyssinia married a few years ago the daughter of the Ethiopian King of Shoa, who wore at her wedding, a curious crown, made centuries before Christ, and said to be the famous diadem that King Solomon gave to the Queen of Sheba, when she visited him at Jerusalem. It is of gold, glittering with precious stones, and has been preserved through all the centuries by the kings of Shoa.

Mr. Oddie's Courtship.

Mr. Markham Oddie was a model lodger, an old bachelor and a heart whole man—that is to say, he was all there until the day, considerably past his fortieth birthday, that a special fate took him in hand and brought him face to face with the younger of two ladies who had recently come to live in one of the houses opposite.

They were evidently mother and daughter. Both comely, and the last named of the two had one of the sweetest faces it had ever been Mr. Oddie's luck to behold. She happened to drop a small parcel while walking along their mutual road and he hurried after her with it. The smile with which she received it went straight through Mr. Oddie's somewhat antiquated waistcoat.

All the evening he thought of that smile. When he went to bed, he endeavored, with the aid of three candles, to get an impartial view of that region on the top of his head where the hair ought to have been, but now, alas, was not. That bald spot had not troubled him much up to that time. Now he regarded it with mistrust.

Mr. Oddie had led an amiable, punctual, uneventful existence, going to and returning from the city every week day with regularity and dispatch—the kind of person who is never asked for his season ticket. He was comfortably off and had no one dependent upon him. The few relatives he possessed lived in the shires.

Mr. Oddie had remained a bachelor all these years possibly because nobody had set to work to marry him. It was not that he objected to women. On the contrary, he admired the fair sex, as a whole, quite unreservedly. But he had never given his heart to any one particular woman, and his landlady looked upon him as a fixture. The returning of that apparently innocent looking parcel marked an epoch. Life was never the same again to the little old bachelor. He had not watched Miss Hexham's gentle face and well developed but graceful figure for ten days before he became convinced that it was not good for a corn dealer to live alone.

"A man wanted softening influences about him"—here he hurled a piece of fried ham to the cat—"he needed a gentle hand to guide and restrain him." Mr. Oddie at this point discovered that he had forgotten to wind his watch up the night before.

The truth was he was in love and with a young woman with whom he had never exchanged a syllable. He learned her name from his landlady, an austere person, whose mind was set upon a curious form of religion and who did not take much thought about frivolous worldly matters.

Questioned discreetly by her lodger, this worthy but depressing person could tell him little regarding the two ladies who were now the objects of such tender interest to him. They were a Mrs. and Miss Hexham, so she had heard, and Mrs. Hexham was either deaf or dumb, or it might be both, for her daughter talked on her fingers to her, and she answered back the same way.

Mr. Oddie's courtship was a very decorous affair. In Spain, despite his years, he would doubtless have adopted the role of an "iron eater," as the youth who goes courting under his ladylove's balcony is styled.

But in sober, unromantic England the suitor does not eat iron or serenade the queen of his heart on the guitar. He has to be properly introduced, and the little corn dealer, knowing this respectable custom, would have given anything for an introduction which would have allowed him to call and establish friendly relations.

The months passed, and still he could not get that thin but necessary end of the wedge in. The mother and daughter seemed to have very few friends and never went out, probably on account of Mrs. Hexham's affliction. It was hard upon the daughter, Mr. Oddie thought, but he admired her all the more for her self sacrifice.

Miss Hexham became aware of his devotion, of that Mr. Oddie was convinced. When they met—and he took care that they did meet pretty often—he ventured to raise his hat, and smiles were exchanged. But there the affair halted, to the poor little man's frequent despair. He could get no "forrader."

Once, when he attempted to speak, Miss Hexham turned the color of a red rose and promptly hurried away.

"I have never been properly introduced, that is why," was Mr. Oddie's anguished reflection. "She must have been exquisitely brought up, the very pink of propriety."

"Something will have to be done!" cried the poor man desperately on the day that he went to the city without a tie, and an unfeeling acquaintance jeered at him and inquired if his liver were out of order. His liver! Perish the thought: It was his heart.

He decided at length that, like Hezekiah, he would ask for a sign from heaven. He would send the object of his adoration a bouquet, an anonymous bouquet of the choicest. She would surely guess from whom it came. If she placed it in the window, he would write to Mrs. Hexham, explain himself and his intentions and request permission to call.

Mr. Oddie took a holiday the day the bouquet was sent off from Convent Garden. To sit still in his office was a thing impossible. He went for a long walk, but where his neat little legs took him he was never able to say.

The next day the agony increased. There was no sign. Mr. Oddie fell plump into the depths of despair and was convinced that he had offended his ladylove. He had not been properly introduced. The phrase became a perfect nightmare to him.

But the second day there was the bouquet in the window in all its glory, and, moreover, Miss Hexham was bending over it, inhaling its perfume. She was a beautiful woman, not too young for a man—ahem—in his prime. The wonder was that such a treasure had not been snapped up before.

Markham Oddie wrote to Mrs. Hexham. It took him hours and hours to compose the letter, and it was the most deliciously old fashioned epistle ever penned in a practical century. Two whole days elapsed before a little note came in reply:—

"Mrs. Hexham presents her compliments to Mr. Markham Oddie and would be pleased to see him if he could make it convenient to call this evening between 8 and 9 o'clock."

The note was a formal one, but when the agitated little old bachelor was shown into the sitting room at Holmwood Mrs. Hexham, who was alone, received him with a very kindly smile, Her eyes looked as if she had been crying.

"Please take a seat," she said. "It has been very close all day, has it not?"

"Terrible," answered the visitor. "Do you feel the heat much?"

"Yes, I am afraid I do," was the reply, and Mr. Oddie suddenly recollected that his future mother-in-law was said to be deaf and dumb. This lady was certainly neither.

"My daughter," said Mrs. Hexham after a pause, "desired me to tell you how very, very grateful she is to you for your letter and the flowers. She has gone away for a short time to stay with friends. She—she thought it best."

Mr. Oddie sat there, unable to utter a word. "She had gone away because she thought it best." That meant that there was no hope for him.

Mrs. Hexham's eyes filled with tears as she looked at him. "Oh," she cried, "I am so sorry—so very sorry! You are such a good, kind hearted man, I am sure. Of course you did not know or you would not have thought of it."

"Thought of what?" asked Mr. Oddie heavily.

"Of marrying my poor Agatha. You did not know that she is deaf and dumb?"

Mr. Oddie stared at the speaker in blank amazement. It was fully a minute before he grasped the significance of what she was saying. It was the daughter, not the mother, who was "afflicted" as Mrs. Roper would have phrased it. He was silent, and Mrs. Hexham continued:—

"My poor girl is very sensitive, and your kindness went to her heart, I can assure you."

Mr. Oddie pulled himself together and rose to his feet. At this moment there was something almost noble about his rather tubby little figure.

"Madam," he said firmly, "your daughter is an angel, and I love her. Will you have the goodness to give me her address—that is if you will sanction my asking her to do me the honor to be my wife?"

"It seems rather unconventional," she said, "but it is not exactly an ordinary case, is it? And I am sure you are a good man. Mr. Sedley, the vicar, was talking about you only the other day and saying how charitable you were. Agatha has the sweetest disposition, and she is so quick you hardly realize that she is not like other people. Indeed, I think you would be very happy together."

"I think we three would be very happy together," answered Mr. Oddie, emphasizing the "three." He took the widow's hand and kissed it with old fashioned gallantry.

It is unnecessary to mention at what unearthly hour Mr. Oddie required his breakfast the next morning or to state that he hardly ate a mouthful of it.

In the afternoon of the same day Mrs. Hexham might have been seen reading a telegram with a beaming face. It was not a long one, for it contained only five words. "Love from Agatha and Markham."

LANGUID

children are sick children. Their inactivity and sober faces are not in keeping with robust childhood. They lack vitality and resistive power, and are very susceptible to colds and contagious diseases.

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brings new life to such children. It enriches the blood; it restores health and activity; it gives vigor and vitality to mind and body.

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Reading Aloud.

Reading aloud to the children and in the family circle—how fast it is becoming one of the lost arts. What multitudes of children of former days were entertained and instructed by this practice, and how few there are so entertained and instructed now-a-days. Children now, after being taught to read, join that great army which takes in the printed word swiftly and silently. Most parents, doubtless, are too busy to spare time to educate their sons and daughters by reading to them, and as the children grow older they find their hours too crowded to devote any of them simply to listening, "What is the use?" they would say, if asked. "Tastes differ, and we can read what we want in a fraction of the time that would be consumed if we had to sit still and hear it."

This is all true enough, but is there not something lost in having the custom of reading aloud lapse so entirely? As a sign of the times, the change is another proof of the rush and hurry of life, and, in the family, it is more or less to be considered an evidence of the tendency to "independence" on the part of the younger members. Common interest in a good book, read aloud by a father or mother, is a factor in the home that is important enough to have some attention paid to it. The opposite of "skimming" a book, it develops certain mental faculties that it is well to have developed, and as an exercise in elocution for the reader it has distinct advantage. Books so read are remembered, and their influence on character far exceeds that of many a volume whose pages are turned in a desperate effort to reach the last. Reading aloud is a salutary check on the habits of reading too much and reading too fast.

It would certainly be worth while to take up the practice in families, where the conditions favor it, as an experiment. The winter evenings are long, and as one looks back on them he can find a few hours that could have been devoted to reading or to listening. Reading aloud is a quiet enjoyment, to be sure, but it is an enjoyment.

Queen Margherita.

In the queen, Margherita of Savoy, the country has an example of a very fine and exaulted womanhood. Her majesty is a very cultured woman—a student always, and she is perfectly conversant with four modern languages—English, German and French besides her own. She holds the three hours from 8 to 11 each day for her reading and study. She receives all the latest publications in ethics, philosophy and sociology, as well as romance and poetry; and the poet and the savant are honored at the Quirnal. Her court is as pure as that of Victoria, and her sympathies are broad her judgments charitable, her understanding and comprehension of events very liberal., An admirable woman as well as a much beloved queen is Margherita of Savoy.

BRITISH BARMAIDS.

There are 120,000 barmaids in England, and at various times sundry folk have dreamed of having a law passed which should prevent the employment of girls as bartenders, says a London letter. But the efforts in this direction have had little public support, partly because an English institution is not easily set aside, and partly because of a general conviction that the girl behind the bar is not necessarily a bad lot. So an attempt in a new direction has been begun on behalf of the barmaid. Instead of being told that she is probably a sinner, or soon will be one, she is merely invited to come and take tea on Sunday afternoon with a woman who doesn't intend to preach to her and who would like to be a good friend, and, to quote her own words, would like "to give her a bit of blue sky to see."

Mrs. Cholmeley, the leader of this new work is wealthy, and one of the honorary workers in the Church Army, the organization with which the Church of England is unintentionally rivalling Gen. Booth's Salvation Army. She has received contributions from the Church Army and from other sources and engaged four or five girls who have been trained as mission workers to help her. The work, of course, makes it necessary that the barmaids should be visited at their places of business, for these girls work from 7 in the morning until half-past 12 at night, and, naturally, Mrs. Cholmeley has found it difficult to enlist women of her own social position to undertake making the rounds of such places. Another drawback is that there are really only about four hours in the day when this work can be attempted, for the girls are too busy with customers from 12 o'clock until 2 or 3 in the afternoon, and even busier all the evening. In spite of these difficulties, Mrs. Cholmeley and her assistants have succeeded in the last six months in visiting 4,000 barmaids and talking with them. They take with them a little letter, inclosed in an envelope, attractively printed and as little like a tract as possible, written simply yet calculated to interest the girl who receives it and to make her think.

Some of the larger public houses employ as many as twenty-five barmaids, and in others the girls are kept busy from morning until night, but in every case the workers try to have a few words with each of them, as well as to hand them the letters. Every letter is signed with Mrs. Cholmeley's name and bears her address, and the girls are told that she is at home every Sunday afternoon and will be pleased to have them take tea with her whenever they can. At these teas she sometimes has three or four girls, sometimes only one, more often none. Considering that the girls' only breathing time in the whole week comes on Sunday afternoon and then is only five hours long, it is not strange that Mrs. Cholmeley's little receptions are not better patronized.

Mrs. Cholmeley says that there are many more good barmaids than evil ones. The girls usually enter the business for the simple reason that almost all the other lines open to women are paid so wretchedly that the $2.50 a week, with meals, that barmaids receive seems like a fortune. Then, there is nothing degrading about the work, for every barmaid is called "Miss." In their visits, Mrs. Cholmeley and her girls have discovered four barmaids who were formerly teachers in Sunday schools, and several who keep a little box on the bar and make men who swear in their presence drop into it a penny whenever they offend. One girl collected $4 and sent it to a charity fund.

As for the girls the great majority of them would leave in a moment if they could make as much money elsewhere in a more elevated calling. The hours are terribly long; they are obliged to stand all through them. There is dirty work to be done in the morning, sometimes insults to put up with, and always the temptation to drink. Mrs. Cholmeley says fewer of them yield to this temptation than would be expected. The girls are usually related to the proprietor or his friends and some of them enter the business as early as the age of 14. They find their husbands in the public houses. If they don't get married and retire they die young, the result of the hard work and long hours. At least, that was what the girls said when asked what became of the old barmaids.

What Mrs. Cholmeley hopes to accomplish eventually she hardly knows. Her ideal is, finally, to divide the city of London up into districts and enlist women workers enough to look after the girls rather carefully, in case any of them is ill or in trouble, then to find a woman of some prestige in each of those districts who would receive the girls on Sunday or whenever they could come and counsel them if they needed it. At present $5,000 has been spent in the work.

Bits of Femininity.

In the transparent yokes of the newest gowns there is no apparent shoulder seam.

Buttons set with real gems are the correct thing if one can afford them.

Separate waists, and not "blouses," are what fashion dictates for spring.

Palm leaves bid fair to rival the ever-popular polka dot for foulards, India silks and challies.

Black and silver is a coming popular combination.

Separate belts are no longer good form, as everything now savors of the princesse effect.

Red tulle, spangled with red paillettes, is likely to become exceedingly popular for evening frocks.

A lattice work of jets, beads or jewels, which, unlined, is used to cover arms and shoulders, is a late novelty for waists for the theatre or semi-formal occasions.

"Mitten sleeves" done in fine shirred chiffon, will be used to the exclusion of gloves this coming season, it is promised.

Don't Throw Away Your Ribbons.

Clean colored ribbons that are only slightly soiled after this method: Fill a glass fruit jar about half full of gasoline and place the soiled ribbons in the jar. Screw the cover on tightly and leave it closed for about six hours, shaking occasionally. Take out the ribbons and hang them to dry in the air, until all odor has been removed. Be careful not to get the gasoline near a lighted stove or lamp, as it is explosive

To wash white ribbons prepare a suds of soft water and white soap, wash the ribbons in this and allow them partially to dry. Take each ribbon while still damp and roll it smoothly over a card or piece of pasteboard, rolling a strip of muslin with it. Wrap the muslin around it last, so that the ribbon will be covered and place the whole under a heavy weight. Leave until dry.

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To Clean Old Portraits.

It people knew what an easy task it is to clean portraits and oil paintings, they would never let them hang, black and colorless on their walls. In nine cases out of ten pictures painted by the last generation of artists, owned by private collectors or individuals, have almost entirely lost their beauty by being coated with dirt and smoke. Either of the following methods can be used by any careful person without fear of injury to the picture, and in many cases can restore its surface to its original freshness and brilliancy of color.

As this is the simplest method, it is well to try it first. Take the picture from its frame and lay it on a large table, face upward. Have a bowl of tepid water and a good-sized sponge in readiness. Peel a large white potato and cut it in half. Then, with the sponge and water go carefully over the entire surface of the picture. In case it is badly cracked, as so many old paintings are, let the sponge be fairly dry, for, if the water should ooze under the paint it might crack more. Now, take the potato, and with the smooth side go over the entire surface while it is wet. Do not scrub hard, as that is apt to stretch the canvas and necessitates its being taken off the stretcher. The potato should move in a circular motion, which should be kept up until the canvas is in a lather. The dirt will soon begin to soften and make the lather quite black. Keep rubbing until all the spots and stains disappear, and then wash carefully and very thoroughly with tepid water and the sponge.

Unless the dust has been varnished in, a picture will usually readily respond to this treatment, but in case it will not, the following method is almost sure to give the desired result:

Double a heavy blanket twice and sprinkle it freely with alcohol; then turn the picture in its frame face downward over it. The fumes of the alcohol will soon begin to rise and loosen the dirt; it will also clarify the varnish and give it the appearance of having been just applied. The picture should be kept over the alcohol until all the spots have disappeared from its surface and left it fresh and bright in color. The portrait should then be sponged with tepid water and placed where it will dry slowly. Never use any soap on an oil painting. It may remove the dirt, but the chemicals in it are sure to do damage, though the immediate result may be very pleasing. Many a good picture has been ruined by soap and a scrubbing brush.

After a picture has been cleaned it should be varnished with picture varnish. This should be applied with a bristle brush. Pour a little varnish on the picture and spread it quickly, being careful not to go over the same place twice. Sometimes the varnish will "creep," but by breathing on the canvas and then following quickly with the brush, it can be made to adhere. The picture should be left flat on a table until the varnish is dry.

In case the canvas has become loose on the stretcher it should be restricted by a person who understands the handling of canvas, as this requires a professional hand

The care of pictures is a thing that few people understand. Hot rooms, gas, dust, smoke and steam heat are all the enemies of pictures. More often than not they attack them from the back. A picture will often have the appearance of being in perfect condition from the front side, when the back has been almost entirely destroyed by moths or some form of decay. This may be prevented by coating the back of the canvas with a thin wash of white lead.

Little Language Slips.

A teacher in a famous eastern college for women has prepared for the benefit of her students the following list of "words, phrases and expressions to be avoided."

Set a watch on your lips, and if you are accustomed to making these "slips" try to substitute the correct expression. But don't be content with that alone.

Learn why the preferred expression is correct, and this of itself will so fix it in your mind that you will soon use it unconsciously.

"Guess" for 'suppose' and 'think.'

"Fix" for 'arrange' or 'prepare.'

"Ride" for "drive" interchangeably.

"Real" as an adverb, in expressions such as "real" good for "really" good.

"Some" or "any" in adverbial sense; for example, "I have studied some" for "somewhat;" "I have not studied any" for "at all."

"Some" ten days for "about" ten days.

Not "as" I know for "that" I know.

"Try" an experiment for "make" an experiment.

Singular subjects with contracted plural verb; for example: "She don't skate well" for "she doesn't skate well."

"Expect" for "suspect."

"First rate" as an adverb.

"Right away" for "immediately."

"Party" for "person."

"Promise" for "assure."

"Posted" for "informed."

Just "as soon" for just "as lief."

Proper Age to Marry.

At what age a girl should marry has been the theme for innumerable discussions. Many contend that she should never think of taking the all-important step until she has reached the more or less mature age of twenty-five, while others insist that the earlier she is settled the better.

When it is all averaged it will be found that a girl is happiest when she marries at the right time, and the right time is when she has found the right man.

Of course the custom of hurrying little girls into matrimony when they have reached the age of sixteen or seventeen is out of the question. Still there are many girls at twenty more fit to be married than some at twenty-five.

The rule does not always work well in one direction, and the modern, well-educated, self-reliant maid does well to marry when she finds the right man. A good husband will help even a very young girl, to make a success of marriage, but a girl of the old-fashioned type runs a great risk of making a mistake, both in her choice of a husband and in the matter of marrying at all, if she marries before twenty-five.

Women Who Have Been Warriors.

Countless are the women who have figured on battlefields in disguise in all lands of the earth since the world put on its fighting clothes. Equally countless are the women who have braved the hardships of camp life and marches, not in disguise, in order to minister to the needs of the warriors they loved. Countless enough, too, Heaven knows, have been the Vivandieres, "Follow-the-drums,", those graceless petticoat Jezebels of the camps, who hung upon the fringe of armies in the old French and Spanish wars. Alva is said to have had 20,000 of them with his troops on one of his Flemish campaigns.

Then we have a plentiful array of camp angels, from the days of the wars of Rome with the Germans to the Florence Nightingales, the Sisters of Mercy and the nurses of the modern Red Cross—brave, unselfish, women, who have nobly placed their own lives and health in peril to minister to the wounded victims of strife. Then we have a glittering array of petticoated royalty, who dashed into camps on the eve of combat, flashing in the uniform of some pet regiment, trying to inspire the ranks with patriotic ardor, but not going into the actual fray, Such were Louise of Prussia, Catherine of Russia, Elizabeth of England, Maria Theresa and others.

But none of these comes within the class of Amazons, women of all ranks, and all countries, who have either led armies in person in the battlefield or done a man's work behind sword, javelin gun or pike. The roster is enormous. The deeds of courage, the acts of ferocity committed by certain samples of this class, are enough to stagger belief in the "sterner sex."

To begin at the top we'll lead off with the Queens. Penthesilea, Queen of the Amazons heads the list. Much about these beligerent old ladies is mythical, but the historian Strabo vouches for a very early tribe of women warriors who lived upon an island off the coast of Gaul. The word Amazon means "breastless," so given them because the females had their right breasts burned out in childhood, that they might not be hampered, on reaching the fighting age, in the use of javelin and bow. The original Amazons, whether real or fabled, began their warlike training at a very tender age. In the dawn of womanhood they took the field and had no difficulty in routing or slaughtering the male legions sent against them. From their home in Cappadocia along the river Thermodon, they spread to the Caspian Sea, and never knew defeat till they joined hands with poor, old Trojan Priam, and went down before the Greeks. Their degeneracy as fighters began when they drifted to Scythia, and made a matrimonial compromise with that country's young men.

There long existed in the city of Babylon a typical statue in brass to that warrior witch of a Queen, Semiramis. It depicted her just as she rode, half dressed, through the streets of Babylon, to quell a revolt—her hair streaming at will over her shoulders and bare breasts. She was a prize adventuress, of dazzling beauty and invincible courage. She won her spurs at the siege of Bactra, when, in man's battle clothes, she was the first to scale a ladder and plant the King's golden standard on the walls. Then the King married her. She reciprocated by putting him to death, and proceeding to annex the earth. On a colossal scale, always at the head of her countless hosts in man's fighting regalia, Semiramis swept opposing lands like a cyclone till her mammoth armies met a check on the banks of the Indus. She fought like a tiger, was wounded in personal combat with the King of India and saved herself by flight.

The mighty Cyrus of Persia met his fate at the hands of Tomyris, Queen of a savage tribe of the Caucasus. Herself in the lead, the Persians were routed in what Herodotus calls the most savage battle ever fought. When the ferocious Queen met the slain body of Cyrus she filled a skin with blood and thrust his head into the pool. "Let me glut thee with blood," was her gentle remark.

Brave and pathetic is the picture of Boadicea in history. When the Romans in 62 A. D. began to "expand" in her direction, they caught this Queen of the Britons, scourged her and violated her two royal daughters. Crazed for vengeance, she mounted her war chariot and maddened her people by displaying the marks of the lash, on her body. The Britons became fierce anti-expansionists at once. Spear in hand, her rich golden tresses falling below her waist, she led her armies in pitched battle, to the massacre of 70,000 Romans. But her victory was short lived. Suetonius hurled a fresh legion against her undisciplined hordes, and put 80,000 natives to the sword. The Queen escaped capture by suicide.

Then it is a long cry between English Queens till we reach that battle scourge of the Wars of Roses, Margaret of Anjou, the fighting spouse of Henry VI. She gloried in the storm of conflit and slipped on her coat of man's armor as readily as a woman of to-day glides into a corset. Defeated at Northampton, she advanced to Wakefield and laid siege to the Duke of York in his castle. Stung by her taunts at "suffering himself to be braved by a woman," he finally gave battle. Margaret laid about her like a mailed gladiator in the fierce and bloody contest. She won and York's body, at her commands, was treated with atrocious indignities.

Out of the centuried sands of Palmyra, rises the ghost of another Queen the lovely, learned and warlike Zenobia. When the Roman Emperor, Aurelian, proceeded to absorb her opulent desert gem of a kingdom Zenobia, donned military costume, mounted a fiery charger at the head of her troops and gave Aurelian's legions two of the toughest battles they ever struck. But they were too many for this Arabian Amazon. She was led a captive, in chains and degradation to Rome, where the spineless rabble gloated over the vanquished Queen as the central figure in Aurelin's triumph.

Incredible is the courage in battle of Durgantti, the beautiful widowed Queen of Gurrah, one of the richest portions of the mystical Decean in India. When Asaph Khan invaded her realm she placed herself at the front of her warrior host, helmeted and lance in hand. Her royal howdah loomed up wherever the fight was thickest. Asaph was driven back, with frightful carnage, but he gathered his forces for another onset. The Queen's son fell by her side. One of her eyes was pierced by an arrow, her neck by another. Seeing their leader wounded, her troops wavered and fled, and then, gathering her nerve for one supreme moment, she ordered her howdah to face the foe and plunged a dagger in her breast.

Islam politics, coupled with revenge, threw Ayesha, the young widow of Mohammed, into martial prominence. Bitterly hating the dead prophet's son-in-law, she joined the rebels, and it was her fearless presence on the battle line that inspired them at the disastrous, bloody fight at Bassora. Javelins completely riddled the chariot in which she rode in martial uniform. Seventy men who guided her camel were slain in quick succession. But she escaped without a scratch and was carried from the field by a guard of male-attired Amazons and wept the balance of her life away at the prophet's Medina tomb.

Bristling with incidents of female courage are the romantic records of the Crusades. Three Queens of England followed their royal consorts to the battlefields of the Holy Land, Eleanora, wife of Henry II., in the garb and cross of a Crusader, attended by many ladies of her court, became proficient in martial training as a light horse corps. When surrounded by Saracens they fought with splendid dash till rescued.

Queen Berengaria, who donned warlike garb and set out for Palestine to join and wed Richard of the Lion Heart, had many a perilous escapade with brigands and Saracens till she reached his side.

Eleanora of Castile in 1270 accompanied Edward the Black Prince to the third Crusade, and was personally present on the bloody field of Acre. This was the devoted dame who saved Edward's life by sucking the poison from his wound. Among the dazzling notables who joined the Emperor Conrad in the second Crusade was a trained body of noble ladies, "all mettle to the bone." They wore masculine armor. Their chieftain, resplendent in gilt buskins and spurs, was glorified among the rank and file as "The Golden-footed Lady." But we hear of no havoc they wrought in the Saracen hordes.

When Gregory was defending Tripoli against the fiery assaults of Abdallah, the finest fighter in his cause was his lovely young daughter. Thoroughly trained from girlhood to the use of arms, she donned her coat of mail and led her father's troops in a victorious charge on the Saracens.

Equal bravery was found among the women in Mohammedan ranks. When the Christians defended Damascus a noble Arab was among the slain. His wife vowed to avenge him. Snatching up her dead lord's weapons she plunged into the heat of combat. With one arrow she laid low the Christian standard bearer, and with another struck down the slayer of her husband. When Caled led his army into Syria his strongest corps was a phalanx of light cavalry, composed of women, and it needed no coaxing to get them on the fighting line. Under the command of Derar's sister they fought like a troop of wild cats, and hurled back an overwhelming force of the Christian foe.

Individual cases of splendid prowess on the battle field adorn the feminine annals of nearly every land. Too well known for extended mention are the achievements of Joan of Arc, clad in male armor, leading the French hosts as they drove the English beyond the Loire, and as she scaled the walls of Orleans, to be stricken down by an arrow in the shoulder, which she drew forth with her own hand and returned to a victorious charge; of Augustina, the famous Maid of Zaragoza, in Spain, who caught the match from the hands of a dead gunner, fired his 26-pounder at the besieging French during the Napoleonic wars and held her place, as heroine of the siege, till the French retired, leaving the maid to draw the pay for an artilleryman for life and wear a shield of honor embroidered on her sleeve; of Maria Barcosa, that romantic figure of the recent rebellion in Brazil, who, sword and crucifix in hand, led the rebels, captured towns, killed hundreds of republicans, inciting her followers to unexampled heroism by her beauty and ferocious courage; of Josephine Rizal, one of the women warriors of the Philippine rebellion against Spain, who vowed that scores o. Spanish lives should pay for her martyred husband's death, and who fought with a reckless dash and courage that made good her vow.

Rose Lacombe, the actress, and the lovely Theroigne de Mericourt were conspicuous figures in the battles of the French Revolution, and Renee Bordereau, the immortal heroine o. the War in Vendee, fought in more than 200 engagements. Forty-two members of her family fell in the French Revolution. Her father was cut down by her side. In one encounter at a bridge she defeated 21 of her enemies single-handed. Napoleon so feared her influence that when he subdued Vendee he threw her into prison; but she was released when the Empire fell. Another French woman, Marie Scheilenck, fought in the armies of Napoleon, and so distinguished herself on the field of Austerlitz that he gave her the cross of the Legion of Honor, and granted her later a fat pension for life.

Plentiful enough, too, are the non-commissioned soldier heroines of England. Of these the most famous is Christina Davis, who fought in the Marlborough campaigns. She enlisted in disguise to find her husband. To protect her disguise she had to fight a duel. After several wounds in battle she joined the cavalry under Marlborough, winning golden opinions for her courage, till the grand climax came when she was wounded again at Ramillies, and the news spread through the army that she was a woman. She was toasted right and left. They found her husband, the regiment gave them a new wedding, when the officers claimed their right to kiss the bride, and the men in the ranks cheered themselves hoarse. From that on the two fought side by side, till her husband fell at Malplaquet. At the great Marlborough's funeral she marched behind the coffin with her regiment, tears streaming down her cheeks, and was buried when her own time came with military honors.

Hannah Small, another English girl, led the troopers at the siege of Pondicherry, in India, and at another siege fought seven successive days and nights in trenches waist deep in water. She received 12 wounds in one engagement, but with the help of a peasant woman to dress her wounds, she avoided the discovery of her sex. When the war ended she acknowledged her disguise and was pensioned with honors.

During the War of the Succession Mary Ambree headed 1,000 Englishman, who fought seven hours against 3,000 Spanish troops, and, when ordered to withdraw her forces, lingered behind and sent a letter offering to fight single-handed any three Spaniards who cared to meet her. Nobody met her challenge.

Woman, wherever found, and in all ages of the world, and all grades of society, from civilized swelldom to the lowest savage state, has figured on the fields of battle. Burton, the great English traveler, a keen observer and analyst, says the warlike instinct is easily bred in the opposite sex. And he thinks, sagely, that women warriors "are more logical and less harmful than the volunteer furies who urge men to ruin and

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death." It's easily explained in so-called "states of nature," where all the heavy work falls to the "gentler sex." Many rude nations of antiquity, following this domestic slavery of women, trained them to war, making their wives and daughters, like the Libyans and Thracians, drive their chariots into battle.

The Goths took their women on their marauding expeditions. They managed the commissariat and removed and nursed the wounded. Tacitus tells us the German women shared the hardships of the camp and march and even the dangers of the field. This is borne out bravely by the savage courage of the Teuton women, who defended the cars against the Romans under Marius at the awful battle of Aix, in 102 B. C. The cars they were left to defend contained the children and the booty, and the ferocity of their herosim may be estimated from a carnage that reached 100,000.

The Suliote women of Greece outdid the men in defending their homes from the Moslem invaders. The considerate Amazons of Abyssinia will not let their noble lords bother themselves to fight. For centuries the native Princes of the Deccan had female guards of signal devotion and courage. No more splendid courage was ever shown than by the Moorish matrons and maidens who defended their peninsula against Spain; by the women of Portugal, who fought against the oppressions of Philip I., or by the women of Maiden's Castle, in Edinburgh, who sustained the warlike prowess of Black Agnes the Countess of Dunbar, who defended her castle against the siege of Lord Salisbury in 1337. Many a fair form lay stiff and stark on the field of Waterloo.

Civilized prejudice ordains that men shall attend to the deadly business of war, but the women continue to break the rules. Not only that, but they still are formed into regular permanent fighting battalions. As late as 1830 the organized women warriors of St. Petersburg numbered 10,000, and Countess Platen's regiment of women in Poland performed prodigies of valor. But to-day the trained and equiped corps of women soldiers are confined, so far as known, to Dahomey, in Africa, and the little kingdom of Bantam, in Java. The Celestial kingdom of the Tae Pings, in China, had a picked women corps 1,000 strong during the late rebellion, but they were crushed out in the defeat.

The King of Dahomey's ebony Amazons number about 5,000 and are the fighting mainstay of his realm. Men soldiers, in number about 4,000 are a supplemental lot of military riffraff, far inferior to their martial sisters in appearance, dress, figure, activity and courage. Entering into training at 14, these ferocious ladies become regulars at 21. But they live on comparative velvet, pets of the kingdom, numerously attended by cooks and servants, and hedged about with almost royal dignities. As the King's Household Guards they are divided into different effective corps, the Blunderbuss Grenadiers, the elephant huntresses, the "razor" women or short sword brigade, the infantry, very elite, and the archeresses, composed of young girls carrying quivers and poisoned arrows, and small knives lashed to their wrists.

Between Samarang and Batavia, on the island of Java, is a diminutive realm called Bantam, which, though tributary to Holland, has been governed from time immemorial by women. Without exception all the high dignitaries of the court, officers, soldiers and civilians are women. The royal bodyguard is composed of a corps of women soldiers who ride straddle like men, and handle a short, sharp lance with amazing dexterity. They carry rifles as well, and fire at full gallop with the precision of sharpshooters.

NOTED WOMEN.

It is now known that Miss Helen Gould is the Lady Bountiful, who, some little time ago gave $100,000 to the University of New York, but desired that her name should not be made public.

Lady Wolseley, wife of the Commander in Chief of the British Army, was a native of Ottawa, Ont. Her daughter Frances is the constant companion of her father, Lord Wolseley, whose peerage she will inherit.

A lady member of the London County Council will receive the appointment as Archivist, a new office created to make some use of the valuable records and documents of the Council. The salary will be $500 a year.

Women of Western Australia are rejoicing over the practically agreed upon enfranchisement, as they hope it will improve their chances for employment, and that women from England will go there in great numbers.

The Empress Frederick of Germany is a musician and excels in sculpture and painting. She owns a large nursery garden at Friedrichshof, making a specialty of choice fruits to be purchased by royalty and diplomats, also of rare roses for decorative purposes.

The Duchess of Marlborough will have quite a collection of miniatures of herself and the children. She has just had her portrait painted by Mortimer Menpes, the miniature painter, who has been the rage abroad this season. He recently completed a portrait of the Countess of Craven.

Mme. Marguerite Durand, manager and editor of La Fronde, the famous Paris newspaper run by women, has formed a syndicate of typesetters, also one for typewriters and stenographers thus aiding the labor questions and finding work for the unemployed.

Mrs. Edmundson, of the Dublin Women's Temperance Association, has drawn the attention of the society to the increase of intemperance among the women of that city, blaming the fact upon the husbands of the women. A bill will be introduced into Parliament prohibiting the sale of intoxicants to minors.

Most wonderful specimens of wood carving have been done by Miss Ida Musselman, of Somerset, Penn. She uses the fungus found on partially decayed oak and maple trees. This is an invention of her own. The fungus is cured and made hard, the lights and shades are made to suit the subject, and the finished effect is surpassingly beautiful.

Miss Eleanor A. Ormerod, is a distinguished entomologist. She received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Edinburgh, was elected in 1878 a Fellow of the Royal Meteorolgical Society, and in 1892 Consulting Entomologist of the Royal Agriculturist Society of England. At Moscow Miss Ormerod received both a silver and a gold medal from the university for her work in modeling from life.

God's Time is Best.

There are blessings in abundance to be had from the Almighty hand, but we cannot expect to get them before the fit time comes for the reception of them. God knows what is best for us. He intends that the life of each one of his children should be filled with good and noble accomplishments; that it should be a period of blessedness, to merge into a still more blessed eternity. Trust him and you will be happy here and hereafter.

Dolly at Court.

In the "Letters of Maria Josepha, Lady Stanley," written in her early married life, there is one dated June 6, 1797, which quanitly tells of the appearance of Mistress Dolly Stainforth at Court on the king's birthday.

Mistress Dolly was distinguished by her beautiful black arched eyebrows, the fine bloom of her cheeks, and the agreeable shaking of her head. Thus "equipped," as the slightly satirical feminine pen puts it, and dressed with more than her usual splendor, she entered the royal apartment.

Thither also had come the little Princess Charlotte—the Prince of Wales's daughter—who could just speak, and who is described as a "remarkably sensible little child." The first object that struck her eyes was the "beauteous Mistress Stainforth," and she expressed her delight at so fine a sight by smiling and nodding to her and saying:

"Dolly, Dolly, pretty Dolly."

This mark of distinction was so flattering and the child's delight was so evident, that Mistress Stainforth though proper to make a low courtesy, nodding her head with its tall feathers all the time; whereupon the child, who was "very stout on her legs," repeated the movement, mimicking it perfectly.

Mistress Dolly started to return thanks, but no sooner did the child hear the sound of her voice than she began to cry and roar to such a degree that nothing could pacify her.

"What! Dolly speak! What! Dolly speak!" she cried.

The princesses, who knew what the child meant, were almost dead with laughing, and everybody was in a roar except the Prince of Wales, who, possibly out of a spirit of contradiction, looked grave.

"I have not heard," concludes the sprightly letter-writer, "whether Miss Stainforth penetrated the cause of the scene, which was that the queen had the day before made the little princess a present of a large doll dressed in exactly the same sort of lilac-colored gown, and shaking its head in precisely the same way. From the striking resemblance between Miss Stainforth's eyebrows and cheeks and those of the doll, the child naturally imagined that she was looking at her own doll, sent from Carlton House, until it frightened her by speaking!"

Worth Remembering.

A good rule to remember when one has costly rings and the habit of taking them off when the hands are washed, which, by the way, should always be done if one wishes to take the proper care of the stones, is always to place them between the lips, says a writer in the Criterion. If the habit is once formed it becomes second nature, and prevents adding another item to the columns of loss, relating to rings left in hotels, strange dressing rooms and other places. Said a woman who has a magnificent collection of rings, and who has wisely exercised this habit since its inception: "I have never lost one or mislaid it, and, what is just as important, I have never been through all the worrying anxiety of believing I had lost some one or all of them." The woman whose fingers are clothed with flashy brilliants up to the joint may remonstrate that she has no room between her ruby lips, in which case there are two remedies, one, to enlarge the mouth, the other, to reduce the number of rings to that proportion which marks the woman of taste.

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Must Have Them.

The geographical distribution of red-headed girls is, fortunately, wide. They can be found in every inhabited quarter of the world.

The so-called dark races are frequently glorified by glowing locks. The Spaniards are swarthy as a race, but the purest-blooded Castilians frequently show traces of their Visigothic blood by blue eyes and red hair. The Infanta Eulalie is red-headed.

Red-headed Italians are fairly numerous in Italy. They are most numerous in the northern provinces, where there is the greatest infusion of German blood.

And there is no girl in the world prettier than a red-haired Italian or Spaniard.

In Ireland a red-haired girl is made miserable by being called a "Dane." This epithet is a legacy of a thousand years or more—from the time when the Danes did override the coasts of Britain.

In a similar manner the Norsemen, who invaded Sicily centuries ago and intermarried with the inhabitants, left descendants with gleaming brain thatches.

The Turks are a light-haired, blue-eyed race, and their children are everywhere scattered about Asia and northern Africa.

And where there aren't any red-haired girls by nature—as among the Moors and Arabs—the glowing locks are commonest of all. The women all dye their jetty tresses to a most lovely red with henna.

For Your Pet Dogs.

For pet dogs that inherit a tendency to watery eyes, a wash of cold, clean rain water, followed by a lotion of three grains of Rochelle salts, dissolved in four ounces of distilled water, is recommended. The latter should be dropped into the eyes with a medicine dropper. About three drops twice a day should be used.

WHAT YOUR FURS COST.

Twelve million animals are killed every year to furnish us with furs. Some of these fur bearing animals, like the sea otter, have been almost annihilated, and the beaver has disappeared from all but the most distant regions. Statistics show a constant increase in the supply of furs, but this does not mean that there are more fur bearing animals in the world. It signifies simply that under the impulse of the greater demand and the better prices more persons engage in hunting and trapping the animals.

Every animal that has hair on it is hunted to-day for its hide. The lion as well as the rabbit, the monkey as well as the cat, the fox as well as the seal, the bear and the otter, animals of the Polar region and those that live near the Equator, mammals and amphibians. There are some four hundred species or varieties of fur bearing animals, and almost every country in the world furnishes its quota of furs. China sends furs from Thibet, Japan sends martens and badgers, South America a kind of rat, Peru and Chili the chinchilla, Australia the opossum. In 1898 there were 1,300,000 opossum skins sold in London!

The muskrat furnishes the largest number of skins in 1898. 2,651,342. Of course, the retail buyer does not recognize the muskrat in the furs of the marten sold to her, but that is what most of the marten furs are. The collarettes and boas sold at such low prices are muskrat furs and they wear well. Skunk and the true marten are next in importance. The marten is found largely in Canada and the northern part of the United States, and so are the polecat and the ermine. Fox skins are sold in very large numbers, 250,000 having been used in 1898. But there are all sorts of grades among the foxes. The common red fox is of least value.

The blue fox and silver fox are most valued. The blue fox is sometimes almost as white as the snow on which it lives and at other times of a dark color. It is this second kind which is most largely sought for. Last year the best specimens of blue foxes were sold for as high as $1,200 each. But the famous silver fox is greatest of all, for its dark skin is liberally sown with white hairs. It is found mainly in the extreme North, near the Arctic Ocean in Alaska, Labrador and Siberia, and, besides, it is very rare. Some specimens of this fur have been sold during the last year for $1,700.

After the first fall of snow, about the middle of October, the fur hunters bury themselves in the forests, taking with them two dogs, who drag along the sleigh loaded with the necessary supplies. These consist of some blankets, ammunition traps, sometimes a tent and very little provisions. They rely chiefly upon the animals slain for food. After laying the traps—a work of no small trouble and labor—the hunter must be ever on the alert for the wolf is ever ready to rob his traps of any animal caught therein, and the hunter doesn't like to catch furs for wolves.

Toward the end of the winter most of these animals disappear, and then the hunters look for beavers, setting their traps through holes in the ice. When the thaw begins their activity runs along other lines, for the grizzly and common bears may emerge from their winter quarters and their pelts are in no small demand. After catching as many animals as they can, stripping and salting their hides, the trappers must sell the products of their winter's work. The Indians in Canada bring most of their furs to the forts of the Hudson Bay Company.

Canada and Labrador supply most of the furs exported from America. Siberia does as much for the Old World. The most magnificent sables and a kind of marten called the kolinski, are found there. Even the wolf, whose hide elsewhere is of little value, there has a good pelt. Siberia also furnishes a large number of white fox skins, ermine and gray squirrel. Even the hares in Siberia have valuable furs for the hunters. In that part of Asia most of of the trapping is done by Zyrians, Ostiaks, Samoyedes and other Mongolian tribes. Their guns are primitive flintlocks, which they use very seldom on account of the price of powder. They prefer to use a bow and arrow, and sometimes only a blunt arrow, so as to stun the animal without hurting or staining the fur. Most of their hunting is done, however, by traps most ingeniously contrived. The winters are terrific, the thermometer going down to 30 or 40 degrees below zero, as a general thing, and sometimes even to 60 degrees. It often happens that the hunters are caught in terrific storms, when progress is impossible, and they are compelled to form snow huts to live in until they can find the way back to their semi-civilized homes

Hunting the amphibian sea otters and seals is a most profitable and at times dangerous pursuit. At the beginning of the century 15,000 sea otters were killed every year near the Aleutian Islands in Alaska, but the reckless hunting has almost swept them out of existence. Near the Aleutians the tempests are very sudden and terrific, and this increases the danger of hunting in this neighborhood. The otaries, or seals, with ears, bear a fur almost as highly prized as that of the sea otter and were formerly very numerous in ice bound regions. Now they are found in some number around Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope, but these have not such valuable furs as the seals found in the Pacific near Behring Strait.

The method of hunting the seals is most curious. While they are asleep the hunters glide along the banks and get between them and the sea. Then, shouting and waving flags and umbrellas, they drive the helpless animals inland like flocks of sheep. Here they are met by Indians armed with clubs, who attack the seals in groups of one hundred or one hundred and fifty, killing with every blow of the club. In forty days they frequently succeed in slaying the hundred thousand seals permitted by law.

London is the fur market of the world and the fur king is C. M. Lampson. His buyers purchase the furs found all over the world. They are all shipped to London, catalogued and then sent to dealers and auction sales are held. Within seven or eight days millions of dollars' worth of furs are distributed to the fur dealers of the world.

Goblet or Tumblers.

In Paris the goblet still holds its own in both private and public dinner tables, but in England the goblet is obsolete, and the tumbler does duty for everything, everywhere, from hot grog to cold water. These tumblers, however, are now very tall and thin. It is said that at Queen Victoria's table she has always clung to high glass, whatever the vagaries of fashion, and that many of her glasses are of great age.

Holloway's Corn Cure destroys all kinds of corns and warts, root and branch. Who then would endure them with such a cheap and effectual remedy, within reach?

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No Punctuation, Says Fashion.

The latest fad of fashion, it is said, decrees that punctuation is unnecessary in letter writing. It strikes us that the fiat is much more unnecessary than the punctuation. The latter has never been indulged in to any large extent by woman. A dash or so and plenty of italics are the only condescensions her epistles have made toward that phase of rhetoric. That she should be enjoined, upon pain of appearing unfashionable, to forego all the commas and semicolons and interrogation points that she has never used seems hardly fair. It's a case of being found guilty without having as much as given offense. It shows a remarkable ignorance upon the part of fashion. What has she been thinking about all these years that the smart epistolary communication has been so religiously abstaining from punctuation? Perhaps Fashion has been wrongfully reported, such things have happened—perhaps the fiat actually concerns the beloved dashes and idolized italics, so dear to her who takes her pen in hand for the fashionable note. Perhaps it is but a neat little dodge of Fashion to put us on the right track; after denouncing dashes, her next move will be to recommend the established marks for punctuation which the educated woman be she fashionable or otherwise, has always used. It strikes us that whoever reported Fashion in this thing confounded it with that other dictum known to all, that punctuation marks must never appear upon the engraved communication, be it card or invitation or of visit, and in whatever lettering. But this has nothing to do with the manuscript note, and it will take more than Fashion to convince us otherwise. Even so great an authority must remember that "a shoemaker should stick to his last."

To Clean Ribbons.

If a person uses proper care and is in the open air when cleaning ribbons or silk with gasoline there will be no accident. To clean ribbons effectively fill a fruit jar about half with the gasoline, and put into it ribbons that are not mussed. White ribbons should be cleaned separately. Aside from this the jar may be filled with any ribbons of any coloring. Close the bottle, allowing it to remain closed from two to six hours, and shake occasionally. Then take out the ribbons, hang them to dry in the open air, and, if possible, give them a good sun bath, to remove the objectionable odor of the gasoline. The ribbons need no pressing and are ready for use as soon as they have been aired. They should be stretched and smoothed out as they dry.

Secret of Leadership.

There are certain qualities existing in some people that defy analysis. The talent for success, for instance, cannot be defined, and yet it is well known that certain individuals possess it, while others do not. It is not dependent, apparently, on any particular ability or virtue. Cleverness will not insure it. Perseverance, thrift and industry, although they may help, cannot create it—it is just a gift like the genius for writing or painting, or anything else. It is given to the few, and withheld from the many.

The talent for leadership is another one of these mysterious attributes for which the why and the wherefore cannot be discovered. What constitutes a leader is as impossible to explain as to find the key to the secret of success. Even at school some one boy or girl will obtain this prominence, although there may be others apparently equally well or even better fitted to hold the position. In later life people submit meekly to "bosses" of every description—political, social, or financial—wondering at while not denying their power.

"Why is it," asked a society woman from another city the other day, "that Mrs. Z. has obtained so much ascendancy over you all? Granted that she is well born and is rich, but so are a score or more of others. There seems really no adequate reason for it, yet you have put her up on a pedestal and bow down before her. You all are just as pleased and flattered by her notice as if she were royalty. She is evidently a born leader, but how does she do it?"

There is no power like this subtle power of leadership which is dependent upon no favor and yields no submission; but how it originated and why it is granted to certain individuals is one of the conundrums that forever remains unanswered.

A Sad Case of Asthma.

Mrs. Samuel Ferndel, of Clementsport, N.S., writes: "It is with great pleasure that I write you to tell of the good I have derived from the use of Catarrhozone. I am in my eighteth year now and from youth up I have been troubled with Asthma, and not until I used Catarrhozone, did I get relief. It has cured my Asthma in an incredibly short time, and I heartily recommend it to all." Catarrh-o-zone is sold by all druggists. Trial outfit sent for 10c in stamps by N. C. POLSON & CO., Kingston, Ont., Proprietors.

SPRING AND SUMMER HATS.

Malines and tulle are still first favorites, and the delicate, creamy, Italian, fancy braids, as well as Leghorn flats, are formed into most dainty creations of the poke order. A very pretty poke is made out of one of these Leghorn flats by turning up the brim in back and the front is slightly dented at the left of the front, bringing the sides down with the most coquettish dip. The low crown is draped with rich, creamy Renaissance lace, and narrower lace is disposed on the brim, among which nestle several bunches of ripe crimson cherries. The straw was of a peculiar ecru-creamy tint, as if it had been mellowed by age, like rich lace.

Blue is going to be the favorite color, according to one importer whose show cases are veritable studies in blue, ranging from the palest to the deepest shades, and not a plain every day blue, by any means, but the soft pastel and bluet tints. One of these is a turban something on the Spanish shape that we wore so much last summer, but the brim is rather narrower and closer. The low crown is encircled with a fluffy mass of the same shade of medium pastel blue chiffon, and at the left side is a most dainty trimming of several bunches of primroses shading from a pale pinkish violet to a deeper blue than the straw and chiffon.

One pretty turban is made entirely of malines, also a pastel blue, banded with rows of narrow blue braid to give body to the malines, and then fold is laid upon fold, making a kind of Oriental turban. At the left side these folds are separated to admit the trimming, which consists of a half wreath of shaded forget-me-nots and pale pink buds, tapering toward the centre of front and back, but quite wide at the side so as to raise the folds in a most becoming effect.

Lace straw, rather open and of a soft chestnut brown color, was arranged over pale forget-me-not taffetas, and formed into a pretty toque turned up in front and trimmed with bunches and sprays of forget-me-nots.

On the majority of hats the trimming is massed in front or just a little toward the left side, and rather more trimming, principally flowers, is used than was the case last season.

A very pretty Leghorn hat is trimmed in front with a mass of the most naturally-tinted pink and red roses and a few sprays of foliage, and the crown is encircled with a band of black velvet ribbon. Roses are in great request, especially those made of fine, thin silk and velvet, but the chances are that the popular flowers seen so much on our winter hats, such as orchids, dahlias, poppies, etc., will be employed in fashionable millinery.

Ribbons are much used, especially in the three-inch widths, which are made up into big bunches of loops, as many as a dozen or even a dozen and a half being grouped together, usually at the side of the jaunty short back sailor, which is once again to be the favorite headgear of our younger women. Speaking of sailor hats, reminds me of one I saw in a swell Fifth avenue store, which was nothing more nor less than the old-time patent-leather sailor in a new shape. The crown was moderately high and the brim was faced with white rice straw, the edge being bound with black grosgrain. Around the crown was a wide band of black grosgrain ribbon, and at the left side was an immense bunch of purple violets and foliage.

Hand-painted and fringed scarfs are being persisted in by some milliners, but it is not expected that this style will ever become popular enough to warrant the expense of fine hand-painted silks, and besides that, the fringed scarfs have been done to death during the winter, so that very few women have the inclination to wear any more scarfs during the summer.

White linen paillette trimming is a very late novelty.

Present subscribers may compete in this South African War Puzzle FREE OF CHARGE by sending us one new subscriber at fifty cents.

4 1/6 CENTS A MONTH!

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Send the Fifty (50) Cents by postal note or express order (no stamps), payable to The Ladies' Journal. The Ladies' Journal is an old established publication, being now in its 22nd volume, and the proprietors can be depended upon to carry out all offers to the letter.

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Open to all Subscribers of The Ladies' Journal.

$150.00 in cash, Silk Dress Skirts, Silk Petticoats, Silk Stockings, Kid Boots, ladies' or gentlemen's Bicycles, Gold Watches, Silver Watches, Books, and other valuable articles.

An entertaining feature of THE LADIES' JOURNAL is the frequent prize contests conducted to the interest of all its readers. This is the latest offer, called the South African War Puzzle and every new subscriber of The Journal may compete free of charge. Present subscribers may also compete free by sending us one new subscriber.

The following words are the names of prominent places and people, which are found in every newspaper—words that are on everyone's lips in connection with the war news—the letters forming each name being all jumbled up.

See if you can make them out and send the correct list of these well-known places and people. If you are bright and up-to-date you can win.

1—LYEBIKREM.
2—SYDTHILAM.
3—NOIFELTEMBON.
4—REGSLOBEC.
5—GRABREEDAP.
6—GEFAKMIN.
7—TROPARIE.
8—ERRSTOB.
9—TEERNICHK.
10—LERULB.
11—HERNCF.
12—UKREGR.
13—JORCEN.
14—BOTRUJE.

We will give One Hundred and Ten ($110) Dollars cash to the person first sending a correct list of the above names and places. In the event of more than one person being correct the money will be equally divided between the first five persons sending correct solutions—that is Twenty-two ($22) Dollars to each person. To each of the next three persons will be given a Lady's or Gentleman's High-grade Bicycle. To each of the next three persons a fine Gros Grain Silk Skirt, of latest design. To each of the next three persons a latest, up-to-date Taffeta Silk Blouse. To each of the next three a Fancy Silk Petticoat. To each of the next a fine pair of Ladies' Kid Boots. To each of the next ten a pair of Silk Stockings. All these articles will be sent in size to suit winner. To the next five persons a handsome open-face or hunting case Lady's or Gentleman's Gold Watch, reliable time-keeper. To each of the next ten a Gun-metal or Silver-cased Watch, as may be preferred. To each of the next fifty persons correctly answering will be given a full dozen set of Quadruple Plate Dinner or Tea Knives. Then one hundred other valuable rewards of the latest, beautifully Cloth-bound Books by Copp, Clark & Co., Morang, and other leading publishers. The above gifts will be made strictly in the order the letters are received at The Ladies' Journal Office.

As a consolation to late comers we will give forty ($40) dollars cash to the sender of the last correct solution received. Ten days after the close of the competition will be allowed for letters to reach us from distant points. If more than one correct solution is received we will divide the forty ($40) dollars equally among the four last comers.

Bear in mind, all these gifts will be surely made, for if no correct answers are received they will be awarded to those who are most nearly correct.

Every one competing must abide by the decision of the proprietors of The Ladies' Journal, for it will be final.

The names and addresses of those successful will be given in the next issue of The Ladies' Journal after the close of the competition. Address—

THE LADIES' JOURNAL,

73 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO, CANADA.

THE MATTER OF MARRYING.

Marriage is not the chief end of life. Some girls think it is. They misquote thereby the Westminster catechism. Marriage is only an incident, or, with some people, an accident. But it is the chief accident or incident, and shapes human destiny more largely than any other single occurrence—if a marriage may be called single—between the cradle and the grave. It is but the difference of a letter from marrying to marring. The wedding means one or the other.

It is strange that girls who set much store by getting married should not make large preparations therefor. How few young women plan, soberly, steadily, seriously for the duties and responsibilities of wedded life. There is not here considered the preparations involved in a hurried trip for clothes the baking of the bride's cake. But married life usually means housekeeping and its attendant responsibilities. It means, at least it may mean, motherhood, the highest, noblest mission of woman in the world. Are our girls trained for these duties which follow upon the wedding ring? Do our schools for girls, female colleges, as they are barbarously termed, put these into their curriculums? We hear of mothers' meetings but, by the way, there are no fathers' meetings, and why not?

The most dangerous thing a man can do is to fall in love. If he falls into a ditch he may break a leg or a neck, but when he falls in love he sometimes breaks his heart, and that is worse. How mysterious is this business of falling in love, anyway. The youth goes soberly along the path of every-day existence. He has no thought save his work, no eye for naught save the duty at his door. Suddenly a look, a voice, a face, and he is in love. No more a pathway undisturbed. The world has changed. A new ideal has arisen. The gray clouds fade into a blue sky and he blacks his boots twice a day. Whether love be caused by electricity or microbes it certainly comes unbidden. Reason has little to do with it. Imagination is its helper and sentiment its twin. A man who can keep out of debt and out of love will never be miserable, and never happy.

Love is a creator of ideals. In courtship the sweetheart forms and fancies a creation and calls it Her. He places this creation upon a pedestal and worships as the Parsees did the sun. No girl is ever quite so good as her sweetheart thinks she is. How lonely in his world would be her life if this were not the truth. Sometimes the girl comes down from the pedestal. There is then a mistake of serious import. The ideal is dissipated, the idol found to be but common clay. Well is it for the girl if she comes not down. The sweetheart will hold her in higher esteem for her refusal to respond to his beckoning. Galatea is longer beloved than the frail and fickle Phryne.

Marriage is the open door to Heaven. The big blue sky mirrors itself in the smallest pool upon the thirsty earth. Thus does Heaven drift down into the tiniest household to be reflected back in the lives of wedded folk. When home is not synonymous with happiness there is something wrong with man or woman or both. Marriage is never a failure. Sometimes the married are.

The chief disturber of married bliss is ennui. If there was another word that meant what this borrowed French one does that word would be the one employed. But ennui alone expresses in a half dozen letters the tired feeling which destroys many homes. It is cured by no sarsaparilla. Ennui makes men read newspapers and women join clubs. It drives husbands to the lodge and worse. It makes wives cross and querulous. The element of surprise has gone from married life when ennui comes in. The bride is no longer adorned for her husband. She keeps her adornment for afternoon receptions. The man of the house forgets the kisses of the honeymoon. Each loses interest in the other. Thus comes "the rift within the lute."

Few married folks hate each other. They only get tired. Hymen's bond does not gall. It only wearies. Incompatibility of temper means generally only indifference. Paul said of love that it did many things, but he never said that it did not get tired. He was an old bachelor, but he knew something of love. Nothing dissipates love quicker than to get tired and to see the object of the love tired also.

The dead sameness in married life spoils many homes. In such households even the arrival of a new baby does not stir matters greatly. The days are one long round of changeless circumstances. The husband plans no surprises for the wife, nor she for him. And each wonders as the years increase why there is so little of the flame of affection in their hearts and homes.

In the home-centered married life there is no need to run abroad for happiness. When man or woman goes across the threshold it is to bring back for the enrichment of the home-life of the things without. These draw upon the world in the home's behalf, not upon the home in the behalf of the outer world. Just here a word for clubs and club-folks: In that regard which clubs for men or women set upon foot movements for the home's uplifting are they blessed withal.

Marriages are pulled off later in life than formerly. Now a man waits until he is 30, and a woman waits until she gets a chance. The old way was the best. It saves many wild oats, the devil's crop. It gives the girl an opportunity to share in the building up of the home. Homes can not be bought ready made. They grow. When a home stops growing it is dead. Marriages are sometimes deferred until the man can get his home all prepared. Then the couple, grown old, move into a ready-made home. It is like transition into a morgue as compared to the happy furnishing of a cottage full of life and hope. It is a good thing to have a sweetheart early in life, and it is better to have a wife. But the superlative is to have early a sweetheart who is also a wife.

Matches are made in heaven, 'tis said—not brimstone matches, but the other kind, in which no brimstone is. There are some ill-assorted ones down here on earth. Giants wed pigmies, the living skeleton woos the fat woman, intellectual chaps marry brainless babies. The long procession of queer couples wind down to the horizon of eternity. Blonde loves brunette, the apple dumpling clings to the macaroni, the dude to the woman of sense, the doctor of divinity to the society gossip. The world does not account for these queer contrasts. The word only smiles at them and repeats the dose. Such marriages are not always ill assorted save outwardly. The misfit marriage is a sad affair. No greater punishment could be inflicted than this. Better the Isle dul Diable than a brawling woman in a loveless home. Misfit clothing is sold by city tailors at a bargain. The misfit marriage is dear at any price.

It is not the duty of every one to get married. Some should stay single as horrible examples. Women formerly got married because there was nothing else to do. Now they get married only when they do not care to do anything else. Marriage is now the last resort. It was once the only one. There is room abundant in the world for old maids. There is none for old bachelors. They should be taxed as much as the year's living of some good woman would require.

Do college women get married? is a query which college towns hear ever and anon. Do ducks swim—there being water close at hand? The higher education does not drive matrimonial dreams from the sweet creatures' heads. The "Mrs." appears with immediate frequency before the names of the alumnae of the schools. The college girls, with their trained minds, make the best of wives. They are accustomed to obedience. Some philosopher from the seclusion of his study has suggested that marriages among workingwomen are infrequent. Not simply college education but toiling is said to lead away from the altar. Not so. Work that makes woman masculine does perhaps frighten lovers away, not that in which women preserve the gentle womanliness which is her chiefest charm. Indeed, say what you will, men like most of all the woman who works. They flirt with the dainty butterfly of fashion, with her unsoiled hands, but the largess of their heart's devotion is poured at the feet of her who labors, whether in office, store or home. As good wives as the world holds come from the places into which stern necessity has driven the girls to work.

The "arranged" marriages are nearly always failures. It matters not whether arranged by King or mother, they are usually contrary to the desires of the young people, and hence a dismal disappointment. The old folks have no business making marriages for their children. Yet, while this is true, the children do well to take the old folks into consideration and confidence. There would be fewer mistakes where this the general rule. In the old country the young man gets acquainted with the whole family. The parents stay in the parlor. The young people make love in guarded way in full sight of the family. Here it is sadly different. The boy and the girl sit in the parlor alone. The old people apologize if they accidentally walk in. She goes with him to the promiscuous dance and returns in a closed carriage at 4 a.m. It is not a surprise that the peach loses its bloom sometimes. In England the parents know every step of the courtship. They are acquainted with the young fellow, his antecedants, disposition and attainments. In this country the mother knows some of these things and the father knows — what she chooses to tell him. Hence, the demand for this modern make-believe, the chaperon.

A man does not amount to much at a wedding. He plays second fiddle until the first baby comes and then plays third. But when he is consulted he never wants to get married in a church. Church weddings are always arranged by a girl or the mother-in-law. The man is usually so embarrassed or ashamed that he wants to have it all over as inconspicuously as possible. Nevertheless, there is nothing more awful than a home wedding. It is usually as stiff as a funeral. The parlor is crowded with kinfolks, present and prospective. The bridal party march in. A baby always cries somewhere in the background. Why do babies always cry at weddings? Then the ceremony is said, and then congratulations, kisses and weeping. All the bliss of the occasion is swallowed up by them and all the solemnity marred by the long line of congratulatory relatives. If the writer ever gets married again—which the Lord forbid — preference is here expressed for a marriage by telephone or in a desert.

There are some girls in town who are going to pick up the proverbial broken sticks. When they would have got married their ambitious mammas overpersuaded them, and weddings were deferred. Now, as the years move swifter, chances are less frequent, and to escape the dreaded doom of old maidhood there will be a sacrifice and subsequent sorrow. Marrying is like joining the church. Better young than late, but better late than not at all.

Reformation by marriage is never a success. If he won't give up drink for her when she is his sweetheart he won't give it up for her when she is his wife. This is a truism but one that every girl should paste in her mirror, where she will see it oftenest.

There is no happiness greater than that which true marriage brings. It is not transient or illusive like the will o' the wisp, but shines on with added radiance unto the perfect day. Clouds may fleck the sky and storms may come without the home, but within is peace and sweet content. The passing years but add to the joy. Youth fades, but not the spring of love. Heads grow gray and furrows chase the dimples from the cheeks. But the love-light is in the eyes, tenderness in the voice and love in the very footstep down to the day when death does them part—yea, more, until the day when death does them unite again.

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Magic Mirrors.

In Japan what is known as the magic mirror is seen everywhere. According to a Japanese myth, the first magic mirror was invented to tempt the sun-goddess to come out of a cave in which she had secreted herself. On the back of the mirror are seen birds, flowers, dragons and mythological scenes, in raised designs, artistically executed. When looked at directly the real mirror reflects the object in front of it just the same as an ordinary mirror does, but when a bright light is reflected from its highly-polished surface on to a screen there is at once depicted on the screen a bright-lined image on a dark ground, representing the raised designs on the back of the mirror.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Fashion for Children

Fashions for children are quite as varied and attractive as the grown-up confections this season, and as the cotton fabrics are prettier than ever before there is no reason why the little ones should not be prettily dressed even with the expenditure of very little money. Simplicity should be the golden rule for children's dress, and yet the season's tendency toward extravagance is alarmingly evident in this department of fashion's fancies. Hats, coats and gowns are elaborated with stitchings and trimmings of various kinds to a price out of all proportion to the size. It is the price of these made-up garments that surprises you more, perhaps than the abundant trimming, but there are no ends of dainty, simple things for children, and there are simple models which can be easily copied at home.

For little girls up to 8 years of age there is the same little gathered waist with a belt and short puffed sleeves worn with a guimpe. A bertha frill of lawn, pique or embroidery finishes the neck, and the skirt is in straight breadths, hemmed, tucked and gathered into the belt. The skirt partially gored and tucked around the hips half-way down and matching the waist is a very good style for a child of 8 years. The full waist, made with a sailor collar effect sloping down in front over a tucked white lawn yoke and tied with a knot and ends of silk, is also a very desirable style. This sort of collar with greater width appears in some of the little reefer coats, and in either case it is variously made of silk braid in tucks for half the width and hem-stitched on the edge, or of embroidered batiste with lace on the edge, tucked lawn and embroidery, or a contrasting color of the same material if the gown is wool, and trimmed with rows of narrow white silk braid, or velvet ribbon. Collars of the soft, coarse threaded linen with drawn work decoration are also in order.

Everything in materials, except expensive silks, laces and grenadines, are used for children's gowns, especially for the older girls. Nun's veiling, which may be tucked so prettily, are especially popular, and light tan is decidedly a favorite color. Gowns of this material made with vertical tucks all around the skirt flowing out from just above the hem are one style, with tucked bodice and sleeves. Made up over a contrasting color in the lining the effect is very pretty, especially with pink under the tan. Narrow ruffles, edged with lace of the same color, trim the hem of some of the tan veiling gowns. A full blouse waist, edged down either side of the front with the tiny ruffles falling over a tucked silk vest matching the lining in color, is a pretty style for a girl of 12 years.

Foulards and India silks in small all-over designs and polka dots are made up into summer gowns for girls and some of the skirts are shirred on three cords around the hips. Tunic overdresses with a scalloped or pointed finish around the edge, trimmed with lace or rows of velvet ribbon falling over ruffles around the hem, are another style of skirt. Party dresses for young girls are made of point d'esprit and organdie finely tucked up and down in groups with insertions between or around in tucks which nearly meet and quite cover the upper portion. Guimpe necks are the ruling style for these gowns with the full simple bodice below and lace edged frills around the shoulders.

The coat and skirt style of gown for the girl of 12 or 14 years, has a circular skirt with a box plait in the back and a reefer coat tight-fitting in the back with double-breasted fronts fastened with fancy buttons. The little reefer coats for younger girls have the box back, and all the variation of style is accomplished with the collar.

A gown of pale blue linen shows a scalloped jacket and skirt piped with black and a sash and wide belt of black taffeta silk. A touch of black is a very conspicuous feature of the children's gowns, and narrow black velvet ribbon is very much used for this purpose to edge the ruffles; or in straight rows above the hem, for little straps with buttons at the end or for rosette bows. There are very pretty narrow ribbons too, with white centres dotted with black and different colored borders, which are very effective as a trimming. Some of the little dimity dresses with white lawn yokes or collars have a soft sash of lawn knotted at one side of the front or directly in the back. Nothing can be much prettier than the French blue dimity dotted over with pink rosebuds made simply with a detachable collar of tucked white French taffeta edged with lace and caught together below the yoke in front with a knot and ends.

Hats for little girls are of shirred lawn, mull and silk with or without plaited frills on the brim; and are made of fine transparent satin straw forming the brim in bias double folds. Again, there are hats with high crowns of lace straw threaded with black velvet ribbon and a brim of silk and mull plaitings. Large bows of the new soft wide taffeta ribbons with a bunch of flowers trim some of the straw-brimmed hats, and then there are all sorts and kinds of shirred sunbonnets.

For small boys there are suits of serge and pique made with the Russian blouse and shirt, full trousers ending just below the knee. This is the correct costume for a child under 6 years of age when the sailor suit is donned. The blouse has a collar of linen or pique and is worn with a belt of the same material or one of leather.

Patriotic Baby Girl.

A South African provincial paper has the following:

"A baby girl, born lately in a suburb of Cape Town, has a distinct mark, strawberry color, on the right shoulder. The mark is the facsimile of the British coat-of-arms. So distinct are the several outlines, &c., that the very features of the animals are visible, the tail, and especially the horn, of the unicorn standing out prominently, but not quite as conspicuous as the crown. The father of this wee mite is naturally very proud of his offspring, and prophesies great things for her future on account of this singular distinction. Somebody ought to have a baby boy with a facsimile of the Union Jack on the left shoulder to match the girl. Such loyal parents should receive the Queen's bounty."

Old Bridal Verses.

Whoever has had cause to examine a file of ancient newspapers — those, say, of a century ago or somewhat less—will pretty surely have encountered the rhymed marriage notices, and verses upon weddings which at that time were so popular a vehicle for the wit and fancy of the friends, and occasionally of the enemies, of bridal couples. Many are merely flowery experiences of good wishes, cast in rhyme and full of roses, bowers, nymphs, doves and loves, and the usual extravagant similes then approved by public taste. But others are less classic and more personal. For example, when Susan Long and John Short are wedded, the local paper comments:

Though Short wed Long, the match is fit—
And that's the Long and Short of it.

A more elaborate pun records the union of Owen Pride and Miss Ray

Now Owen Pride hath took a bride,
  The fair Almira Ray.
That bride's expense, both pounds and pence,
  'Tis his henceforth to pay.
A saving youth, but yet in truth
  He makes a sorry showing:
Forever still, pay as he will,
  The fair Almira's Owen!

Less pardonable, but somewhat amusing, is the poetic outburst wrung, one must think, from a discarded admirer on the occasion of the wedding of Polly White. If the young woman had really behaved so ill, perhaps she deserved it; but one has to allow a good deal for the malice of the writer, despite his assurance of forgiveness. The lines read:

Sweet Polly White was our delight,
  We youngsters of the town;
She's left the kit and crowd of us
  To marry Stephen Brown.
Though she was White, she was not fair—
  And so we all agree.
She smiled here, she smiled there,
  She jilted two or three.
O Polly, Polly, Polly White,
  Although on us you frown,
You we forgive—but as I live
  We pity Stephen Brown!

Among the features of Scribner's Magazine for April, the animal story by Ernest Seton-Thompson, illustrated by him, will attract the large audience which has been fascinated by Wild Animals I have Known. Henry van Dyke has another outdoor story, the scene of which is laid in a lighthouse on the St. Lawrence. The title is The Light That Failed Not. In addition to the attractive literary contents of the number there is a notable list of artists. It is bound in a striking colored cover designed by C. A. Hinton. It contains drawings by such well-known French artists as Marchetti, Lepere, Steinlen and Jeanniot; such English artist as Partridge, Lucas, Shepperson, and Frank Craig; and such American artists as Henry McCarter, Walter Appleton, Clark, Seton-Thompson and Yohn. Mr. H. J. Whigham, who is following the Modder River column for Scribner's Magazine, contributes to this number an account of the British defeat at Magersfontein. The tide of travellers which has already turned toward Paris will find much to interest them in Miss Tarbell's article on The Charm of Paris which conveys with singular success the characteristics of Paris, which make those who know it well love it. Governor Roosevelt continues his monograph on Oliver Cromwell, with an account of the Irish and Scotch Wars. Barrie's great serial, Tommy and Grizel deepens in interest. It reveals Tommy as one of the most complex characters in modern fiction. Mrs. Wharton's short novel, The Touchstone is concluded. W. C. Brownell, the eminent art critic, gives a brief estimate of John Ruskin as Sturgis touches on the same subject Sturgist ouches on the same subject in the Field of Art.

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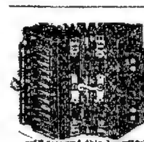

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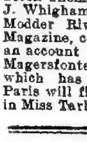

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A Sensible Fad.

The delicate stitches of our grandmothers bid fair to be rivalled by the girls of to-day, as they have become most industrious with needle and thimble, for hand work is one of the fads of the day and is in great demand. No one would think of having a stitch of machine work about any of the dainty lingerie, now so popular, and anyone who can "sew a fine seam" is the most envied of mortals. Hand-made work commands exorbitant prices, and the few who have been old-fashioned enough to care for anything so commonplace are now reaping their reward, while sewing lessons are being indulged in by all their friends, and for a time at least sewing will have a conspicuous place in the education of the up-to-date girl. Indeed, even in the kindergarten they are teaching the little children the correct method of sewing on buttons, and doubtless the fair maid and her roll of ruffling will be as inseparable as they were in colonial days. It is fortunate that the tide has turned in favor of the needle, for dark clouds of apprehension have been gathering in the minds of the gown makers of to-day with regard to the modistes of the future, as girls who wish to become apprentices are as scarce as the proverbial hen teeth, as the following will illustrate: A high-class dressmaker, whose corps of assistants had been growing beautifully less, advertised for sewing girls in one of the leading papers and was more than astonished at the result—one response. The past years have opened up so many new avenues of employment for women that sewing has been on the decline as a means of livelihood, because a certain amount of time must be expended in learning the business before it can be considered profitable, while clerkships and factory places require no previous experience, and the pay attached, though small and insignificant in the end when compared with what a first-class sewing girl can command, seems a very mountain of wealth in the eyes of the young girl who is thrown on her own resources.

At the Altar.

Several of Bishop How's stories relate to weddings. Mr. Ibbetson, of St. Michael's, Walthamstow, was marrying a couple, when the ring was found to be too tight. A voice from behind exclaimed, "Suck your finger, you fool." Again it is related that the rector of Thornhill, near Dewsbury, on one occasion could not get the woman to say "obey" in the marriage service, and he repeated the word with a strong stress on each syllable, saying, "You must say o-bey." Whereupon the man interfered and said, "Never mind; go on, parson. I'll make her say 'O' by and by."

WOMEN AS ASTRONOMERS.

A venerable lady who died at Pau, France, eight years ago, provided in her will for a prize of $20,000 to be given to the person who will find a means of communicating with a star, Mars, for example, and receiving a reply to the communication. The prize money is held in trust. But the quaint bequest is a reminder, most substantial, of the interest that women of the present day take in scientific advancement. The number of women who contribute out of their private means to the maintenance of observatories and who equip poor but zealous astronomers for individual investigation increases every year, and at no time since astronomy was have there been as many women constantly engaged in the mathematical part of the work.

The improved instruments now available and the universal application of photography to astronomy has opened the door wide for the woman computor and astronomer's assistant. At all the notable observatories and those more or less newly established in what used to be considered remote parts of the earth—India, Mexico, at the Cape of Good Hope, in far Scandinavia and up in the East Andes—there are women working in the laboratory departments of astronomers. Some of these women are able to make original investigations, being in sympathy with the science and having studied its principles. Others are purely calculators and accurate measurers, measuring the photographs and computing and reducing the estimates obtained as dispassionately as any schoolgirl plods at her equations.

Both classes of workers are valuable for astronomy as a science is absolutely dependent upon mathematics. No matter what thrilling revelations the astronomer may discover with his glass, his work is almost valueless to science unless subjected to mathematical proof. Now he photographs those views verbatim and preserves the plates, to be examined at leisure. The authorities at several observatories habitually exchange the photographs taken of the same stars and planets in order that comparisons may be made regarding their aspect from different latitudes. Thousands of such photographs are measured and computed in any single observatory during a year, and woman do the work, laborious, patience-taking, but as necessary to the development of science as to growing a crop.

The most unique mathematical calculator of the gentle sex in America to-day is Mrs. Elizabeth P. B. Davis, who works at the government observatory at Washington. She has for a number of years, calculated the ephemeris of the sun for the Nautical Almanac, a publication of first interest to navigators and explorers. There are volumes and volumes of the Almanac bearing testimony to this woman's calculations. The advance sheets have to be got ready three or four years ahead of time to forestall the needs of those ships' captains who essay long experimental voyages and who may be away for years and deprived of such assistance. The woman calculator shortens the formulas, makes explanatory notes and does an amount of work involving much astronomical and nautical deduction, besides much proof reading of mathematical text-books. She is the wife of a seafaring man, who is often detailed on government missions, and the mother of two charming children, who have no reason to bewail their parents' devotion to science.

Many women computors are employed at the Harvard observatory, and among them four original workers engaged in making investigations with the Draper telescope under the direction of Mrs. Williamina Fleming. Mrs. Fleming is a native of Dundee, Scotland. Her responsibilities have steadily increased, and she conducts much important investigation, having discovered a number of variable stars and confirmed the discovery of several new stars to be accredited to her assistants, the Misses Leland, Maury, Stevens and Wells. Nearly all of the discussion of photographs taken at the Harvard observatory and at its minor stations.

Marguerite Palmer has done much computing in the Yale observatory bulletin of transactions. She has computed a definite orbit for the comet discovered by Maria Michel. Up to a few months ago Hannah Mace was assistant at the United States Naval Observatory. A woman, formerly chief computor at the Goodsell observatory, Northfield, Minn., is one of the associate editors of an astronomical monthly. Among the amateur astronomers who have private observatories is Miss Rose O'Halloran, of San Francisco, who makes a study of eclipses, meteors, variable stars and general aspects. Miss Dorothea Klumpek, of the same city, is one American woman who puts her energies to foreign service. She is now director of the bureau for the measurement of the plates of the Astro-Photographic Catalogue of the Paris observatory. Of the six women computors in the department, she is the only American, having become identified with the observatory in 1887, when she entered it as a student. Her advancement has been rapid, and her observations of the minor planets and of the Temple-Swift comet have been published in the French scientific journals. It was her remarkable thesis at the time of her examination in 1893 that first opened the way for the employment of women in the Paris observatory.

Mrs. Coralie R. Davis is an independent worker, at present engaged upon very intricate computations and reductions for the benefit of investigators. She computes latitude investigations at New York and Naples, arrives at "mean epochs of observations" concerning the different stars, and does work tending to facilitate the labors of her husband and contemporaneous writers. Similar credit is due Mrs. Mary Anna Fallows, nee Hervey. Her husband being director of the royal observatory of the Cape of Good Hope. Either through removal or death, one by one, Prof. Fallows' assistants left him, until he was all alone, when ill and unfit for work. His wife came to the rescue, relieved him of entire responsibility and did observatory work without a flaw until assistance could be secured. Proper assistance at the remote, observatories is very hard to secure. There is record of an enthusiastic woman astronomer who established a private observatory in the far East, dying alone and deserted by her entire staff of servants, who, when they realized her condition, appropriated whatever of personal and household possessions they wanted and left her to fate. Travelers long after discovered the story in the relics found upon the mountain top and the traditions as to the student and her devoted hermitage.

Every woman likes to talk of the "gray monotony" of her life.

LIVER ILLS.

Dr. Radway & Co., New York:

Dear Sirs—I have been sick for nearly two years, and have been doctoring with some of the most expert doctors of the United States. I have been bathing in and drinking hot water at the Hot Springs, Ark., but it seemed everything failed to do me good. After I saw your advertisement I thought I would try your pills, and have nearly used two boxes; been taking two at bedtime and one after breakfast, and they have done me more good than anything else I have used. My trouble has been with the liver. My skin and eyes were all yellow; I had sleepy, drowsy feelings; felt like a drunken man; pain right above the navel, like as if it was bile on top of the stomach. My bowels were very costive. My mouth and tongue sore most of the time. Appetite fair, but food would not digest, but settle heavy on my stomach, and some few mouthfuls of food come up again. I could only eat light food that digests easily. Please send "Book of Advice." Respectfully,

BEN ZAUGG,
Hot Springs, Ark.

Radway's Pills

Price 25c a box. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail.
Send to DR. RADWAY & CO.,
7 St. Helen St., Montreal, Can.
For Book of Advice.

SILK We've purchased the entire output of pieces from the leading Silk Houses of Canada, and are mailing them in packages each containing a choice assortment of finest silk, in newest patterns, and brilliant colors, enough to cover over 300 square inches. Nothing like them for fancy work. Mailed for 10cts. silver, 2 for 25c. Johnston & McFarlane, 110 Yonge St., Toronto.

Advice to a Young Wife.

Never disturb a man while reading his paper.

Never ask a fat man for anything while pulling on his boots.

Never speak to a man until he has had something good to eat.

Never discuss servants at a table.

When you want anything wait until your husband has had his breakfast, and then help him tenderly into his coat, and while behind him, smoothing his collar the right way, ask him for it.

When he looks injured and plaintive examine his plate, there is sure to be a vacancy.

If he lies on the sofa after dinner and shakes the house with his snores accuse him not of sleeping, for he is "merely thinking with his eyes shut."

If he says he is "going to the club for an hour, dear," bid him adieu for the evening.

If he loses his handkerchiefs everywhere but at home let him have his own way about it—that the washerwoman is dishonest without your knowing it.

If you want him to do anything never tell him it is good for him, for he will not be "tied to a woman's apron strings."

About the Hair.

Paris has given up waving the hair in front.' It is worn very far forward and dragged to one side to shade the face. Some women affect that child's fashion of tying a smaller ribbon bow at the left side of the front hair.

110 for 10 cents THIS book consists of the best humorous recitations, one hundred and ten Negro, Yankee, Irish, and Dutch dialects, both in prose and verse, as well as numerous conundrums of every kind and character. Sent postpaid for 10c. Johnston & McFarlane, Yonge St. Toronto.

PRINCESS CHRISTIAN'S RED CROSS WORK.

If only Princess Christian were not a daughter of Queen Victoria it would have been discovered before this that to some extent she has taken in the Transvaal war the place occupied by Florence Nightingale, in the Crimean war, says a London letter.

It behooves us now to discover this remarkable younger sister of the Prince of Wales. It is just because of her high station that so little has been heard of her Red Cross work in the presentr case. A movement of that sort catches the public eye better when it can be personified, and as in this case the person most prominently identified with it was only a royalty, and supposedly a sort of amiable figurehead, the work done has not attracted anything like the attention it deserves.

The chief nursing work in this campaign is managed by the Central British Red Cross committee, an organization that is a wholly new thing in its line, and a rather notable departure from the old way of doing things. It operates under the authority of Lord Lansdowne, Secretary of State for War, and its object is to bring together the foremost nursing organizations in England, so that they may work in unison. First of these comes the British Red Cross Society, represented by the venerable Lord Wantage, and allied with it are the Army Nursing Service Reserve, the National Aid Society, the St. John Ambulance Association and the Director General of the Army Medical Service, representing the War Office.

Princess Christian's work is, on the whole, rather more picturesque than her personality, for she is short, dumpy and 56, never was beautiful and her executive ability is greater than her taste in dress. She was christened Helena, and is the wife of Prince Frederick Christian of Schleswig-Holstein.

While the Queen is at Windsor, the Princess has little or no time to devote to anything but court duties. In fact, the Queen's respect for her tact is so great that the Princess takes her Majesty's place in as many ceremonies as etiquette will permit, almost all the drawing rooms given last season being conducted by her.

As soon as the court leaves Windsor, however, the Princess is comparatively free to plunge into the varied enterprises in which she is interested, chief among them being hospital work and questions of agriculture. Her private secretary, Col. Anderson, an old army officer, waits upon her every morning at Cumberland Lodge, Windsor, when she Princess plods resolutely through the imposing array of letters which has reached her, and directs exactly how each of them is to be answered. She is inclined to make haste slowly in everything, and spends a lot of time in planning out her schemes.

Fully half the letters that come to Cumberland Lodge are to enquire if her Royal Highness would graciously be pleased to lay a cornerstone, open a charitable sale or attend some public function, and usually she consents, and thereby sets the whole town in which the ceremony is to take place by the ears in preparing to welcome royalty and stewing over questions of exact etiquette. The building in which she is received is decorated grandly, a private room even more sumptuously arranged set aside for her use, and then, while everyone, from the Mayor down, is all agog with excitement, this ill-dressed royal woman arrives, occupies a dais during the ceremony, makes a speech in a mere thread of a voice which nobody hears and afterward is discovered to be most gracious and thoughtful. She is addressed as "Marm."

Princess Christian not only does a great many things of that kind, but remembers them and keeps up a lively interest in them, particularly in hospitals. About eight years ago she opened a hospital in Maidenhead. Only last month she was invited to preside at the convention of a charitable organization there, and did so. After the convention the Princess remarked that she was particularly interested in knowing how a little hospital that she had opened eight years before was getting on, and made an informal visit to it, much to the immediate dismay and subsequent delight of the people there.

The Princess not only is one of the most active members of the powerful central British Red Cross committee, on which the sick and wounded in the war often literally depend for their lives, but she is the originator, organizer, manager, chief financial backer and hardest worker in one of the chief wings of the central committee—the army nursing service reserve.

This organization, although started by the Princess over five years ago, was known scarcely at all to the public before the war, but since then it has jumped into particular prominence, and been bombarded with applications for membership. It was begun as a branch of the regular army nursing service, which consists of about 100 nurses scattered about in the army hospitals, but now at the front and in charge of the hospital arrangements there. The purpose of the organization founded by Princess Christian is to re-enforce these nurses, and from it have been drawn all the female nurses who are in South Africa. The Princess has given to it a large share of her personal attention from the first, made most of the rules and appointed herself the final court before whom all candidates for appointment must present themselves, and many the woman whose record was beyond reproach and whose social position was high has been rejected, because in the Princess' opinion she lacked tact and the sort of manner that the royal lady believes army nurses should possess.

Naturally, when the war began hundreds of women offered their services as nurses to the War Office, but were told that only members of the Princess Christian Reserve would be accepted, and this, a War Office personage says, is where the oft-repeated story of the government's "ruthless" refusal of all offers got its start. He remarked rather caustically, however, that a little investigation had revealed an axe to grind in a large majority of the benevolent offers. Usually it is self-advertisement, and several women who have come forward and offered to collect large sums of money or proportionate quantities of comforts for the soldiers lost all enthusiasm when told that they could not be allowed to distribute the things themselves.

Some of the other offers that are perfectly disinterested are also rather amusingly original. One woman wrote to ask when the "untrained nurses" were to start, as she wished to be among them; another good soul confessed frankly that she didn't know anything about nursing, but said she could help with the washing, and still another one wanted to organize a caravan composed of her acquaintances to search for wounded men in unlikely parts of the battlefield.

It was only the other day that Princess Christian gave further evidence of her interest in the wounded soldiers by visiting the hospital in Netley, near Southampton, coming over from Osborne House in the Isle of Wighht, where the court is. The Princess came primarily to see the hospital arrangements and the men for herself, but brought with her a large quantity of flowers for the wounded men, sent by the Queen herself. The Princess scorned the carriages which had been sent for the royal party, and climbed the hospital hill actively, stopping now and then to look over the convalescent warriors, who were out to see her. Her visit was no form. She entered fifty wards and saw over 600 men, speaking to most of them and asking them about their wounds.

She was particularly interested in the brave boy bugler of the famous Dublin Fusiliers, who, although only 15 years old, knows what it is to be shot twice through the arm. He was less interested in his wounds, however, than in the fate of his bugle, which he dropped on the battlefield, and told the Princess that he knew just exactly where he had lost it, and how anxious he was to be well so that he could go back to Colenso and hunt it up. The hospital in Netley is one in which Princess Christian has had a hand, and she had the satisfaction of hearing that not one of the wounded men who had been received there had died.

At the beginning of the war the Princess decided that one of the most crying necessities at the front would be a well-equipped hospital train, and she went to the Mayor of Windsor and deposited with him a goodly sum out of her private purse as a subscription to open a fund for fitting out such a train, and then herself started out to collect more money—incidentally interesting the Queen herself in the undertaking, and succeeded so well that the train, named after its royal projector is at the front and doing worthy service.

When the regular reserve nurses—or yeowoman, as they are painfully called—enlist they do so for a possible year, salary $200, and the government, with reckless prodigality, throws in an extra $100 as a bonus when the nurse's active service ends. The War Office insists that she shall wear uniform from first to last, and that no bit of finery may be packed in the single trunk and valise which are the stipulated extent of her luggage. The uniform is a blue cloak, with a scarlet hood and a blue straw bonnet, which every nurse feels moved to execrate, but which really is uncommonly becoming. That is for outdoors.

For her hospital duties she wears a gray cotton gown, with deep— white collar and cuffs, a white apron and a short, rather martial-looking cape. There is also a wonderful white cap, nominally a square yard of lawn, but three deft pats from a feminine hand and the insertion of three pins will be found to transform this unpromising material into an object calculated to stir up masculine enthusiasm. She has also a blue serge frock, and to supply all these the War Office allows $45, the result being that every girl who cares for appearance goes into her purse to the extent of from $50 to $75 for "outfit."

When the last batch of forty nurses went to South Africa the War Office had a committee and a petition from them to add to its other troubles. The young women had swallowed the camel of perpetual uniform, but had strained most decidedly at the gnat of having to wear their caps while on shipboard, and after an indignation meeting a committee invaded the sacred den of the stern official who has charge of this sort of thing and asked if they mightn't please wear "sailors" while on the voyage. Of course he yielded, and the girls came forth triumphant.

Considered separately, the British Red Cross Society doesn't train nurses, it doesn't send them out; it merely gets money for Red Cross work. It began, of course, soon after the Geneva convention, and has raised money for work on battlefields in every European war since that time. The beginning of the Transvaal war found it with a large sum on hand, and it began immediately to look for more, with the result that it increased its balance by $600,000 within a couple of months. It has a special commissioner in South Africa who has practically carte blanche, and whose duty it is to find what comforts are needed in the hospitals and on the battlefield, and to supply them to the army medical department officers.

Lord Wantage, president of the British Red Cross Society and its representative on the central committee, is 68 years old, and has had a remarkable career. He came out of Eton and had his first view of war in the Crimea, fighting all through it and winning the Victoria Cross for conspicuous bravery at Inkerman. He came home to find three other honors awaiting him, having been made Equerry to the Prince of Wales, Colonel of the volunteer forces, than just organized, and Colonel of the Honorary Artillery Company, the oldest volunteer troop in England. He won for Parliament as he pleased, and Lord Beaconsfield made him financial secretary to the War Office. He is a Knight Commander of the Bath. Later, made secretary of the Red Cross Society, he visited the German headquarters in the Franco-Prussian war and entered Paris in the siege. He saw the Turko-Servian campaign. Now he is president of the Red Cross organization, as well as Brigadier General of the volunteers. These duties, writing occasional articles for the reviews, and farming his 52,000 acres in Berkshire occupy most of his time.

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YOUR Light Suits, Jackets, etc., can be kept in perfect order by our Patent Perfect Process of French Cleaning.

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There is a salt that you will remember to ask for, once you try it,

not only remains free, but is absolutely pure, white, natural salt crystals.

Made by the Vacuum Process, the only system which ensures perfect purity and evenness of crys

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WOMAN'S CHARMS AND FOIBLES.

A woman's letter to her sister is the most trifling thing on earth.

Every girl demands more credit for her piano playing than she is entitled to.

A mine is a good deal like a woman's love; nobody can tell what it is worth.

After a woman passes thirty she should quit talking about hearts, except beef hearts for baking.

The average girl has one good dress in winter, and changes her clothes by changing the ribbon on her neck.

The prospect of going to the poor farm is not so terrible; there never was a poor farm with a piano in it.

If a girl of sixteen should give her age as thirty-six some woman would say, "I know she is older than that."

No man should give up smoking his two cigars a day; it gives his wife such a good excuse for extravagance.

A woman is glad afterward when she refrained from saying something mean, but a man is sorry that he didn't say it.

Women all know bargains, but men do not; not one man in a dozen knows a good hat, a good shoe or a good shirt when he sees it.

If a girl sees another girl with a dress on prettier than her own she has a terribly hard time in giving her a sweet expression.

A woman has a terrible struggle with her conscience if she feels that she didn't struggle enough with her husband to get him to church.

When a woman believes everything her husband tells her confidence doesn't denote imbecility as much as it denotes extraordinary cleverness.

The trouble is that a girl thinks her labor is over when she has won a man's love, and doesn't appreciate the struggle that is coming to keep it.

When a guest doesn't bring clothes suitable for a big reception in her honor her hostess gets over an awkward situation by getting up a tacky party.

When church people call for a donation for a poor family a woman is hard pressed if she can't find some prize she won at a card party to give away.

A woman's idea of a true friend is one who, when she has company, will entertain the guests and take them down town mornings to give her a chance to clean up the house.

Much distress and sickness in children is caused by worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator gives relief by removing the cause. Give it a trial and be convinced.

Women of the Bible.

The story of Ruth is one of those exquisite idyls of love and domestic life which bring remote ages close to our hearts, while all the splendid incidents of solemn history leave antiquity at a distance measured by the centuries that have rolled between. It has a distinction among these stories. It is the classic instance of a friendship between two women. What David and Jonathan, Damon and Pythias, are for men, that for the other sex are Ruth and Naomi. And—strange contradiction to modern flippancy—it is the passionate love of a girl for her mother-in-law.

Whoever, then, would be interested in Ruth must learn to take an interest in the elder friend, Naomi. Nor is this difficult. Through the dimness of centuries we can still discern one of those personalities which sway towards themselves all who approach. At a time when personal names meant something she bore the name "Winsome." A generation ahead of the beautiful Ruth, Naomi had her reign of beauty; when in the story she comes to her native city a broken-hearted widow, there is a stir of excitement, as at the return of one who has been a charmer of all hearts. Sadness, quietness, strength, these make the notes of her life melody; but she has had the rare gift of making quiet strength attractive.

The story passes into a phase of life widely sundered from modern customs and sentiment; a phase of life touched in the narrative with the utmost delicacy. A deep principle pervading the constitution of Isreal was care for the preservation of families. Hence the curious "levirate law;" where a husband had died without issue, the nearest brother-in-law, levir, might be called upon by the widow to perform for her all the duties of a husband, and raise up seed for the deceased. Here, however, there is no brother-in-law available; both the sons of Elimelech were dead. But round the strict letter of the law had grown up the more elastic "custom of goel;" the nearest of kin had a general duty to act as "redeemer," goel, for the unfortunate, avenging their death or relieving their distress. If there was no law to help Ruth, might not something be made out of the custom of kinship? Naomi ponders while Ruth is gleaning through the days of barley harvest, and by the end of the season she has her bold plan. No false delicacy is allowed by Ruth to interfere; it is not for the Moabite stranger to question the customs of Isreal; moreover, innocence is most triumphant when it can maintain its purity in equivocal circumstances. When the time comes Ruth is ready to play her part.

The joyous festivities of harvest home have run their course, and at the end each reveller, wherever he finds himself, lies down to sleep in the genial night air. Ruth, closely veiled, steals through the darkness to the place where Bowz is reposing, his head on a heap of barley. She softly lays herself at his feet. Boaz awakens, startled; the sweet voice which had thrilled him with its foreign accents all through the days of gleaning is heard:

"I am Ruth, thine handmaid; spread therefore thy skirt over thine handmaid; for thou art a near kinsman."

It is the last word which is to convey Naomi's hint to Boaz; his heart catches it in a moment. But his first thought is for the innocent young woman before him. He speaks tender words; then addresses himself to the task of getting Ruth away before the least breath of scandal can touch her. As she is leaving another kind thought occurs to him; he has marked the pious frauds of the affectionate girl at the harvesting meets, and now shakes into her lap six measures of barley, that she may not go empty to her mother-in-law. Ruth arrives at the cottage while there is still not light enough for recognition; when she tells her tale Naomi knows that her scheme is successful: "The man will not rest, until he have finished the thing this day."

What is Your Favorite Color.

Women are learning to develop themselves and their virtues and their talents by means of colors. The various colors are said to have a wonderful influence over emotional natures.

For instance, the timid girl will show you her room all draped in bright scarlet. She will have the brightest shades of red obtainable all about her; her gowns will be red, and her reading lamp, even, shaded with it. When you ask her the reason for this she will tell you that it is because red is the courage color.

The hypersensitive creature with great, far seeing eyes and a collection of books on spiritism and psychics, will always manage to surround herself with hues of violet and purple. This is the psychic color, and she determines to develop her psychic faculties by having a great deal of it about her.

The literary maid has also her color. She will tell you that she cannot write with proper enthusiasm without being surrounded by yellow, and plenty of it.

Green is the color for hope, blue for truth, white purity. The up-to-date maid has the symbolic list at her fingers' ends, and her own apartment is sure to display the result of her recent divings into color lore.

The Evolution of the Shirt Waist.

The modern belle's jaunty and beautiful blouse waist has been traced back to the time of Garibaldi, the liberator of Italy, who assumed a loose red shirt tucked into the belt, a costume which became the uniform of his troops.

The Shopping of Royalty.

The Princess of Wales does all of her shopping by proxy. When she desires to purchase she sends for the forewoman of the department of the store selected, who comes to Marlborough house with a sample of the goods.

The local newspaper of Falkenburg, a town in Pomerania, gives the following bit of news in a special edition:—"Reuter's office just announces that the Boers have sunk forty-six English ironclads in Delagoa Bay with a searchlight."

A Successful Medicine. — Everyone wishes to be successful in any undertaking in which he may engage. It is, therefore, extremely gratifying to the proprietors of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills to know that their efforts to compound a medicine which would prove a blessing to mankind have been successful beyond their expectations. The endorsation of these Pills by the public is a guarantee that a pill has been produced which will fulfil everything claimed for it.

One of the strangest facts regarding the present war is that English and Boer have so intermarried in South Africa that in countless instances brothers are fighting against brothers, and fathers against their sons.

Totally Deaf.—Mr. S. E. Crandell, Port Perry, writes: "I contracted a severe cold last winter, which resulted in my becoming totally deaf in one ear and partially so in the other. After trying various remedies, and consulting several doctors, without obtaining any relief, I was advised to try Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. I warmed the Oil and poured a little of it into my ear, and before one-half the bottle was used my hearing was completely restored. I have heard of other cases of deafness being cured by the use of this medicine."

FREE! This beautiful little Lady's Watch for selling 3 doz. of our full-sized Linen Doylies at 10 cents each. Fine Boy's Watch for selling 2 doz. Latest and prettiest designs; sell at sight. No Money Required. Simply write and we send Doylies postpaid. Sell them, return money, and we mail your watch free. Unsold Doylies returnable.

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Curtain Dwellers of India.

India which is at present being scourged by the periodical visitation of its Nemesis, famine is a country of strange traditions and practices, though those entailing cruelty and barbarism have for the most part, been put aside, largely through the influence of English colonization. Among the revolting and horrible customs of the past, was that known as the Sati, which was a widow burning ceremony. In the ancient days married women had a surer and more expeditious way of ridding themselves of undesirable husbands. They fell into the dangerous habit of putting poison into the food of disagreeable mates, and the habit became so alarmingly widespread that a decree was issued that all widows should be burned alive with the bodies of their dead husbands, the only alternative being a life of shame and degradation. It mattered not how many wives the husband had at the time of his death—all were added to the human sacrifice. It is recorded that 275 widows perished in this way in the year 1803, within a circle thirty miles from Calcutta. The cremations were attended with a great deal of ceremony and spectacular effect, and gradually became a phase of the Hindu religion, the women accepting their fate with an air of pious resignation. Finally the custom of widow burning was stamped out, but the status of womankind in India, has never risen to a very exalted plane.

The sociological history of the country shows that the people were divided into tribes, or clans, and that no legitimate marriage could occur between people of different clans. Circles of affinity formed on the basis of the origin of the clans governed the matrimonial plan of the country, and these ideas are still in vogue to a great extent. In modern times we find the Mohammedan woman of the upper cast relegated to a life of seclusion and patient submission to the will of her liege. Her home is practically her little world, where she directs the duties of the household servants and receives the commands of her master.

The subjects of woman's rights and equal suffrage are a closed book to her. The visitor to India—and especially the Bengal Presidency—never sees native women above the rank of the laboring classes. As he sees handsome carriages driving through the parks he will, until he becomes acquainted with social customs, marvel at the absence of lady occupants. It is the same at fetes and social functions. The male kinsmen of the person tendering the function receive the guests, and there is no sign of women. Should the visitor allude to the patron's wife or daughters, he would be regarded as having made an inexcusable breach of decorum. The master of the house expects to have the courtesy of following his custom of ignoring them entirely. After a while a person becomes accustomed to this apparent neglect of the women

Many Englishwomen have tried ineffectually to abridge this custom, but their aroused sympathies inevitably submit to the insurmountable difficulties that lie in the path of their efforts and which have their root in the principles that underlie and influence the life of oriental countries. The women of India whose caste condemns them to such an exclusive existence, are known as "curtain-dwellers." On the extraordinary occasions when interviews with them are permitted, they remain obscured behind a sort of screen called a chik, which is made of thin strips of bamboo. This wholly shuts off the view of the person on persons outside, though the lady herself can see her visitor, who is given a chair near the screen. So deep-seated has become the custom that the "curtain-dwellers" regard it as horrible and degrading to be seen by a man other than their husbands.

The Age of Women.

At a literary salon in Paris, Balzac was once asked by a pretty young girl of 17 why it was he liked women she would call passe. 'Why, monsieur, even when they are as old as 40 you seem to enjoy their society!" Balzac looked at her earnestly for a second and then laughed heartily. Then he remarked in a serious voice as though weighing every word he said: "Perhaps it lies in the fact that the woman of 20 must be pleased, while the woman of 40 tries to please, and the older woman's power consists, not as has been so often said, in understanding and making the most of her own charms, but in comprehending and with happy tact calling out and making the most of the good qualities of the man whose favor she seeks."

Balzac dared a great deal when he made one of his heroines 30 years of age. But since then the limits of a woman's youth have been considerably extended. There was a time, and it was not so long ago, when a woman who had passed 28 was described as "a woman of a certain age," which, as everyone knows, means of an uncertain age—a woman who no longer will tell her age. At present a woman in good health, who knows how to dress herself, is considered young up to 35, and if she remains thin, up to 40 years of age. I think the reason of this is that women live more active lives in these days; to take delight in activity is a proof of youth, and also a hygienic measure which prevents from growing old. Such a change in the way of looking at things has had its influence on fashion; the woman no longer considers herself compelled, after a certain date, to adopt special fashions and colors.

Women have come to realize the truth of the French saying that a woman is never any older than she looks.

A Short Road to health was opened to those suffering from chronic coughs, asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, lumbago, tumors, rheumatism, excoriated nipples or inflamed breast, and kidney complaints, by the introduction of the inexpensive and effective remedy, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil.

The Button Craze.

Buttons are quite an important feature of both day and evening gowns, the stone cameo having the preference, though numerous shell cameos are seen as well as large tortoise-shell buttons. Seed pearls are also well favored.

A Tonic For The Debilitated.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills by acting mildly but thoroughly on the secretions of the body are a valuable tonic, stimulating the lagging organs to healthful action and restoring them to full vigor. They can be taken in graduated doses and so used that they can be discontinued at any time without return of the ailments which they were used to allay.

Wheat costs $4 a bushel in Cape Town. Livery teams hire for $25 a day.

The Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Bowels, etc., act as so many waste gates for the escape of effete matter and gases from the body. The use of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery helps them to discharge their duty. Mr. W. H. Lester, H. M. Customs, Toronto, writes: "I have personally tested the health-giving properties of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and can testify as to its great value."

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DRAPERIES—We have Draperies to match all wall papers from 15 cents a yard. This is a very important feature to attain the acme of artistic excellence in decoration. No matter how much or how little you want to spend you must have harmony of form and colorings. Write us for samples.

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TAPESTRY MATERIALS—We manufacture Tapestry Materials. Superior to foreign goods and half the price. Book of samples, 10 cents. Send $1.50 for trial order, for 2 yards of 50-inch wide No. 6 goods, worth $3.00.

DECORATIVE ADVICE—Upon receipt of $1, Mr. Douthitt will answer any question on interior decorations—color harmony and harmony of form, harmony of wall coverings, carpets, curtains, tiles, furniture, gas fixtures, etc.

MANUAL OF ART DECORATIONS—The art book of the century—200 royal quarto pages, filled with full-page colored illustrations of modern home interiors and studies—Price $2. **If you want to be up in decorations send $2 for this book; worth $50.**

SCHOOL—Six 3-hour tapestry painting lessons, in studio, $5. Complete written instructions by mail $1. Tapestry paintings rented; full-size drawings, paints, brushes, etc., supplied. Nowhere, Paris not excepted, are such advantages offered pupils. New catalogue of 125 studies, 25 cents. Send $1 for complete instructions in Tapestry Painting and Compendium of 140 Studies.

Gobelin Printed Burlaps—Over 100 new styles for wall coverings, at 25 cents per yard 35 inches wide, thus costing the same as wall paper at $1 per roll. 240 kinds of Japanese lida leather papers, at $2 per roll.

Gobelin Art Drapery—Grecian, Russian, Venetian, Brazilian, Roman, Rococco, Dresden, Festoon College Stripe, Marie Antoinette, Indian, Calcutta, Bombay, Delft, Soudan, from 10 cents a yard to 75 cents.

JOHN F. DOUTHITT,

AMERICAN TAPESTRY DECORATIVE CO.,

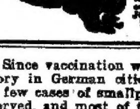
286 Fifth Ave, New York, U.S.A. - Near 30th Street.

The world annually produces something like 3,000,000 tons of butter and cheese.

Have you tried Holloway's Corn Cure? It has no equal for removing these troublesome excresences, as many have testified who have tried it.

Cavalry cover four miles an hour when walking, nine miles an hour when trotting, fifteen miles an hour galloping.

Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat and lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when, by the timely use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided. This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc., etc.



WHAT-IS-IT?

JOHNSTON & McFARLANE, 71 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

Since vaccination was made compulsory in German cities, in 1874, only a few cases of smallpox have been observed, and most of these occurred in foreigners coming from countries

Money Saved and pain relieved by the leading household remedy, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil—a small quantity of which usually suffices to cure a caught, heal a sore, cut, bruise or sprain, relieve lumbago, rheumatism, neuralgia, excoriated nipples, or inflamed breast.

The Courtin'.

God makes sech nights, all white an'
still
Furz' you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
With half a cord o' wood in—
There warn't no stoves, tell comfort
died
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparklees out
Towards the pootiest, bless her,
An' leetle flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's arm that gran'ther
Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'T was kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On sech a blessed creetur,
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
Clean grit an' human natur';
None could n't quicker pitch a ton
Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty
gals,
Had squired 'em, danced 'em, druv
'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—
All is, he could n't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly like curled maple,
The side she breshed felt full o' sun,
Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
Ez hisn in the choir;
My! when he made Ole Hundred ring,
She knowed the Lord was nigher.

An she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
When her new meetin'-bunnet
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
O'blue eyes sot upon it.
Thet night, I tell ye, she looked somel
She seemed to 've gut a new soul,
For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
A-raspin' on the scraper,—
All ways to once her feelin's flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' lifered on the mat,
Some doubtful o' the sekle,
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him furder,
An' on her apples kep' to work,
Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my pa, I s'pose?"
"Wal—no—I come designin'"
"To see my maf Shes sprinklin
clo'es,
Agin to-morrow's i'nin'."

To say why gals acts so or so,
Or don't 'ould be presumin';
Mebby to mean yes an' say no
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t' other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin;"
Says she, "Think likely, Mister;"
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
An'—Wal, he up an' kist her.

When ma bimeby upon 'em ships,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily 'roun' the lips
An' teary 'roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose natures never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt
glued
Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood,
An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is they was cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

—James Russell Lowell.

Bits of Femininity.

The scarab, in turquoise blue, is the all-important fetich of the moment.

The princess petticoat, for both street and evening wear, is a feature of modish lingerie.

Worth is using a deal of net and tulle with satin in his gowns.

There is a return to the ostrich feather in millinery.

Black taffeta stitched in white, is much worn for afternoon frocks.

Plaitings of tulle, on which chenille is sewn like a cord, form one of the popular hat trimmings.

Draped taffeta toques, with a "chou" of velvet, are the ultra smart mode.

The black velvet skirt has supplanted all others for wear with the independent bodices.

Tulle and lace straw hold first place in the hats of spring.

Russian lace; coarse and heavy as it is, turns out to be one of the latest cries for gowns ceremoniously built.

Smart fans have their sticks studded with jewels.

White veiling, trimmed with yellow lace, is to be a very fashionable combination.

Little braids in all colors that simulate hemstitching, are being imported to outline the seams of new gowns.

The gown and hat of 1840 seem to be the effect that fashion is aiming at.

Courtship season in Holland.

The Dutch are nothing if not practical. No matter how prosaic other nations may be in the matters of every day life, when it comes to courtship and marriage they love to throw a halo of romance about their lovemaking. Not so, however, with the Dutchman. Because he has made up his mind to take a wife seems no reason on earth to him why he should even for a moment depart from the placid equilibrium of his every day jog trot existence.

The four Sundays of November are observed as fete days in Holland. The month of November is known as the "courtship season." The Sundays are known by the following expressively curious names:—Review, decision, purchase and possession. All refer to matrimonial affairs.

On "Review Sunday" all the youths and maidens don their very best "Sunday go to meeting" clothes, their swellest bibs and tuckers. After service a great dress parade and solemn review is held in the principal promenade of each town and village, during which each one tries to show off to the best advantage his or her best points and attractions. They promenade slowly up and down, the youths on one side, the maidens on the other, and gaze long and intently, but never speak to each other.

The next Sunday is called "Decision Sunday," and this is considered the most important of all, as on this occasion each bachelor desirous of becoming a benedict approaches the maiden of his choice, she who the previous Sunday had seemed to him the best adapted of her sex to his special needs and requirements.

With a ceremonious bow he begins a conversation, and during its progress the maiden shyly finds occasion to intimate to him whether his advances are acceptable or otherwise. Should she give him to understand that he finds favor in her sight he calls on her assiduously all through the following week.

On the next, which is "Purchase Sunday," the eager swain approaches the father of the girl of his choice, and if his consent is obtained all the wedding preliminaries are then amicably arranged and the date set for the tying of the knot.

Finally comes the last Sunday in November, known as "Possession Sunday." On this happy and auspicious date the successful lovers proudly announce their engagement.

What One Woman Thinks.

No friends are better than make-believe friends.

The best blessing a child can have is a good mother.

A man must think a great deal of his wife to go with her to pick out a new spring bonnet.

The gas bill is a light consideration but it generally manages to cast gloom over the household.

Some people look at their own faults through a telescope; at others' through a microscope.

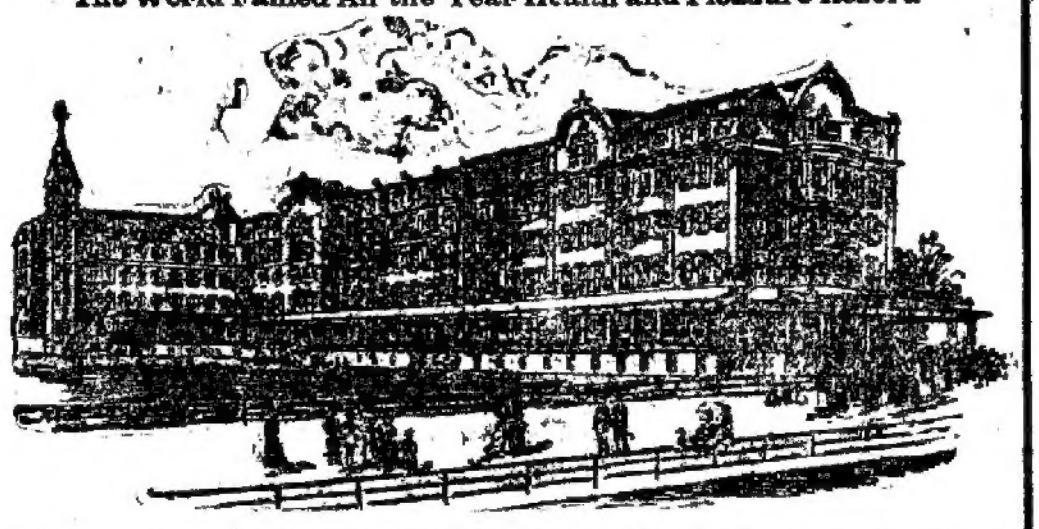
The man who knows it all ought to apply for a position in the bureau of information of a railroad station.

When a woman starts out to give a piece of her mind she usually ends up by robbing other people of their peace.

HOTEL TRAYMORE

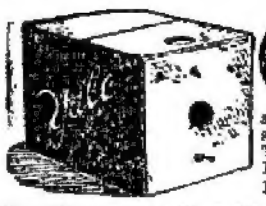
ON THE BEACH. Atlantic City, New Jersey.

The World Famed All the Year Health and Pleasure Resort.



During the past four months has been extensively enlarged and improved. Over 50 Private Baths. New Dining Room enclosed in glass, directly facing the ocean, and unsurpassed on the Atlantic Coast for decoration and elegance. Exchange and Sun Parlors doubled in size. Capacity 500.

b D. S. WHITE, JR., Owner and Prop'r.



CAMERA

No better present for a boy than our little Yale Camera. Complete with outfit and instructions. Takes a picture 2x2 inches, and any bright boy can learn to do it in a few hours by following the instructions. Outfit consists of 1 "Yale" Camera, 1 box Dry Plates, 1 package Hypo, 1 Printing Frame, 1 Developing Tray, 1 pkg. Developer, 1 set Directions, 1 Toning Tray, 1 pkg. Fixing Powder, 1 pkg. Silver Paper, 1 pkg. Ruby Paper. Camera and outfit securely packed in a neat box and sent all charges prepaid for 50 cents. JOHNSTON & McFARLANE, 110 Yonge Street, Toronto, Can.

Don't Take Your Carpets Up!

NO DUST

A Dry Carpet Cleaning Compound And Moth Exterminator.

NO DUST is guaranteed to clean carpets and rugs on the floor, and upholstered furniture WITHOUT INJURY to any kind of material. To introduce NO DUST outside of Toronto we will send 2 packages, sufficient to thoroughly clean 150 square yards of carpet, on receipt of 25 cents.

AGENTS WANTED.—Best selling 25 cent package in the market. Write for territory, terms, etc.

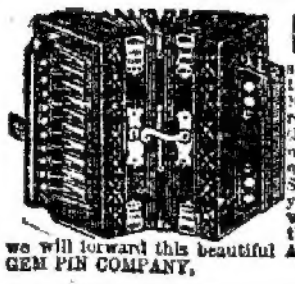
Manufactured in Canada only by

THE SPECIALTY MAN'F'G CO., 17 AND 19 QUEEN EAST, TORONTO.

BOYS AND GIRLS

By working a few hours after school can earn solid goldring, a steam winding watch, violin, or air gun. Send us your name and address and we will send you 24 packets of our National Pens to sell for us at 10c. per packet. When all are sold return the money and get your premium.

NATIONAL PEN & INK CO., 61 King St. Toronto.



FREE We give this Grand Solo Accordeon for selling only 2 doz. Gem Pins at 15c. each. It is a beauty, has 20 bone keys, 2 stops, 2 sets of reeds, ebonized case, open action and double bellows with protectors and clasps. No money required in advance. Send this advertisement, with your name and address, and we will forward the Pins. Sell them, return the money and we will forward this beautiful Accordeon, all charges paid. GEM PIN COMPANY, Box L.J. Toronto, Canada.

ACENTS WANTED.

THE "CLEAN CUT" CAKE TIN,

prevents cakes from sticking and produces a perfect cake. It is made of best quality tin, with a flat, thin knife, securely riveted in centre and at rim. Simple and durable. Agents send 20 cents postage for free sample and complete catalogue. Union Supply Specialty Co., Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

BIG BUDGET

A book with a little of everything. Contains 20 popular songs with music, 30 amusing rebuses, 101 funny conundrums, 57 tricks in magic, 92 valuable money making secrets, 15 model love letters, and a lot of other matter useful and entertaining. Send us this advertisement with 10 cents when Big Budget will be mailed postpaid. Johnston & McFarlane, 110 Yonge St., Toronto.

Great Personage's Doings.

The young Empress of Russia, if she lived in this country, would have been a leader of the suffrage movement. She believes that most, if not all, the great reforms which have taken place in the world have been brought about, if only indirectly, by women. Under her imperial patronage societies for the higher culture of women are not only growing daily more numerous in St. Petersburg, but they are rapidly spreading throughout Russia.

Since her imperial Majesty has become so much interested in women's work and clubs the Czar has ordered that full reports of all such proceedings shall be prepared for the perusal of the Empress. One of the Czar's secretaries attends all women's meetings in the capacity of a reporter and writes down every word in shorthand, so that, should the Czarina desire it, a full account can at once be produced for her inspection. Her Majesty is something of an anglomanias; she has ordained that presentations shall be made in the English fashion, the sovereign offering her hand to be kissed and not shaken, as was the custom of the dowager Empress.

Margherita, Queen of Italy, although not ostensibly in favor of equal suffrage, does all she can to encourage women's work. The gold medals recently presented to her ladies in waiting who have completed thirty years of service was designed by a woman.

Future generations may perhaps read an account of the life of the Empress of Germany as written by herself. The Empress is in the habit of writing daily in her diary. No one ever sees the contents—not even the Emperor. At the close of the year a new diary is opened and the old one, which has a lock clasp, is consigned to the iron safe containing her Majesty's domestic jewelry.

The King of Sweden sets aside every second Tuesday on which any one of his subjects may call on him. The only formality required is to send in one's card, the visitors being received when their turn comes in the order of arrival.

King Oscar of Sweden has had his life insured, the premium being 37,000 kroner, $10,360, per year. He was 71 years old on January 21. The King still retains his love for the sea, to which he was apprenticed in his youth, and every August he makes a long cruise along the bold and romantic coast of his northern kingdon.

King Christian of Denmark loves to romp with his grandchildren and he may often be seen seated in a diminutive pony carriage, trusting himself to the care of a very youthful coachman, or he sometimes acts as the willing horse of a very young driver.

It is said that if the Sultan of Turkey were allowed to consult his own tastes he would only have one wife, instead of the 300 he now maintains in his harem. He dare not abolish the institution, for he knows that the day he saw the last of his royal harem would also see the last of his reign. Each occupant of the harem receives the title of princess, hence it is the ambition of every Turkish officer to get his daughter into it. She is given a large dower, a staff of ten servants and a coach and four. The maintenance of the harem costs the country about $15,000,000 yearly. The Sultan is probably the richest man in Europe. He receives $1,000,000 yearly from the country and $500,000 from his private estates. He has $3,000,000 invested in America.

MORE HOME KNITTERS WANTED

Knits a pair of socks in 20 minutes.

Machine weighs, boxed 17 pounds and can be sent only by express, which we prepay.

To Work at Their Homes Under the Direction of

The Yorkshire Manufacturing Co.

To Fill Large Contracts.—Good Wages Easily Earned.

OUR METHOD OF DOING BUSINESS.

We wish to secure the service of families to do knitting for us in their homes. Our method is the same as adopted in England. We are the largest knitting concern in Canada.

After long experimenting we have been able to produce an Automatic Machine by which all kinds of SEAMLESS knitting is now done by Our Family Machine, thereby enabling anyone of ordinary intelligence to quickly learn to do the work from the Instruction Guide. All we require is that you use the machine according to directions. The Machine being made expressly for this purpose, and the operation so simple, it cannot possibly make a mistake in its work.

The great demand now is for Bicycle Stockings, Gents' Socks and Ladies' Hose; and as we are unable to supply the demand, have taken this method of advertising for more help.

The large export trade to Northwest Territories, B. Columbia and the British Colonies furnishes an unlimited demand for our goods; and, with the combined co-operation of the many families we are employing, together with the large amount of knitting we are able to turn out, by which we save rents, insurance, interest on capital, etc., enable us to undersell any manufacturers of this class of goods, and we have sale for all the knitting we can have turned out.

The price we pay for finished bicycle stockings is $10.00 per 100 pairs; ladies' hose, $10.00 per 100 pairs; woodmen's socks, $5.00 per 100 pairs; mittens, $12.00 per 100 pairs. All other work in proportion to size.

The machine can be operated by anyone of a family, and at our price any energetic family should be able to sustain themselves comfortably, and in time be a source of independent comfort.

Our plan is to send out each machine to beginners with a sock or stocking partially knitted, and remaining in the machine ready to be continued, and also enough yarn to knit one pair of sample socks or stockings, and a simple and complete Instruction Guide, showing how the work is to be done. When the samples have been finished and returned to us satisfactory, we send a quantity of yarn, which you knit and return likewise when finished. We prepay charges on all work one way, and our workers pay return charges. The work, as we have stated, is simple and rapidly done, the machine having a capacity of ten thousand stitches a minute, will turn out a pair of socks or stockings in 20 minutes. We have many persons now in our employ who can knit from twenty-five to thirty pairs of socks or stockings a day; and where the time of a family is devoted to the work, you can readily see that good wages are easily earned.

We furnish our workers all the materials, yarn, etc., free, and everything that is necessary for the work. We are furnishing the machines only for the exclusive use of those desiring to take employment with us, who must, in order to become a member, send us this Contract Order Form, properly signed by them and at least one good reference, and remittance accordingly, to give us the necessary assurance that the quantities of valuable yarn we send from time to time will not be wasted or misappropriated. Our interests are mutual and this confidence must be established if you are to succeed. We guarantee fair dealing and prompt payment for work, so do not ask us to deviate from our terms, as we cannot make a distinction with one and not another; besides we are doing an extensive business and must be governed by business principles.

The manufactured price of the machine is $20 and positively will not be sold to any others than those who will agree to do knitting for us. To such we are giving a discount of 25 per cent., making the price net $15.00, covering cost of manufacture, etc., expecting to derive a profit from the productions of the machines and labor of our employees.

If at any time after you commence and wish to discontinue, we will take back machine, and refund the amount paid for same, after deducting cost of our expense only.

There is a Large Demand by the Trade for this class of work. Our workers can depend upon it year after year, and if you engage with us (whole or spare time) we will keep you supplied with work as long as you do it satisfactorily for us and return it promptly. We entrust our workers with large quantities of valuable yarn, and as we give references as to our honesty and integrity, we must ask you to do the same, in order that we may know with whom we are dealing.

We have, in as brief a manner as possible, endeavored to show you what our work is; and we simply say as to the machine, it is just what we represent it to be, and will positively do everything we claim for it, or refund the money. Each machine, securely packed with an outfit, is set up for work, thoroughly tested, and a sock or stocking partially knitted before boxing and shipping. Should you decide to engage with us, it will be necessary to send us Cash Contract Order Form, properly signed by you and at least one good reference, together with the remittance accordingly, upon receipt of which we will forward machine and outfit ready to commence.

Respectfully yours,

THE YORKSHIRE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, TORONTO.

Our References—EXPRESS COMPANIES, BANKS, OR TORONTO BUSINESS HOUSES.

If you wish to examine the machine and see the material before undertaking the work, you can do so by sending $3.00 as a guarantee of good faith, and to defray expense of shipping and we will send everything to your nearest express company, leaving a balance of twelve dollars to pay the agent and 25c. for the return charges on the money to us.

We are so frequently and unnecessarily asked if one can learn to knit without a teacher. We say, yes: it requires no teacher; any person of ordinary intelligence who can read the Instruction Guide can learn to knit at once.

ORDER FORM.—$15.00 CASH CONTRACT ORDER FORM.

To the YORKSHIRE MANUFACTURING CO., 130 YONGE ST., TORONTO, ONT.

Gentlemen—I desire to do the work as described in this advt. and enclose $15.00 to pay for one of your regular price $20.00 Automatic Knitting Machine, together with material, instructions and everything necessary for the work, the same to be sent to me by EXPRESS CHARGES PREPAID.

It is understood and agreed that any time I wish to discontinue working for the company they will take back the machine and outfit and after deducting their expenses, refund to me the amount paid for same.

Nearest Express Office is at ______________________

Full Name______________________

Sender or head of family (if possible) must sign here.

P. O.______________________ Street______________________

County______________________ Prov.______________________

Name of Reference,______________________

Mention Toronto Ladies' Journal.

Be sure to use this form when sending your remittance for the machine and outfit, which you must fill in and then tear off and return to us and also state here how much time you can devote to the work; also how you wish to be paid, weekly, monthly or as you send in the work

You can send by Express Money Order by any Express Company and obtain a RECEIPT for your money, or Registered Letter or P. O. Order.

Work For Idle Hours.

A Dainty Needle Case.—A pretty and dainty little gift recently seen is a needle case. It is very easily made, provided one has some knowledge of the art of crocheting. The top of this little needle-book should be round and should be made by crocheting knitting silk, or the crochet silk over a flat corset lace. This gives it a firm, raised appearance, and is very easily performed, as only the simplest crochet stitch is required for this purpose. The top and bottom of the needle case should be the same, being finished off with a neat fancy crocheted border, and between these crochet covers should be four or five round pieces of fine white flannel, which should be pinked out about the edges, and a neat border of feather stitching, in pale blue floss, to match color of the crochet silk, should complete these flannel leaves. They should be plentifully filled with the various sorts of needles, and pale baby ribbon should be procured for tying the top and bottom together when not in use. This idea could be carried out by substituting for the crochet work, a pale shade of fine leather, chamois skin, linen or any material desired, when a delicate spray of flowers should be finely embroidered upon the other.

Finger Bowl Doilies.—Finger bowls were once looked upon as a luxury, only to be brought to light upon ceremonious occasions, but to-day they are to be found upon almost every dinner table where fruit is served; their usefulness having been discovered they seem inseparably connected with the fruit. In the home where refinement and daintiness dwell, pretty little doilies are usually placed under these finger towels, the doilies being removed from the fruit plate with the bowls before the fruit is passed. These doilies may be made of plain, hemstitched linen, but a little embroidery would certainly repay one in beautiful results. Bright little Dresden flowers would look very pretty scattered over the surface of each doily, and these should be embroidered in their natural shades. The typical Dresden shades are, violet, green, yellow, pink, old blue and old red, the flowers generally consisting of violets, forget-me-nots, roses or any small variety. The edge of the napkins should be finished by means of buttonhole work. Something newer in design would be the brilliant and decided jewel effect. When this style is employed the button-holed edge could have every alternate scallop embroidered in a different shade of floss, or outline silk, with very striking effect.

COURTSHIP.

"Etiquette of Courtship," just out. A few of the chapters—Courtship Made Easy, Courtship of a Proud Young Lady, Love Letters, How to Win Favor, Wedding Etiquette, Church Weddings, etc. Postpaid 10c. Johnston & McFarlane, 71 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

To Make Shoes W

Take one-half pound of tallow, two ounces of turpentine, two ounces of beeswax, two ounces of olive oil and four ounces of good lard. Melt by a gentle heat. This mixture should be rubbed into boots and shoes a few hours before using them, and makes them not only impervious to rain and snow, but softens the leather as well. New shoes should be rubbed two or three times before using them.

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

The Largest Manufacturers of

Breakfast... Cocoa On this... Continent.

The Standard for Purity and Excellence.
Costs Less than ONE CENT a Cup.

Buyers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine article. The above trade-mark is on every package.

WALTER BAKER & CO. Limited,

ESTABLISHED 1780. ....Dorchester, Mass.

The New Aluminum Card Case.

The latest novelty—no spring or perforation. With name engraved on front and 100 elegantly printed card sent paid to any address on receipt of 75c.
W. H. BARNARD, 77 Queen St. [East] to.
Agents Wanted.

MARRIED WOMEN If you are irregular or troubled with suppression write to MRS. MARION WILMOT Box 381, Bridgeburg, Ont., and she will send you the formula that will relieve the worst case in two or five days. No pain. This receipt has brought happiness to hundreds of anxious

---

We give this beautiful Plated Chain Bracelet for selling only one dozen Fine Linen Doylies, at ten cents each. Latest and prettiest designs; no two alike. Write, and we will send the Doylies, postpaid; sell them, return the money, and we at once forward your Bracelet, all charges paid. Linen Doyley Co., Box 2, Toronto, Ont.

Slate Queenston Stone Urns, Building and Plumbers' Marble, Crushed Granite, and Stone of all sizes.

Powell Granite and Marble Co.

Importers, Manufacturing Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

MONUMENTS,

Foreign and Domestic Granite, Marble and statuary.
Write for special Discount.
482 and 484 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.
TEL. 3440.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

ORIENTAL CREAM OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 51 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre, said to a lady of the *haut ton* (a patient): "*As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations.*" One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r. 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U.S., Canadas and Europe.

Also found in N. Y. City at R. H. Macy's, Wanamaker's, and other Fancy Goods Dealers.

Beware of Base imitations. $1,000 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

EPPS'S COCOA

GRATEFUL COMFORTING

Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavor, Superior Quality, and Highly Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in ½-lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

BREAKFAST. SUPPER

EPPS'S COCOA

Seventy-Seven Per Cent....

of the population of this country live in the small towns and rural districts. They can only be got at through the country paper.

THE WILSON PUBLISHING COMPANY'S LIST OF ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIVE WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS

reaches this element most thoroughly. Write for particulars. State what is the smallest number of inches you can do with to advertise your business, for we have only a limited space in each of these 135 papers.

One order, one electrotype, one bill, and one cheque pays it all.

THE WILSON PUBLISHING CO Limited.
73 to 81 Adelaide St. West
TORONTO, CANADA.

The Dorenwend Co., Of ....Toronto

LIMITED.

103 and 105 Yonge St. Established 1868.

Showing the effect of a long Switch and one of Our Bangs

PERFECTLY STRAIGHT AND WAVY.

...OUR HAIR GOODS...

Are worn Everywhere. Our Quality and Styles in WIGS, BANGS, WAVY FRONTS, SWITCHES &c., are superior and prices the lowest.

We Sell Large Quantities, Consequently can undersell anyone else in these lines.

This Cut Shows a Long Wavy Switch Shaped in a Coil.

Our Switches

are in big Demand. We have them at 1.00, 1.50, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 8.00, $10.00, and up.

BANGS at 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, $10 and up.

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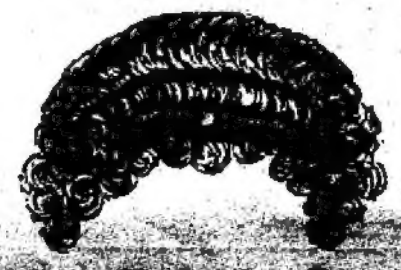
Our Pompadour Bangs



AT 4.00
5.00
6.00
7.00
8.00
AND 10.00

Our Favorite Bang

At
$7.50
AND
$10.00

Our Bellena Bang

The Bellena Bang

AT
5.00
6.00
7.50
8.00
9.00
AND
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Quickly,
Simply and
Easily
Applied.....

It creates beautiful decided Shades and lasts well.

No. 1, Black. No. 2, Dark Brown
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Can be had in 3 sizes $1.00, $2.00 & $3.00

This can be sent per express to any address on receipt of price. Ask your druggist for it, if he does not keep it, send to us.

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—o—

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THE Dorenwend Co., OF TORONTO, Limited.

103 and 105 Yonge Street, Toronto.